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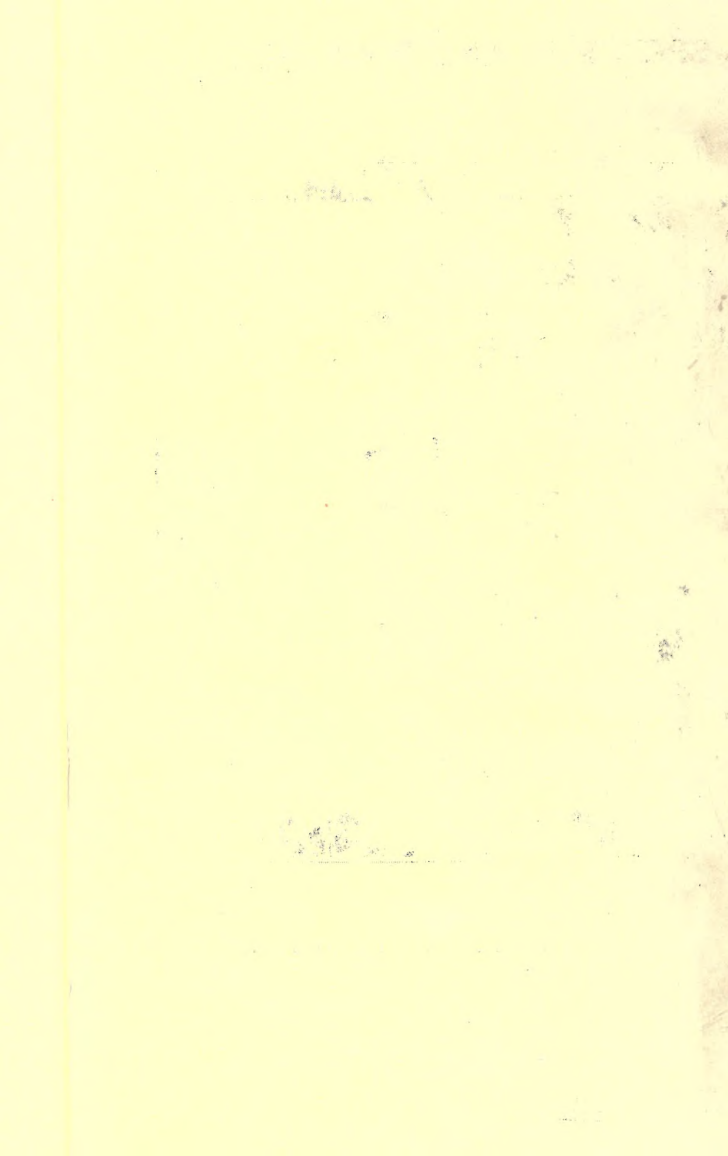
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MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU



SPEECHES AND WRITINGS
OF
SAROJINI NAIDU

**THIRD
EDITION**

**G. A. NATESAN & CO.
MADRAS.**

RESEARCH AND WRITING
TO
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN this volume an attempt is made to present under one cover an exhaustive collection of the Speeches and Writings of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. This (the third) edition practically brings the collection up-to-date, including as it does her speeches in East and South Africa and in the Congress at Belgaum. The subjects treated cover a wide field—politics, education, social reform, Hindu-Muslim Unity, Satyagraha, Non-Co-operation, the position of Indians abroad—in fact every aspect of India's problems is discussed in these pages with characteristic ardour and eloquence.

The biographical sketch of her life and career with which the volume opens and the index at the end will, it is hoped, be appreciated.

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Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

SAROJINI CHATTOPADHYAYA was born at Hyderabad, on 13th February, 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghoranath Chattopadhyaya, was descended from the ancient Brahmin family of the Chatterjees of Brahma-nagaram. He took his degree of Doctor of Science at the University of Elinburgh in 1877, and afterwards had a course of study at Bonn. On his return to India, he founded the Nizam's College at Hyderabad, and till his death laboured in the field of education.

Sarojini, the eldest of his children, was given a very good training by her talented father. The following from her own pen brings out in exquisite prose the characteristics of her father and her deep affection for him. She says :

My ancestors for thousands of years have been lovers of the forests and mountain caves, great dreamers, great scholars, great ascetics. My father is a dreamer himself, a great dreamer, a great man whose life has been a magnificent failure. I suppose in the whole of India there are few men whose learning is greater than his, and I don't think there are many men more beloved. He has a great white beard and the profile of Homer and a laugh that brings the roof down. He has wasted all his money on two great objects : to help others and on alchemy. He holds huge courts every day in his garden of all the learned men of all religions—Rajahs and beggars and saints and downright villains, all delightfully mixed up, and all treated as one. And then, his alchemy ! Oh dear, night and day the experiments are going on, and every man who brings a new prescription is welcome as a brother ! But this alchemy is, you know, only the material counterpart of a poet's craving for Beauty, the eternal Beauty. 'The makers of gold and the makers of verse,' they are twin creators that sway the world's secret desire for mystery ; and what in my father is the genius of curiosity—the very essence of all scientific genius—in me is the desire for beauty. Do you remember Pater's phrase about Leonardo da Vinci, 'curiosity and the desire of beauty' ?

A CHILD POET

Mrs. Sarojini, "lisped in numbers for the numbers came." She says of herself :

I don't think I had any special hankering to write poetry as a little child, though I was of a very fanciful and dreamy nature. My training under my father's eye was of a sternly scientific character. He was determined that I should be a great mathematician or a scientist, but the poetic instinct, which I inherited from him and also from my mother (who wrote some lovely Bengali lyrics in her youth), proved stronger. One day, when I was eleven, I was sighing over a sum in Algebra: it *wouldn't* come right; but instead a whole poem came to me suddenly. I wrote it down. From that day my 'poetic career' began. At thirteen I wrote a long poem *a la* 'Lady of the Lake'—1,300 lines in six days. At thirteen I wrote a drama of 2,000 lines, a full-fledged passionate thing that I began on the spur of the moment without forethought, just to spite my doctor who said I was very ill and must not touch a book. My health broke down permanently about this time, and my regular studies being stopped I read voraciously. I suppose the greater part of my reading was done between fourteen and sixteen. I wrote a novel, I wrote fat volumes of journal; I took myself seriously in those days.

This long extract shows us how she felt within herself the stirrings of irrepressible poetic genius early in life. In the case of all truly poetic natures, harmonious expression comes early and naturally in life, and Mrs. Naidu is a born poet.

EDUCATION

Sarojini Chattopadhyaya passed the Matriculation examination of the Madras University in her twelfth year and at once became famous throughout India. She was sent to England in 1895, and stayed in England till 1898, studying first at King's College, London, and afterwards at Girton till her health again broke down. During a short period before 1898, she travelled in Italy. Italy with its radiant sunshine and warmth and beauty, Italy the home of Virgil, Dante, and Petrarch—Italy made the mistress of the world of Art by the genius of Raphael and Michael

Angelo—stirred her heart by its beauty and its rich legacy of art and memories.

She returned to Hyderabad in September 1898, and in the December of that year married Dr. Naidu though he belonged to a different caste. We have nothing to do in this sketch with the problem of inter-caste marriages, but her bold step shows her love of freedom. She has four children, two sons and two daughters.

A SOCIAL FORCE

In Hyderabad, she is a great social force making for harmony and goodwill among the diverse communities. The following extract from Diver's *English Women in India* is an eloquent testimony to this aspect of her life. He says :

She now lives in Hyderabad, the great veiled city, where the women behind the purdah are scholars in Persian and Arabic, besides being well read in the best literature of the East. Here Mrs. Naidu holds a unique position, as a link between the English and Indian social elements.....she lives in a city where poetry is in the air, surrounded by love, beauty, and admiration; and her influence behind the Purdah is very great.

As a woman of great personal charm, as a queen of society, as a sweet-toned and stirring speaker on public platforms, and as a great poet, her life has been a brilliant record of rare achievements.

Those who know Mrs. Sarojini intimately speak of her kindness of nature and her winning graciousness of manner. Her goodness of heart and her love of the people were evident in the way in which she sought to alleviate the misery caused by the appalling flood that washed away a large portion of the city of Hyderabad some years ago.

SOME ASPECTS OF HER GENIUS

The rare and peculiar elements of Mrs. Sarojini's genius are brought out in Mr. Arthur Symons' Introduc.

tion to *The Golden Threshold*, Mrs. Naidu's first book of Songs. The first aspect of Mrs. Sarojini's genius that deserves admiration is her passionate desire for beauty. Mr. Arthur Symons says :

It was the desire of beauty that made her a poet; her 'nerves of delight' were always quivering at the contact of beauty. To those who knew her in England, all the life of the tiny figure seemed to concentrate itself in the eyes; they turned towards beauty as the sunflower turns towards the sun, opening wider and wider until one saw nothing but the eyes.

Another peculiar characteristic of Mrs. Sarojini's nature is her wonderful physical and nervous sensibility for beauty. Mr. Symons says: "Pain or pleasure transported her, and the whole of pain or pleasure might be held in a flower's cup or the imagined frown of a friend." This wonderful perceptive faculty when coupled with a gift of musical and imaginative utterance goes to make a great poet.

MRS. SAROJINI'S POEMS

Apart from single poems contributed to reviews and magazines in India, she has published three volumes of poems—*The Golden Threshold*, *The Bird of Time* and *The Broken Wing*. They are of considerable poetic merit and are warmly praised by English critics. *The Bird of Time* displays a greater command of phrase and melody of verse than even *The Golden Threshold*; and a deeper passionate-ness of thought and a more vivid sense of the mingled joy and pathos of life breathe in it than in the earlier volume. The peculiarly Indian note as in Tagore, of the quest of Infinite Beauty and Love by the soul, going on such holy pilgrimage in life after life, is seldom heard in her poetry. She is essentially more lyrical than dramatic and is by all accredited as one of the greatest of the Indian poets of this century. Her election to a membership of the Royal

Society of Literature in England shows in what esteem her art is held by the great literary men of England. Both East and West have learnt to admire her true lyrical gift which shows the rare union of melodious picturesqueness and uplifting emotion, her delicacy and splendour of rhythmic expression and her never-failing sense of beauty.

MRS. SAROJINI ABOUT HERSELF

Two poems of hers reveal her very soul and show the peculiar gifts and graces of her poetic endowment, and they are quoted here as they describe in beautiful verse what we have been trying to describe and explain in this short sketch :

To priests and to prophets
The joy of their creeds,
To kings and their cohorts
The glory of their deeds,
And peace to the vanquished,
And hope to the strong...
For me, Oh ! my master,
The rapture of song.

Into the strife of the throng and the tumult,
The war of sweet Love against folly and wrong ;
Where brave hearts carry the sword of battle,
'Tis mine to carry the banner of song,
The solace of faith to the lips that falter,
The succour of hope to the hands that fail,
The tidings of joy when Peace shall triumph,
When Truth shall conquer and Love prevail.

We are in this book concerned with her prose writings and her orations ; and a detailed consideration of her poems will be out of place in this volume which is a collection of her speeches on political, social, educational and humanitarian subjects. These speeches are avowedly propagandistic. This is not the place to discuss the quality of her style nor the characteristics of her poetry. But it is apparent that she has infused into her political and social work all the warmth of a poetic temperament and fervour of poetic eloquence.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL WORK

Now for many years past, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has been participating freely in social and political work and lecturing frequently in various places. Some think that this has led to her comparative sterility of poetic accomplishment and disapprove of her seeking "fresh fields and pastures new." But her contributions to the social and political life in India are valuable in themselves though they have certainly had the result pointed out above.

MRS. SAROJINI AS A SPEAKER

Mrs. Sarojini's public utterances on various platforms are all characterised by an intense patriotism and a desire for national upheaval.

As an orator she has the supreme gift of the glory of words and her eloquence is second to none in India. All over the country, on countless platforms and in Congresses and Conferences her speeches have invariably drawn great crowds and commanded admiration. She is particularly adored by students who flock to her meetings with enthusiasm. And her passionate appeals to their patriotism go home to their bosoms with irresistible force.

SIR P. M. MEHTA

Her insight into the natures of other great leaders and inspirers of India's social and national life is remarkable. She said of the late Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, on 28th November, 1915: "Who can sufficiently extol the sweetness of the man and that invulnerable sense of chivalry? Who will sum up the tenderness of his heart that made him the champion of women? Who will sum up his chivalry, the grace of head and heart that was so rarely combined in him? He was the golden link between the experience of the older and the enthusiasm of the younger generation."

G. K. GOKHALE

Speaking of Gokhale, she said that "the generations are linked together by the continuity of ideals and a common love, inspired by a great and selfless spirit," and "the sublime lesson he always taught, that no gift is more fine or fruitful than personal service leavened by personal love."

MR. GANDHI'S GREATNESS

She recognises in Mr. Gandhi "a lineal descendant of those great sons of compassion who became the servants of humanity—Gautama Buddha, Chaitanya, Ramanuja, Ramakrishna."

He lacks, may be, the breadth and height and ecstasy of their mystical attainment: but he is not less than theirs in his intensity of love, his sincerity of service and a lofty simplicity of life which is the austere flower of renunciation and self-sacrifice.

He has mastered the secret of real greatness and learnt that true Yoga is wisdom in action and that love is the fulfilling of the law.

MRS. GANDHI

In a letter to Lady Mehta in February, 1915, she wrote of Mrs. Gandhi:—

She sat by her husband's side, simple and serene and dignified in the hour of triumph as she had proved herself simple and serene and dauntless in the hour of trial and tragedy.

I have a vision too of her brave, frail, pain-worn hand which must have held aloft the lamp of the country's honour undimmed in one alien land, working at rough garments for wounded soldiers in another.

The great South African leader who, to quote Mr. Gokhale's apt phrase, had moulded heroes out of clay, was reclining, a little ill and weary, on the floor eating his frugal meal of nuts and fruit (which I shared) and his wife was busy and content as though she were a mere modest housewife absorbed in a hundred details of household service, and not the world-famed heroine of a hundred noble sufferings in a nation's cause.

SPEECHES ON SELF-GOVERNMENT

Her speeches have always been a trumpet call to patriotism. She has of late spoken frequently on India's

demand for Self-Government. At the Lucknow Congress, in 1916, she delivered a stirring speech while supporting the resolution on Self-Government for India. She said :

I am merely a spectator from the watch-tower of dreams ; and I watched the swift and troubled, sometimes chequered but nevertheless indomitable, time-spirit marching on in a pageant of triumphs to the desired goal. . . . We stand united, but united with such strength that nothing from outside, not even the tyranny of Colonial domination, shall withhold from us our rights and privileges, withhold from us the liberties that are due, which we claim by our united voice. . . . Centuries have gone by, the old divisions are healed, old wounds have got cured. . . . To each of us has come that living consciousness, that it is united service for the Motherland that constitutes the uppermost hope of to-morrow. There is no one so mean, so weak, so selfish as not to think that in the service of the Motherland lies the joy greater than all personal joys, in suffering for her comes the supermost consolation in our personal sorrow and in her worship is the absolution of sin, to live for her is the most victorious triumph of life, to die for her is to achieve the priceless crown of immortality.

SPEECHES ON INDENTURED LABOUR

Soon after the Lucknow Congress, Mrs. Naidu made a tour round the country delivering political speeches at different places. Her speech on Indentured Labour delivered before a large gathering at Allahabad in January, 1917, had a great effect in rousing the public to a knowledge of the iniquities of the system. As a woman, she pleaded for her sex with an eloquence that should have gone home to every listener.

Let the blood of your hearts blot out the shame that your women have suffered abroad. The words that you have heard to-night must have kindled within you a raging fire. Men of India, let that be the funeral pyre of the indenture system (*Applause.*) Words from me to-night! No, tears from me to-night, because I am a woman, and though you may feel the dishonour that is offered to your mothers and sisters, I feel the dishonour offered to me is the dishonour to my sex.

And so on with apt allusions to Sita of the Ramayana

and Padmini of Chitor down to the latest of women-martyrs—Mrs. Gandhi. She concluded :—

Is national righteousness possible when the men of India sit still and see such crimes ?

HINDU-MUSLIM UNITY

But the subject to which she reverts again and again in all her discourses is one that she is peculiarly fitted to speak about—the Hindu-Muslim Unity. She seldom misses an opportunity to expatiate on the supreme need of union among the members of these two great communities. She said at a meeting in Patna in October, 1917 :—

In this great country the Muslims came to make their home, not to carry spoils and to go back to their own home, but to build permanently here their home and create a new generation for the enrichment of the Motherland. How can they live separate from the people of the soil ? Does history say that in the past they have so lived separate ? Or rather it says that once having chosen to take up their abode in this land they became the children of the soil, the very flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood.

IDEALS OF ISLAM

Mrs. Naidu holds that it was the religion of Islam that built up political empires and she has great faith that the genius of Islam will still be exerted in the direction of a true democracy in India because, as she said in a speech on the Ideals of Islam delivered at Madras before the Muslim Association in December, 1917 :—

It was the first religion that preached and practised democracy, for, in the mosque when the minaret is sounded and the worshippers are gathered together, the democracy of Islam is embodied five times a day when the peasant and the king kneel side by side and proclaim, "God alone is great." I have been struck over and over again by this indivisible unity of Islam that makes a man instinctively a brother. When you meet an Egyptian, an Algerian, an Indian and a Turk in London, what matters it that Egypt was the Motherland of one and India the Motherland of another ? It was this great feeling of Brotherhood, this great sense of human justice that was the gift of Akbar's rule to India.

I come from the premier Mussalman city in India. The premier Mussalman power in India rules over the city from which I come, and there the tradition of Islam has truly been carried out for two hundred years, that tradition of democracy that knows how out of its legislation to give equal rights and privileges to all the communities whose destinies it controls. The first accents I heard were in the tongue of Amir of Khusru. All my early associations were formed with the Mussalman men and Mussalman women of my city. My first playmates were Mussalman children.

THE IDEAL OF CO-OPERATION

During her stay in Madras, she was invited to attend the first Annual Conference of the Madras Presidency Association where she moved the following resolution—

“That this Conference would appeal to the various communities of South India to sink their local differences in this supreme moment in the history of India and sincerely co-operate with one another for the general uplift of the Motherland.”

It was but fitting that she who has always sought for that unity which this resolution embodies, should have been chosen to move it. She held out the ideal of co-operation and explained the true meaning of the ancient division of castes :—

What was it but a division of labour for the glory of the Motherland, so that each within his own sphere could contribute perfect service that should enrich the wide diversity of life? It was to build up, to create and foster national culture and national consciousness. Have we become so alienated from the inner meanings of our evolution that what was meant to be a source of richer unity has become to-day a source of disunion, disintegration, degradation that affected the honour and progress of the Motherland?

SPEECHES AT CALCUTTA AND BOMBAY

At the Calcutta Congress she supported the Self-Government resolution in a lucid little speech. She also spoke at the Muslim League in support of the resolution demanding the release of the Ali Brothers who were then interned,

MADRAS PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE

Next year she was invited to preside over the Madras Provincial Conference held at Conjeevaram in May 1918. She delivered an *extempore* address urging the men to enrol themselves in the Indian Defence Force for the service of the Empire. She made a very impressive speech which she concluded with a defence of her entry into the political arena from the sanctuary of poetry and dreams. She said :—

Standing before you to-day, I feel a thrill of pride to say that henceforth I am not only with you but of you, for, in this great city, I have seen once more the Vision Beautiful to which my life is dedicated. Often and often have they said to me : "Why have you come out of the ivory tower of dreams to the market place? Why have you deserted the pipes and flute of the poet to be the most strident trumpet of those who stand and call the Nation to battle?" Because the function of a poet is not merely to be isolated in ivory towers of dreams set in a garden of roses, but his place is with the people; in the dust of the highways, in the difficulties of battle is the poet's destiny. The one reason why he is a poet is that in the hour of danger, in the hour of defeat and despair, the poet should say to the dreamer : "If you dream true, all difficulties, all illusions, all despair are but *Maya* : the one thing that matters is hope. Here I stand before you with your higher dreams, your invisible courage, your indomitable victories." Therefore, to-day in the hour of struggle when in your hands it lies to win victory for India, I, a weak woman, have come out of my home. I, a dreamer of dreams, have come into the market place, and I say : "Go forth, comrades to victory."

Mrs. Naidu then started again on a tour to the north visiting Delhi, Jullunder, Lahore, Hyderabad (Sind) and other cities. She made speeches at every one of these places on National Education, Hindu-Muslim Unity and other kindred topics. In September 1918, she attended the Bombay Special Congress and moved the resolution demanding Women Franchise.

SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE

In December of the same year she presided over the Second All-India Social Service Conference at Delhi and

delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which she traced the varying conditions of Social Service in India. She discoursed on the ancient Hindu ideal of Dharma and concluded fittingly as follows :—

Delhi cannot die. Kings have died and have no more than broken tombs; but the ideal of India, that spiritual ideal of service and sacrifice is focussed to you to-day from the broken temples, from the broken fortresses where the heroes have fought and died to vindicate the truth within them. And what was the truth, my friends, of which the city is not a grave but a temple? It is the truth of national consciousness of India, that Dharma, which is the ideal of Indian honour (cheers) and that Indian honour which can never be fulfilled in the least, till each one of you in a spirit of dedication become not merely the message but also the fulfilment of that national honour (Loud and prolonged applause).

JOINS THE SATYAGRAHA MOVEMENT

Continual travelling and speech-making have, it would appear, left her delicate constitution somewhat impaired. But nothing can quench the ardour of her soul: and soon she plunged herself with characteristic energy into all the social and political movements of contemporary life. When in the early months of the year 1919 Mr. Gandhi inaugurated the Satyagraha movement as a protest against the Rowlatt legislation Mrs. Naidu was one of the first to take the pledge. She delivered speeches in Madras, Bombay and Ahmedabad exhorting the people to join Mr. Gandhi's organisation in ever-growing numbers and she sold proscribed literature in the streets of Bombay on the Satyagraha day (6th April). Her contribution to the great agitation was a marked feature of the Satyagraha demonstrations in Bombay and elsewhere.

FRANCHISE FOR INDIAN WOMEN

In July 1919, Mrs. Naidu sailed for England as a Member of All-India Home Rule League Deputation.

She felt that without effective propaganda the Montagu-Chelmsford Constitution which was then on the anvil was likely to be marred by sex discrimination. She therefore organised and led a powerful agitation in England on behalf of the women of India, and it will be easily admitted that the discretion allowed to Provincial Councils in the matter of women franchise under the new constitution in India, is in great measure due to the part she played in the campaign.

For while she was organising a Joint Deputation to the Secretary of State for India to press for the enfranchisement of Indian women she was called upon by the Joint Select Committee on Indian Reforms to give evidence before it. Mrs. Naidu presented an admirable memorandum on the subject, a memorandum which was greatly appreciated for its eloquence and lucidity. On the 7th August she was called on to give oral evidence before the Committee. The Chairman alluding to the memorandum submitted by the witness, expressed the Committee's thanks and said :

"If I may be allowed to say so, it illuminates our prosaic literature with a poetic touch."

He added that with the memorandum and the evidence already submitted by other witnesses the Committee were clearly in possession of the case in respect of Indian women.

The very next day she headed a Joint Deputation of all the different Indian political organisations then in England and made a powerful advocacy of the claims of Indian women for the franchise. In an interview she gave to the representative of a daily paper in England she spoke feelingly of her vision of a renovated India.

The Reforms, whatever be their final form and scope, can be but a transitory stage, a half way house on our journey towards complete responsibility and power. I will not venture to make the conventional prophecies as to the exact nature of the reforms, but it takes less than a prophet to realise with infinite regret that the Indian cause would have been far better served and the Indian delegations if—ah! if—they had spoken with one voice and acted as one man.

I am often called a maniac on the subject of unity. But I do hold that division means death to a nation and unity means its salvation. Unity only comes when the cause stands high, unsullied and unshifting sacred, beyond the reach of passing factions and fashions in patriotism.

But then I am only a dreamer of dreams, and the ultimate goal is the only reality to me. And the ultimate goal makes a relentless demand upon the discipline and loyalty of political leadership. Who is great enough to accept and sustain the leadership of India to-day?

I am like a watcher of the skies waiting for a new planet to swim into my vision.

UNDER THE BANNER OF MR. GANDHI

It was not long before such a planet swam into her ken in the person of Mr. Gandhi. She recognised in him the real leader, "great enough to accept and sustain the leadership of India": and thence forward she closely followed Mr. Gandhi's lead in the matter of the Khilafat, the Punjab and the Swaraj controversies. Time and again, she spoke as the lieutenant of Mr. Gandhi voicing his views on these questions with her own eloquence and poetic fervour. In fact Mrs. Naidu identified herself more and more completely with the Non-Co-operation movement. She attended the Congress and the Muslim League, taking a leading part in their deliberations; she has spoken again and again on the threefold grievances of the Congress with characteristic eloquence and has followed the lead of Mr. Gandhi with persistent devotion.

TO ENGLAND AGAIN

When in April 1920 she was in England for the benefit of her health, she took part in a meeting held in

the Kingsway Hall, London, under the auspices of the Indian Khilafat Delegation and spoke with wonderful eloquence on the unity of India and of her determination to solve the Khilafat.

Later in the same Hall, Mrs. Naidu spoke on "The agony and shame of the Punjab", a speech which became the subject of animated controversy in Parliament and somewhat exciting correspondence between herself and the late Mr. Montagu, the then Secretary of State for India. In the course of her speech she was reported to have said: "My sisters were stripped naked; they were flogged; they were outraged."

Mr. Montagu in his communication called upon Mrs. Sarojini to withdraw these allegations "as these particular allegations do not appear in the Report of the Committee appointed by the Congress." In a subsequent communication the Secretary of State drew a subtle distinction between the atrocities of the police and the martial law authorities. Mrs. Naidu was not so easily to be outwitted. She took up the challenge and quoted the instances recorded in the Congress Report, and held her ground in a crushing reply. Touching this controversy Mrs. Naidu wrote to Mr. Gandhi under date 15th July:—

I am in very bad health. But the twin questions of the Punjab and the Khilafat absorb all my energies and emotions. But it is vain to expect justice from a race so blind and drunk with the arrogance of power, the bitter prejudice of race and creed and colour, and betraying such an abysmal ignorance of Indian conditions, opinions, sentiments and aspirations. The debate on the Punjab in the House of Commons last week shattered the last remnants of my hope and faith in British justice and goodwill towards the new vision of India. The discussion in the House was lamentable and indeed tragic. Our friends revealed their ignorance, our enemies their insolence—and the combination is appalling and heart-breaking.

Mr. Montagu has proved a broken reed. I enclose copy of my correspondence with him on the subject of the outrages committed during the Martial Law regime upon women as

embodied in the Congress Sub-Committee's report and evidence. I naturally assume that no single statement contained in the evidence has been accepted without the most vigorous and persisting scrutiny. But the general attempt seems to be to discredit the Congress Sub-Committee's findings and to shift the responsibility of such outrages which cannot be denied, to Indian shoulders—the skin-game with a vengeance. Speaking at a mass meeting the other day, I said that what we Indians demanded was reparation and not revenge, that we had the spiritual force and vision that ennobled us to transcend hate and transmute bitterness into something that might mean redemption both for ourselves and the British race, but that freedom was the only true reparation for the agony—and shame of the Punjab.....The specialists think that my heart-disease is in an advanced and dangerous state; but I cannot rest till I stir the heart of the world to repentance over the tragedy of martyred India.

RETURNS HER MEDAL

It was now too that she became conscious of the incongruity of wearing the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal and she took the earliest opportunity to return it to the Government. The following is her letter dated August 31, 1920.

Sir,—I have ventured to depute the Indian Khilafat Delegation to convey back to your Excellency the Kaiser-i-Hind Decoration which it was my wont to cherish with pride, but I have long felt impelled to renounce it as one more proof and token of my profound indignation and sorrow at the base wrongs and sufferings to which my country and my countrymen have been subjected.

The history of recent years has been an almost unbroken record of pledges wantonly violated, repressions cruelly enforced, and humiliations ruthlessly inflicted on a helpless nation and has now reached its climax in the dual crime of perjury towards the Indian Mussalmans and blood-guiltiness towards the martyred people of the Punjab.

It is therefore incompatible with my conception of honour and humanity alike to countenance the actions and policies of a government that has set its head upon the heart of India, and brought into mockery the high traditions of British justice and liberty.

MARTIAL LAW ATROCITIES IN MALABAR

A word must here be said of an episode touching the Malabar atrocities. In a speech at Calicut in March

1922 Mrs. Naidu referred to the atrocious behaviour of the soldiery in Moplah territory and cited some instances of shocking inhumanity. The Government of Madras, stung to the quick, rushed in with a *Communique* calling on her to apologise on pain of prosecution. Mrs. Naidu was not to be so easily frightened and she contended that she had ample evidence to corroborate the truth of her statements, which were borne out by Mr. C. F. Andrews and Dr. N. B. Hardikar who accompanied her to Malabar. The Secretary of the Kerala Provincial Congress Committee came forward with a challenge that Mrs. Naidu's speech was based on information supplied by himself. So challenged, the Government found itself in an awkward strait and Mrs. Naidu herself subsequently reiterated the statements and challenged the Government to withdraw their remarks or make good their threat.

MR. GANDHI'S ARREST AND TRIAL.

For months before the arrest of Mr. Gandhi, Mrs. Naidu was in constant touch with him, often times travelling with him or attending the frequent meetings of the Congress or Khilafat Committees. His arrest on March 11, 1922, came to her as a great blow. Among the many vivid pen pictures of the historic trial on the 18th at Ahmedabad, Mrs. Naidu's is perhaps the most thrilling.

They might take him to the utmost ends of the earth but his destination remains unchanged in the hearts of his people who are both the heirs and the stewards of his matchless dreams and his matchless deeds.

In a lecture she delivered subsequent to the incarceration of Mr. Gandhi, Mrs. Naidu announced that henceforward she would submerge her personality and that her voice was to be an instrument for the expression of the Mahatma's Message.

TOUR IN CEYLON

True to her declaration Mrs. Sarojini, dressed in Khaddar, toured over the country in spite of indifferent health and preached the gospel of her master with impassioned eloquence. Early in October, 1922 she went to Ceylon for her health. But rest was out of the question in an island astir with new political life. She was invited to address large audiences in different places and she was everywhere listened to with rapt attention and respect. The President of the Ceylon National Congress Mr. H. J. C. Pereira, K. C., presided over an enthusiastic public meeting in Colombo where she spoke on the "Renaissance in India." The President welcomed her in appropriate words and said :—

It is not as the greatest living poetess of India that we of the Congress welcome her here. We welcome her as the poetess of the Indian Renaissance (applause) just as the great Rabindranath Tagore is the poet of that same movement. And behind that movement as you all know is the figure, the saintly figure of the great Mahatma Gandhi. (Applause). Madame Sarojini Naidu claims to be a pupil of the great Gandhi and is proud of that fact. She and others like herself are working for one of the greatest movement that have ever taken place in India. It is not a movement based on force and strength, and violence. It is essentially a peaceful movement for the regeneration of her native land. We take an interest in that movement inasmuch as our own renaissance, more or less corresponds to the Indian.

Mrs. Naidu then made one of the most impassioned of her orations showing how India was awakened at the call of Mr. Gandhi. She then spoke of his entry into Indian politics and traced the course of his steady work for the Motherland in various directions and finally delivered a noble eulogy of the saintly leader. She also spoke of the four commandments of Mr. Gandhi—the fourfold paths of Non-Co-operation—and pointed out how they

were bearing fruit "in a distant soil (referring to the protest of the members of the Legislative Council who left the Hall in a body) and thus non-co-operated with the Government proceedings. She concluded with a magnificent peroration :

My master is in prison, his hands are idle for a moment but the harvest is here. The winds of destiny have blown the seeds from his hand across the seas to your island of spice and palm. And so let me give you one message from my master, from my leader, from my teacher, from my saint even as Asoka sent his great message of peace. And while Lord Buddha was forgotten in India, you in Ceylon kept alive the great tradition of the Middle Way of Enlightenment. So let me, who come here from India, the soil where the seed was sown, in return for the branch of the Bo-Tree which Sangamitta brought to Ceylon, take back an ear of the corn of your unity to my people and say : " Behold they return the debt of Lord Buddha, in the time of Mahatma Gandhi, who is preaching for liberty."

IN SOUTH INDIA

On her way back to India she stopped at different places and delivered many addresses on the same theme— Mr. Gandhi's movement. At Madura, Trichy and Madras, she spoke again of the spread of the movement in Ceylon and the response of the Ceylonese to the teachings of Mr. Gandhi. In describing Mr. Gandhi's message to the students of Trivandrum she broke into noble eulogium of her master which must be quoted. She said at the end of a great speech :—

Even as many centuries ago, under the Bo-tree came the revelation to Him, they call Buddha, for the deliverance of human suffering, so has come the revelation to the person of my great master who says, "Here my body is in prison: let the souls of all my people be free."

Her Madras speech on October 22, was a resume of her impressions of Ceylon and of the way Ceylon answered the call of Non-Co-operation. Always of a sanguine temperament she found Ceylon enthusiastically responsive to the message of her master.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

In the first week of November 1912 was published the Report of the Civil Disobedience Committee appointed by the Congress. Curiously enough the Committee was equally divided in their opinion regarding Council entry, a subject which had somehow exercised considerable attention among a section of Non-Co-operators. Originally inspired by the Maharashtras, the idea caught fire till it became the chief issue before the Committee; and the Report is full of arguments and counter arguments on the subject. Mr. C. R. Das, President-elect of the Gaya Congress of 1922, favoured Non-Co-operation within the Councils and warmly supported the Hakim Saheb, Pandit Motilal Nehru and Mr. Patel. Mrs. Sarojini, who should have been one of the Committee but for her illness, stood up for unadulterated Gandhian Non-Co-operation and opposed the suggestion of Council entry with the same warmth. Interviewed by the Associated Press soon after the publication of the Report Mrs. Sarojini declared that entry into Councils for any form of co-operation, responsive or otherwise, must ultimately vitiate the principles of Non-Co-operation. She believed any form of entry into the Councils would be a triumph for Government and a confession of our failure.

Later at the Meeting of the All-India Congress Committee at Calcutta on November 23, 1922, she reiterated her opposition to the resolution favouring Council entry and added that "she preferred to be in an invincible minority that made history, rather than in a disintegrated majority not sure of their own intellectual or moral conviction."

Amidst all the dissensions in the country and the split in the congress and the total wreck of faith in the

vital principles of Non-Co-operation she stood steadfast to her first loyalty to Mr. Gandhi. She refused to believe that the country was divided and that Muslims were at war with Hindus. Presiding over the Kerala Conference in May 1923 she maintained that "there was no division in the Congress (Hear, hear.) There was no difference in the ultimate goal or in the qualities of life as between patriot and patriot and worker and worker." She travelled about the country fighting the demon of disunion and urging the unity of all ranks in the Congress. In May of that year she spoke at Madras and Trichur and other places appealing to leaders to set aside their differences and not to mar the noble work of Mahatmaji. Again she appealed for unity—unity between Hindus and Moplas, Brahmins and Non-Brahmins, Swarajists and No changers. For she always carried in her mind the parting Message of Gandhi before he went to prison. In a great speech at Trichur she gave a moving account of her last interview with the Mahatma, how he put his arm round his wife and comforted her saying "Do not be sad, I shall return to a free India;" how he was proud of Devadass who was doing his duty without coming to see him even at such a time; and lastly how while nursing his tired feet he gave his parting message to her: "I entrust the unity of India into your hands."

PRESIDED OVER THE KENYA CONGRESS

Early in 1924, at the invitation of Kenya Indians Mrs. Naidu set out on a tour to East Africa. She presided over the East African Indian Congress at Mombasa on the 19th January and delivered an *extempore* address with her usual eloquence and power. By her presence, she gave strength to the Indian movement in

East Africa and her eloquence was compelling. She urged :—

You must with one united voice give an answer to the Government and say, though in natural history rivers don't flow backward, we shall make the rivers of your decision flow backwards. Though we are weak and poor, though you seek to put upon us a brand of inferiority and deprive us of those rights and privileges, those responsibilities and duties that are our heritage of inalienable right, do not believe for a single moment that whilst a single Indian is alive in India you will go unpunished and unchecked.

MRS. NAIDU IN SOUTH AFRICA

Indians in South Africa taking advantage of her presence in Mombassa naturally invited her to Natal, where she moved from place to place inspiring and encouraging her fellow-countrymen to stand up resolutely to their rights. South Africa was then torn with agitation over the Natal Ordinance Bill and she gave her counsel with perfect candour and equal determination. There was no going back on their original resolve. Thus wherever she went she infused a new spirit of strength and cheer among her compatriots.

Her eloquence and courage won for her the appreciation of the more thoughtful among the South Africans though it is not to be supposed that ignorance and prejudice could be so easily won over by eloquence, however impressive. Soon after her arrival in Pretoria she said in an interview to a leading newspaper that although, if necessary, she was prepared to fight, her object was to secure a better understanding of the Indian position. She argued that the dislike of the Indians arose from trade competition and said she would tell her compatriots in South Africa that the money they earned there should be spent there. She declared that the Class Areas Bill was unfair and the issues to her mind were clear—fight or clear out.

In a remarkable address to the Indian people at Pretoria Mrs. Naidu said that South Africa belonged neither to Europeans nor to the Indians, and they could live there only on equal terms. Her message from India to South Africa was, "Within the Empire if possible; outside the Empire if necessary, and South Africa shall decide the issue for the Empire."

Mrs. Naidu had also long talks with Gen. Smuts, Gen. Hertzog, Col. Creswell and other members of Parliament and was thus in a position to present the Indian case before the members of the Union Government. Indeed, wherever she went, she had a triumphant reception. In Durban, on March 10, she was given a public reception in the Town Hall which was attended by many leading Europeans also, the Deputy Mayor presiding. She was of course welcomed with enthusiasm by Indians of all classes who presented her with illuminated addresses, and precious tokens of regard. Her farewell speech to the Natal Indians was an inspiring address as also her speech to the women and children of South Africa. Addressing an enthusiastic gathering of Johannesburg Indians she said:

I stand before you here and now with a message from the Indian Nation, a Nation, that is no longer asleep, disunited or in doubt or perplexity as to its own destiny within its own borders and across the seas. On behalf of my nation I have brought you an assurance; not with impunity shall any nation, any Government, any authority, no matter how strong, dare to trample upon your inalienable birth-right to equal status.

MRS. NAIDU IN RHODESIA

She went to Rhodesia where as in other places she conferred with the leading Indians and Europeans. There she interviewed the Premier also and told him:—

It was not her desire, to import a lot of people here from India who would be in conflict with trade and she did not think that her people desired it.

The Indians must make their contribution to the country in good citizenship in order to pay the debt they owe the country. They must approximate to the life of Rhodesia which is really a white man's life.

While she was travelling she kept herself in constant touch with Mahatma Gandhi. In one of her letters, she described the effect of her visit as follows.

You have been kept in touch, I know, with the course of my mission here in laconic press cables. I have according to my capacity and opportunity done my best, and in spite of a prejudiced press and ignorant legislators, I have been able to win not hundreds but thousands of friends for the Indian cause from all sections and ranks of South African communities. The African races and even the difficult 'Colonial' people have been moved to enthusiasm and indignation, and a sense of kinship and community of suffering and destiny. How the white races have resented my expression "a University of oppression" as applied to South Africa! Yet it is a "University of oppression" to discipline and perfect the spirit of the non-European people. My interview with the Strong Man of the Empire was very interesting. He was full of his famous charm and magnetism and withal apparently simple and sweet; but what depth of subtlety and diplomacy are hidden behind that suavity and simplicity! My impression of him is that he was designed by nature to be among the world's greatest but he has dwarfed himself to be a small man in the robe of authority in South Africa; it is the tragedy of a man who does not or cannot rise to the full height of his pre-destined, spiritual stature.

On the completion of her extended tour she returned to India in the second week of July and was received with great ovation from thousands of people who gathered at the docks of Bombay to give her a fitting reception. Interviewed by the Associated Press soon after her arrival, Mrs. Naidu said:—

Prejudices against the Indians in South Africa, Kenya, Uganda and other British Colonies in Africa are really not so deep-rooted, that they cannot be removed by sympathetic people by a frank discussion of things.

Questioned as to what in her opinion was the chief work lying before the Indians in those countries, Mrs. Naidu replied:—

The chief work that the Indians should do is to build up their lives as a part and parcel of South Africa. They must become the bone of the bone of the natives. They must do constructive work. In short they must without delay set their own house in order. Then they ought to discuss frankly their position with thinking men. My own experience is that many thinking people in those countries have complained to me that the facts which I represented before them were hitherto unknown to them.

The fact is that since Mahatma Gandhi's departure from South Africa there has been no organised body to represent Indian views to the South African rulers and to the natives.

Asked to state the exact position of the problem of the Indian community she said that much depended on the character and bearing of the Indians themselves. "For the average European," she said :

Individual Indian character is the general standard for judging the Indian character. What India should therefore do is no more to send small petty traders. These traders are all-right as pioneers and to open up new places; but we must send real representatives of Indian culture to South Africa. In that case Europeans there will always be courteous and, what is more, will recognise and respond to Indian sentiments where educated men and women make a human appeal to them. It is the better quality of cultured people that should go there. The first thing is that emigration should be regulated and restricted on this side by the pressure of public opinion. We should do more. We should assure the South African public that we shall send only educated and cultured men. I would call on India to realise that a large influx into South Africa of such traders as we have been sending will be absolutely fatal to our cause.

For obvious reasons this last suggestion seemed somewhat novel to Liberals and other Progressives familiar with Mr. Gandhi's work in South Africa. They thought the whole point was given away in Mrs. Naidu's curious plea that a new type of Indians could be welcome to South African susceptibilities. To them it was a surprise that such a plea should have come from a lieutenant of Gandhi himself and so devoted a follower of his!

For many years Mrs. Naidu has been a staunch Congress worker taking a leading part in Provincial

organisations as well as in the Annual Sessions. Her triumphant tour in East and South Africa has added considerably to her patriotic services and very naturally her name was favoured very much for the Presidentship of the 1924 Congress at Belgaum. In fact, her name was recommended by most of the Committees as the next alternative to that of Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi himself commended Mrs. Naidu as the most fitting person to preside over the Belgaum Session and if he had not been persuaded to accept the Presidentship the honour would have been hers. At the Belgaum session she took as usual a lively interest in the proceedings of the Subjects Committee as well as in the open Session, trying to harmonise differences. Appropriately enough the resolution on Indians Overseas, was allotted to her and she spoke with moving eloquence :

Kenya, South Africa and Mauritius or the Fiji and the Malaya States, the question remains the same, that colour prejudice is always there, that economic problem is always there, the disintegration of the people without a leader in the Colonies, is always there. Since Mahatma Gandhi left Africa he left fatherless children and leaderless people.* * * * *

Are you so unpatriotic that your brethren must go abroad in shame and in sorrow and eat the bread of slavery because you will not solve the economic problems of India? I ask you, in supporting this resolution, in expressing your indignation, in condemning all these things to put forth your energy in removing the handicap upon our brethren abroad which deprives them of citizenship, of equal chances and of equal contribution to the civilisation of the Colonies. I ask you also to make it possible so that, having won Swaraj by the strength of our united action we shall dare to set down a law to the Government of the Colonies and say : "At your own peril shall you touch the hair of my brother and only at your own risk you dare to challenge the manhood of the Indian nation."

The Belgaum Congress also passed a resolution appreciating her great services to the country by her splendid work in East and South Africa.

NILAMBUJA: THE FANTASY OF A POET'S MOOD

The following contribution appeared in "The Indian Ladies' Magazine" for December 1902:—

A woman was walking alone on the shores of a lake that shone like a great fire-opal in its ring of onyx-coloured hills; and her movements were full of a slumberous rhythm, as if they had caught the very cadence of the waters.

A strangely attractive figure, delicate as the stem of a lotus, with an indescribable languor pervading like a dim fragrance, the grace of her flower-like youth. Two unfathomably beautiful eyes flashed from the sensitive oval of a face, not in itself of an extraordinary beauty, but singularly expressive, a subtle revelation, as it were, of the lyric soul within. The heavy hair enfolding in its coils a faint odour of incense-fumes was wound about her head, and wreathed with sprays of newly-opened passion-flowers. The dusky fire of amethysts about her throat and arms, the sombre flame of her purpled draperies embroidered in threads of many-coloured silk and silver, brought out in their perfection, the golden tones, so luminously pale, of her warm, brown flesh. A clinging vapour of dreams hung about her like a veil, investing her with a glamour as of something remote and mystic, and touched with immemorial passion.

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Slowly the versatile splendour of the sunset melted into one fleeting moment of twilight that spread itself

like a caress over the hills and valleys of acacia and ripening corn. Slowly she left the shore and threaded her way through a garden—herself, a shadowy fantasy among its winding shadows—and entered a courtyard of oleanders and pomegranate trees. On the steps of a long-pillared hall dimly lighted by burning wicks steeped in copper vessels of sandal-oil, she paused, arrested by the vivid charm of the picture before her, and a smile of pure sensuous pleasure pierced through the rapt spirituality of her face. An exquisite picture! A group of girls of her own age were lounging above the chamber like enormous birds or blossoms, in floating raiment of gold and scarlet and green. One, with daintily-jewelled fingers, was embroidering with filmy threads some fabric-like auroral mist; another lay back among her pillows, in an attitude of seductive indolence, crushing an aromatic spice between her teeth, one foot audaciously crossed above her knee; a third leaned up against a pillar carved with antique legends, singing to herself vague snatches of a love-song. In a moment, all three suspended their various idleness to welcome the intruder who loitered among one second to play with the pigeons that hovered about the ceiling.

Then, she passed up a steep corridor that led her to her own chamber, followed by a murmur of love mingled with a sense of regret, of incomprehension. She was so inexplicably removed and separate from their brilliant, flower-like life that asked for nothing more than the ephemeral dew and the amber sunshine that was so naively content, so frankly enchanted with its own frail purposeless existence. * * *

A wide, latticed chamber with windows that opened to the dawn. Its violet hangings worked with devices, in gold

and silver, the garlands of lilac-tinted lotus buds about the door ways, the subdued raidance of the torches on the walls, the cerulean smoke of incense from a brazen censer, the gleam of scattered ornaments of carved ivory and fretted silver, the very detachment of its situation from the rest of the dwelling lent to this room a peculiar significance and fascination, at once austere and sumptuous, as of a shrine dedicated to the goddess of mystery and dreams.

The dreamer stood alone in her temple of dreams, leaning out into the darkness. Her brows were bent as if with the burden of an unknown loneliness, her hands were stretched out as if with the weariness of a futile striving to pluck an unattainable desire. Her mouth was sorrowful as if with the silence of one who cannot render aright the music of inner voices, so importunate in their cry for expression. Memories of her far-off childhood came echoing through the gray desolation of her mood. A lyric child standing in the desert of her own lonely temperament, watching the stars, till she had caught from their inaccessible fires the soaring flame of a manifold enthusiasm, a myriad-hearted passion for humanity, for knowledge, for life, above all, for the eternal beauty of the universe. Thenceforth she had moved in the shadow of a perpetual mystery, consumed with a deep intellectual hunger, an unquenchable spiritual thirst, for ever seeking the ecstasy of Beauty in the voice of the winds and the waters, in the ethereal glory of dawn upon the mountains, in the uttered souls of poets and prophets, the dreamers and teachers, of all ages and every race ; but most of all, with a tremulous longing in the touching beauty of human faces and the secret poetry of every human life. Dwelling in the midst

SAROJINI'S SPEECHES AND WRITINGS:

of those to whom the opulent loveliness of this earth is an ultimate end, all the sweeter for a knowledge of its perishable charm, and the delights of this material life with its dramatic experiences, a satisfying ideal all the dearer for a consciousness of its evanescent quality, she was for ever possessed by an intolerable desire to penetrate to the hidden eternity at the core of the most trivial accidents of human destiny, the most fleeting moment of this radiant and mutable world.

So the ardent years of her childhood had fled away in one swift flame of aspiration; and the lyric child had grown into the lyric woman. All the instincts of her awakening womanhood for the intoxication of love and the joy of life were deeply interfused with the more urgent and intimate need of the poet-soul for a perfect sympathy with its incommunicable vision, its subtle and inexpressible thought.

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A flute-like laughter of delicate revels, a reed-like music of singing voices floated up through the starwrought-silence. She paused in the heart of her reminiscence, and smiled a gradual smile that had in it the profound sadness of invisible tears. Ah! how she had lost count of the years, and missed the gracious birthright of her youth, so utterly had she seemed to pass away beyond the measurable shadow of time into the infinite loneliness of her soul's ecstasy for Beauty. And the dreamer so insatiable for immortality, who was a woman full of tender mortal wants, wept bitterly for her unfulfilled inheritance of joy.

TRUE BROTHERHOOD

The following is a lecture delivered at a Public Meeting held under the auspices of the Historical Society, Pachayappa's College, Madras in 1903 :

Y[°]OU know that you are provincial—and you are more limited than that—because your horizon is bounded almost by your city, your own community, your own sub-caste, your own college, your own homes, your own relations, your own self (*loud cheers*). I know I am speaking rightly, because I also in my earlier youth was afflicted with the same sort of short-sightedness of the love. Having travelled, having conceived, having hoped, having enlarged my love, having widened my sympathies, having come in contact with different races, different communities, different religions, different civilizations, friends, my vision is clear. I have no prejudice of race, creed, caste or colour. Though, as is supposed, every Brahman is an aristocrat by instinct, I am a real democrat, because to me there is no difference between a king on his throne and a beggar in the street. And until you, students, have acquired and mastered that spirit of brotherhood, do not believe it possible that you will ever cease to be provincial, that you will cease to be sectarian—if I may use such a word—that you will ever be national. If it were otherwise, there should have been no necessity for all those resolutions in the Social Conference yesterday. I look to you and to the generation that is passing ; it is the young that would have the courage to cast aside that bondage to make it impossible for the Social Con-

ference of ten years hence to proclaim its disgrace in the manner in which it was proclaimed yesterday and in which I took part (*continued cheers*). Students, if facilities come in your way, travel; because the knowledge that comes from living contact with men and minds, the inestimable culture that comes through interchange of ideas, can never be equalled and certainly not surpassed by that knowledge between the covers of text-books. You read the poems of Shelley on *Liberty*. You read the lecture of Keats on the *Brotherhood of Man*, but do you put them all in practice? Reading is one thing. It is a very different thing to put it into practice by your deeds. It is difficult to follow in reality the proverb that all men are brethren. Therefore, to you, young men, we look for the fulfilment of the dreams that we have dreamed. To you we look to rectify the mistakes we have made. To you we look to redeem the pledges we have given to posterity. I beg of you, young men, nay, I enjoin upon you that duty that you dare not, if you are men, separate from your hearts and mind and spirit. I say that it is not your pride that you are a Madrasi, that it is not your pride that you are a Brahman, that it is not your pride you belong to the South of India, that it is not your pride you are a Hindu, but that it is your pride that you are an Indian. I was born in Bengal. I belong to the Madras Presidency. In a Muhammadan city I was brought up and married, and there I lived; still I am neither a Bengali, nor a Madrasi, nor a Hyderabad, but I am an Indian (*Cheers*), not a Hindu, not a Brahman, but an Indian to whom my Muhammadan brother is as dear and as precious as my Hindu brother. I was brought up in a home that would never have tolerated the least spirit of difference in the treatment given to-

people of different classes. There you will find that genuine, spontaneous love shown to them. I was brought up in a home over which presided one of the greatest men of India and who was an embodiment of all great lores and an ideal of truth, of love, of justice, of patriotism. That great teacher of India had come to us to give immortal inspiration. That is a home of Indians and not of Hindus or Brahmans. It is because that my beloved father said, "Be not limited even to the Indians, but let it be your pride that you are a citizen of the world," that I should love my country. I am ready to lay down my life for the welfare of all India. I beg of you, my brothers, not to limit your love only to India, because it is better to aim at the sky, it is better that your ideals of patriotism should extend to the welfare of the world and not be limited to the prosperity of India and so to achieve that prosperity for your country; because, if the ideals be only for the prosperity of your country, it would end where it began, by being a profit to your own community and very probably to your own self. You have inherited great dreams. You have had great duties laid upon you. You have been bequeathed legacies for whose suffrage and whose growth and accumulation you are responsible. It does not matter where you are and who you are. Even a sweeper of streets can be a patriot. You can find in him a moralizing spirit that can inspire your mind. There is not one of you who is so humble and so insignificant that can evade the duties that belong to you, that are predestined to you and which nobody but you can perform. Therefore each of you is bound to dedicate his life to the up-lifting of his country.

PERSONAL ELEMENT IN SPIRITUAL LIFE

The following is a lecture delivered at the Theistic Conference held at Calcutta in December 1906 :

THE title of the lecture is the "Personal Element in Spiritual Life," and by the word 'spiritual' I do not mean merely the religious or ethical side but even the highest ideal of manhood or womanhood. At this great moment, when there is abroad so much enthusiasm and when all the best energies and ambitions of the people of India are directed towards the re-establishing of the social and political ideals of the country, it is well for us to remember that no results are of any lasting value that are not obtained by the light of the spirit. I say that all the glories of Greece and all the grandeur that was of Rome have perished because of want of this light of the spirit. But the advancing hope for the salvation of India lies in this magnificent fact that our civilization in the past was highly spiritual and the powers of the spirit, though they may be dimmed, can never die (*Applause*). I want you to realize, all of you who are here present, that each of you is an indispensable spark in the rekindling of the manifold fires of national life. Many of you, I have no doubt, are acquainted with that great Persian poet and astronomer, Omar Khayyam, whose beautiful poetry is equally the wonder and delight of East and West. Some there are who say he is somewhat of a *Sufi* and more that he was merely a dreamer of dreams; but whether he was a *Sufi* or a dreamer of dreams his teachings and his singings of lore among the roses and *bulbuls* of the

Persian gardens have contributed to the literature of the world one immortal phrase which might stand for the very epigram of the scriptures. It might stand for the very essence of all the spiritual and secular doctrine and traditions handed down to man about the personal element in spiritual life. He says in his wonderful *Rubayat* :—

I set my soul into the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell.
And by and by my soul returned to me
Answered, myself am heaven and hell.

Turn where you will, to the scriptures of the Hindus or the mandates of Zoroaster, the Koran of the Muhammadans, to the teachings of Christ or the teachings of Lord Buddha under the Bo-Tree, you will find this great point of unity among them, that in all these religions the greatest emphasis is laid on two essential points. First, the terrible individual responsibility of every human being for his own destiny ; and, secondly, the unique and incommunicable personal relationship with its Master Spirit. The life of the spirit is not a thing that we can attain, but it is interwoven like a golden thread through the very fabric of our existence. I want you to realize, my friends, that even so there is a state of divinity which it is possible, nay, it is necessary, that we must develop up to its full fire of godhead. There is no one among you so weak or so small that he is not necessary to the divine scheme of eternal life. There is no one among you so frail, so insignificant that he cannot contribute to the divinity of the world. If he should fail, let him fail. Does success or failure count for anything in the life of the spirit ? No ; it is endeavour that is the very soul life. You all remember that when Napoleon, the greatest hero of the nineteenth century, was taunted with his lack of ancestry, how superb-

ly he held up his head and said, "I am the ancestor." I hope that each of you has that self-knowledge and that self-reverence that enable you to say, "I am the ancestor." For it is the bounden duty of every human being to contribute something individual and distinct to the sum total of the world's progress to justify his existence (*hear and applause*)—and is there any among you so small in spirit that he will not realize the dictum that Plato sent forth into the world—Man, know thyself. Self-knowledge is only the first step in the ultimate destiny of man. You, sons of India, whom I speak to to-day, and you, daughters, whom I am also addressing, know that you are responsible for the call upon you for ennobled lives, not merely for the glory and prosperity of your country, but for the higher patriotism that says the world is my country, and all men are my brothers. You must ask for the larger vision that looks beyond the fleeting pomps and glories of to-day and knows that the destiny of the souls lies in immortality and eternity. Friends, it is not for me to speak to you, no better than I can tell you, what an infinity of the divinity is hidden within you. It is not for me to point the way to you, it is for you to pray in secret, and to reverence that Beauty within your lives, those divine principles that inspire us. It is for you to be the prisms of the love of God.

EDUCATION OF INDIAN WOMEN

The following is a lecture delivered at the Indian Social Conference, Calcutta, in December 1906 :—

IT seems to me a paradox, at once touched with humour and tragedy, that on the very threshold of the twentieth century, it should still be necessary for us to stand upon public platforms and pass resolutions in favour of what is called female education in India—in all places in India, which, at the beginning of the first century, was already ripe with civilization and had contributed to the world's progress radiant examples of women of the highest genius and the widest culture. But as by some irony of evolution the paradox stands to our shame, it is time for us to consider how best we can remove such a reproach, how we can best achieve something more fruitful than the passing of empty resolutions in favour of female education from year to year. At this great moment of stress and striving, when the Indian races are seeking for the ultimate unity of a common national ideal, it is well for us to remember that the success of the whole movement lies centred in what is known as the woman question. It is not you but we who are the true nation-builders. But it seems to me that there is not even an unanimous acceptance of the fact that the education of women is an essential factor in the process of nation-building. Many of you will remember that, some years ago, when Mrs. Sathianadhan first started *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*, a lively correspondence went on as to whether we should or should not educate our women. The women

themselves with one voice pleaded their own cause most eloquently, but when it came to the man, there was division in the camp. Many men doubtless proved themselves true patriots by proving themselves the true friends of education for the mothers of the people. But others there were who took fright at the very word. "What," they cried, "educate our women"? What, then, will become of the comfortable domestic ideals as exemplified by the luscious 'halwa' and the savoury 'omelette'?" Others, again, were neither "for Jove nor for Jehovah," but were for compromise, bringing forward a whole syllabus of compromises. "Teach this," they said, "and not that." But, my friends, in the matter of education you cannot say *thus far and no further*. Neither can you say to the winds of Heaven "Blow not where ye list," nor forbid the waves to cross their boundaries, nor yet the human soul to soar beyond the bounds of arbitrary limitations. The word education is the worst misunderstood word in any language. The Italians, who are an imaginative people, with their subtle instinct for the inner meaning of words, have made a positive difference between *instruction* and *education* and we should do well to accept and acknowledge that difference. *Instruction* being merely the accumulation of knowledge might, indeed, lend itself to conventional definition, but *education* is an immeasurable, beautiful, indispensable atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body? How, then, shall a man dare to deprive a human soul of its immemorial inheritance of liberty and life? And yet, my friends, man has so dared in the case of Indian women. That is why you men of India are to-day

what you are: because your fathers, in depriving your mothers of that immemorial birthright, have robbed you, their sons, of your just inheritance. Therefore, I charge you, restore to your women their ancient rights, for, as I have said, it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders, and without our active co-operation at all points of progress, all your Congresses and Conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, for it is true to-day as it was yesterday and will be to the end of human life that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world.

MRS. GANDHI

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu addressed the following letter to Lady Mehta in February, 1915 in connection with a function organised to welcome Mrs. Gandhi on her return to India from South Africa :—

I venture to write to you as I see in the papers that you are the presiding genius of the forthcoming function to welcome my friend, Mrs. Gandhi, home again. I feel that, though it may be the special privilege of the ladies of Bombay to accord her this personal ovation, all Indian women must desire to associate themselves with you in spirit to do honour to one who, by her race, qualities of courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice has so signally justified and fulfilled the high traditions of Indian womanhood.

I believe I am one of the few people now back in India who had the good fortune to share the intimate home life of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi in England: and I cherish two or three memories of this brief period in connexion with the kindly and gentle lady whose name has become a household word in our midst, with her broken health and her invincible fortitude, the fragile body of a child and the indomitable spirit of a martyr.

I recall my first meeting with them the day after their arrival in England. It was on a rainy August afternoon last year that I climbed the staircase of an ordinary London dwelling house to find myself confronted with a true Hindu idyll of radiant and ascetic simplicity. The great South African leader who, to quote Mr. Gokhale's apt phrase, had moulded heroes out of clay, was reclining,

a little ill and weary, on the floor eating his frugal meal of nuts and fruit (which I shared) and his wife was busy and content as though she were a mere modest housewife absorbed in a hundred details of household service, and not the world-famed heroine of a hundred noble sufferings in a nation's cause.

I recall too the brilliant and thrilling occasion when men and women of all nationalities from East and West were gathered together to greet them in convincing proof that true greatness speaks with a universal tongue and compels a universal homage. She sat by her husband's side, simple and serene and dignified in the hour of triumph as she had proved herself simple and serene and dauntless in the hour of trial and tragedy.

I have a vision too of her brave, frail, pain-worn hand that must have held aloft the lamp of her country's honour undimmed in one alien land, working at rough garments for wounded soldiers, in another . . . Red Cross work.

But there is one memory that to me is most precious and poignant, which I record as my personal tribute to her, and which serves not only to confirm but to complete and crown all the beautiful and lofty virtues that have made her an ideal comrade and helpmate to her husband. On her arrival in England in the early days of the War, one felt that Mrs. Gandhi was like a bird with eager outstretched wings longing to annihilate the time and distance that lay before her and her far-off India, and impatient of the brief and necessary interruption in her homeward flight. The woman's heart within her was full of yearning for the accustomed sounds and scenes of her own land and the mother's heart within her full of passion-

ate hunger for the beloved faces of her children
 And yet when her husband, soon after felt the call, strong and urgent, to offer his services to the Empire and to form the Ambulance Corps that has since done such splendid work, she reached the high-water mark of her loyal devotion to him, for she accepted his decision and strengthened his purpose with a prompt and willing renunciation of all her most dear and pressing desires. This to me is the real meaning of *Sati*. And it is this ready capacity for self-negation that has made me recognize anew that the true standard of a country's greatness lies not so much in its intellectual achievement and material prosperity as the undying spiritual ideals of love and service and sacrifice that inspire and sustain the mothers of the race.

I pray that the men of India may learn to realise in an increasing measure that it is through the worthiness of their lives and the nobility of their character alone that we women can hope to find the opportunity and inspiration adequately to fulfil the finest possibilities of our womanhood even as Mrs. Gandhi has fulfilled hers.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. GOKHALE

Soon after Gokhale's death Mrs. Sarojini Naidu wrote in the columns of the "Bombay Chronicle" an appreciation of the man and his mission. Mrs. Sarojini had ample opportunities to know Mr. Gokhale, and her reminiscences of the great leader will be read with considerable interest.

MY personal association with Mr. Gokhale commenced, as it ended, with a written message. It had fallen to me to propose the resolution on the education of women at the Calcutta Session of the All-India Social Conference of 1906; and something in my speech moved him sufficiently to pass me these hurried and cordial sentences which, unworthy as I know myself of such generous appreciation, I venture to transcribe, since they struck the key-note of all our future intercourse. "May I take the liberty," he wrote, "to offer you my most respectful and enthusiastic congratulations? Your speech was more than an intellectual treat of the highest order . . . We all felt for the moment to be lifted to a higher plane."

An acquaintance begun on such a happy note of sympathy, grew and ripened at last into a close and lovely comradeship which I counted among the crowning honours of my life. And though it was not without its poignant moments of brief and bitter estrangement, our friendship was always radiant, both with the joy of spiritual refreshment, and the quickening challenge of intellectual discussion and dissent. Above all, there was the ever-deepening bond of our common love for the motherland; and, for a short space, there was alone the added tie of a tender

dependence, infinitely touching and child-like on such comfort and companionship as I, with my own broken health, could render him through long weeks of suffering and distress in a foreign land.

Between 1907 and 1911, it was my good fortune to meet him several times, chiefly during my flying visits to Bombay, but also on different occasions, in Madras, Poona, and Delhi. After each meeting, I would always carry away the memory of some fervent and stirring word of exhortation to yield my life to the service of India. And, even in the midst of the crowded activities of those epoch-making years, he found leisure to send me, now and then, a warm message of approval, of encouragement, when any poem or speech or action of mine chanced to please him or the frequent rumours of my failing health caused him anxiety or alarm.

But it was not till the beginning of 1912 when I spent a few weeks in Calcutta with my father, that any real intimacy was established between us. "Hitherto I have always caught you on the wing," he said, "now I will cage you long enough to grasp your true spirits." It was in the course of the long and delightful conversations of this period that I began to comprehend the intrinsic and versatile greatness of the man, and to marvel by what austere and fruitful process he was able to reconcile and assimilate the complex and often conflicting qualities of his essentially dual personality into so supreme an achievement of single-hearted patriotism. It was to me a valuable lesson in human psychology to study the secret of this rich and paradoxical nature. There was the outer man as the world knew and esteemed him, with his precise and brilliant and subtle intellect, his unrivalled

gifts of political analysis and synthesis, his flawless and relentless mastery and use of the consummate logic of co-ordinated facts and figures, his courteous but inexorable candour in opposition, his patient dignity and courage in honourable compromise, the breadth and restraint, the vigour and veracity of his far-reaching statesmanship, the lofty simplicities and sacrifices of his daily life. And breaking through the veils of his many self-repressions was the inner man that revealed himself to me in all his intense, impassioned hunger for human kinship and affection, in all the tumult and longing, the agony of doubt and ecstasy of faith of the born idealist, perpetually seeking some unchanging reality in a world full of shifting disillusion and despair. In him I felt that both the practical, strenuous worker and the mystic dreamer of dreams were harmonized by the age-long discipline of his Brahminical ancestry which centuries before had evolved the spirit of the *Bhagavad Gita* and defined true Yoga as Wisdom in Action. But even he could not escape the limitations of the inheritance. Wide and just as were his recognitions of all human claims to equality, he had nevertheless hidden away, perhaps unsuspected, something of that conservative pride of his Brahminical descent which instinctively resented the least question of its ancient monopoly of power. One little instance of this weakness—if I may use the word—occurs to me. At the All-India Conference which was held in Calcutta at the end of 1911, in the course of an address on the so-called Depressed Classes, I happened to have remarked that the denial of their equal human rights and opportunities of life was largely due to the tyranny of arrogant Brahmans in the past. My father, who was also present at the meeting, noted and ironically

rallied me on the phrase which appealed to both his sense of humour and equity. But to my surprise, I found that Mr. Gokhale regarded the word 'arrogant' almost as a personal affront! "It was no doubt a "brave and beautiful speech," he said in a tone of reproach, "but you sometimes use harsh, bold phrases." Soon after discussing an allied topic, he burst out saying "You—in spite of "yourself—you are typically Hindu in spirit. You begin with a ripple and end in eternity." "But," I answered, a little nettled, "when have I ever disclaimed my heritage?" Another conversation of these weeks stands out with special significance in the light of coming events. One morning, a little despondent and sick at heart about national affairs in general, he suddenly asked me "What is your outlook for India?" "One of Hope," I replied. "What is your vision of our immediate future?" "The Hindu-Muslim Unity in less than five years," I told him with joyous conviction. "Child," he said, with a note of yearning sadness in his voice, "you are a poet, but you "hope too much. It will not come in your life-time or in "mine. But keep your faith and work if you can." In March of the following year, I met him for a few minutes only at a large party in Bombay given by Sir Pheroza Shah Mehta for the members of the Royal Commission. I had recently brought out a new book of verses which just then happily for me was attracting some attention and applause. And Mr. Gokhale's short conversation with me was very characteristic of his attitude of distrust towards such things. "Does the flame still burn brightly?" he questioned. "Brighter than ever," I answered. But he shook his head doubtfully and a little sternly. "I wonder," he said, "I wonder how the storm of such

“long duration will withstand excessive adulation and success.”

A week later, it was my unique privilege to attend and address the new historic session of the Muslim League which met in Lucknow on the 22nd March, to adopt a new Constitution which sounded the key-note of loyal co-operation with the sister community in all matters of national welfare and progress. The unanimous acclamation with which it was carried by both the older and younger schools of Mussalman politicians marked a new era and inaugurated a new standard in the history of modern Indian affairs. From Lucknow I travelled, almost without a break, direct to Poona, where I was due on the 25th, and on the morning of the 26th, I walked across with the Hon. Mr. Paranjpye from Fergusson College to the Servants of India Society. I found the world-famous leader of the Indian National Congress weak and suffering from a relapse of his old illness, but busy scanning the journals that were full of comments and criticisms of the Muslim League and its new ideals. “Ah,” he cried with outstretched hands when he saw me, “have you come to tell me that your vision was true?”.....and he began to question me over and over again with a breathless eagerness that seemed almost impatient of my words about the real underlying *spirit* of the Conference. His weary and pain-worn face lighted up with pleasure when I assured him that, so far at least as the younger men were concerned, it was not an instinct of mere political expediency but one of genuine conviction and a growing consciousness of wider and graver national responsibility that had prompted them to stretch out so frankly and generously the hand of good fellowship to the Hindus, and I hoped that the

coming Congress would respond to it with equal, if not even greater, cordiality. "So far as it lies in my power," he answered, "it shall be done." After an hour or so, I found him exhausted with the excitement of the happy news I had brought him from so far; but he insisted on my returning to complete my visit to him that afternoon. When I went back to the Servants of India Society in the evening, I found a strangely transformed Mr. Gokhale, brisk and smiling, a little pale, but without any trace of the morning's languor and depression. "What," I almost screamed as he was preparing to lead the way upstairs, "surely you cannot mean to mount all those steps, you are too ill." He laughed, "You have put new hope into me," he said, "I feel strong enough to face life and work again." Presently, his sister and two charming daughters joined us for half an hour on the broad terrace with its peaceful view over sunset hills and valleys, and we talked of pleasant and passing things. This was my first and only glimpse and realization of the personal domestic side of this lonely and impersonal worker. After their departure, we sat quietly in the gathering twilight till his golden voice, stirred by some deep emotion, broke the silence with golden words of counsel and admonition, so grand, so solemn and so inspiring, that they have never ceased to thrill me. He spoke of the unequalled happiness and privilege of service for India. "Stand here with me," he said, "with the stars and hills for witness and in their presence consecrate your life and your talent, your song and your speech, your thought and your dream to the motherland. O poet, see visions from the hill-tops and spread abroad the message of hope to the toilers in the valleys." As I took my leave of him, he said again to

this humble messenger of happy tidings : " You have given me new hope, new faith, new courage. To-night I shall rest. I shall sleep with a heart at peace."

Two months later, early in June after an absence of fifteen years, I found myself in London once more, and among the many friends who greeted me on my arrival was the familiar figure of Mr. Gokhale in wholly unfamiliar European garments and—yes—actually an English top hat. I started at him for a moment. " Where," I asked him, " is your rebellious " turban" ? But I soon got accustomed to this new phase of my old friend, to a social Gokhale who attended parties and frequented theatres, played bridge and entertained ladies at dinner on the terrace of the National Liberal Club, a far cry from the terrace of the Servants of India Society.

In spite of his uncertain health, he was very busy throughout the summer with his work on the Royal Commission and his anxious pre-occupations with Indian affairs in South Africa, then threatening an acute crisis. But he would often come to see me where I was staying at the house of Sir Krishna Gupta. Mr. Gokhale had a great fancy for cherries, and I always took care to provide a liberal supply whenever he was expected. " Every man has his " price," I would tease him, " and yours is—cherries." One day, at the end of July sitting over a dish of ripe red cherries, I broached the subject of a delicate mission which I had undertaken on behalf of the London Indian Association, a new student organization that had only a few weeks previously been founded by Mr. M. A. Jinnah with the active and eager support of Indian students in London. Their earnest endeavour was to

provide a permanent centre to focus the scattered student-life in London and to build up such staunch tradition of co-operation and fellowship that this young association might eventually grow into a perfect miniature and model of the federated India of the future, the India of their dreams: and it was their ardent desire to start on their new mission of service with a word of sympathy and blessing from this incomparable friend and servant of India. At first, a firm refusal of my request backed by the strict prohibition of his doctors of all undue strain and fatigue somewhat daunted me. But I had a little rashly more or less pledged my word that he would speak, and I redoubled my persuasions. "You not only defy all laws of health yourself," he grumbled, "but incite me also to disobedience and "revolt." "Besides,"—and his eyes flashed for a moment, "what right had you to pledge your "word for me,?" "The right," I told him, "to demand "from you at all costs a message of hope for the young "generation." A few days later, on the 2nd August, he delivered a magnificent inaugural address at Caxton Hall in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience of students, and set before them those sublime lessons of patriotism and self-sacrifice which he alone so signally, among the men of his generation, was competent to teach with authority and grace.

Shortly afterwards he left for India to wage his brave and glorious battle in the cause of his suffering compatriots in South Africa. And though now his health was finally ruined beyond all chance of recovery, it was with the rapture of victorious martyrdom that he wrote from his sick-bed, about the end of December, to tell me how prompt and splendid had been the response of a truly United

India to the call of her gallant heroes fighting for right and justice in a far-off land.

On his return to England in the spring of 1914, his condition was so precarious as to cause his friends and physicians the gravest concern ; and at first he was confined entirely to bed. But with his ever-gracious kindness towards me, he paid me a visit on the very day he was permitted to leave his room, as I was then too ill to go and see him. "Why should a song-bird like you have a "broken wing," he murmured a little sadly ; and presently told me that he had just received his own death-warrant at the hands of his doctors. "With the utmost care," he said, "they think, I might perhaps live for three years longer." But in his calm and thoughtful manner there was no sign of selfish rebellion or fear,—only an infinite regret for his unfinished service to India.

But soon, I was well enough to accompany him on the short motor drives that were his sole form of recreation ; and on mild days, as we sat in the soft sunshine under the budding trees of Kensington Gardens he would talk to me with that sure instinct of his for choice and graphic phrases that lent his conversation so much distinction and charm. "Give me a corner of your brain that I can call my own," he would say. And in that special corner that was his I treasure many memorable sayings. I learnt to wonder not merely at the range and variety of his culture but at his fastidious preferences for what Charles Lamb has called the delicacies of fine literature. He had also an almost romantic curiosity towards the larger aspect of life and death and destiny, and a quick apprehension of the mysterious forces that govern the main springs of human feeling and experience. One day, a little wistfully he said,

“Do you know, I feel that an abiding sadness underlies all that unfailing brightness of yours? Is it because you have come so near death that its shadows still cling to you”? “No,” I answered, “I have come so near life that its fires have burnt me.” But, like a humming bird, his heart would always return with swift and certain flight to the one immutable passion of his life, his love for that India which to him was mistress and mother, goddess and child in one. He would speak of the struggles and disappointments of his early days, the triumphs and failures, the rewards and renunciations of his later years, his vision of India and her ultimate goal, her immediate value as an Imperial asset, and her appointed place and purpose in the wider counsels and responsibilities of the Empire. He spoke too of his work and his colleagues, the Royal Commission, the Viceregal Council and the National Congress; and though to the end he remained a better judge of human situations rather than of individuals, I was struck with the essential fairness of his estimates which seemed in one luminous phrase to reveal the true measure of a man. Of one he said that “He can mould heroes out of common clay,” of another that “He has fine sincerity, a little marred by hasty judgment,” of yet another: “He has true stuff in him and that freedom from all sectarian prejudice which will make him the best ambassador of the Hindu-Muslim unity.” Of a fourth, “He has made those sacrifices which entitle him to be heard.”

Of the many pressing matters that occupied his mind at that time, there were four which to him were of absorbing interest. His scheme for compulsory education which, he felt, was the only solid basis on which to found any lasting national progress; the Hindu-Muslim question

which, he said, could be most effectively solved if the leaders of the sister communities would deal in a spirit of perfect unison with certain fundamental problems of equal and urgent importance to both the high privilege and heavy responsibility of the young generation whose function it was to grapple with more immense and vital issues than his generation had been called upon to face; and of course the future of the Servants of India Society, which was the actual embodiment of all his dreams and devotion for India.

These open-air conversations, however, came to a speedy end. He suddenly grew worse and was forbidden to leave his room or to receive visitors. But I was fortunate enough to be allowed to see him almost daily for a few hours till his departure to Vichy. In his whimsical way he would call me the best of all his prescriptions. To my usual query on crossing the threshold of his sick-room—"Well; am I to be a stimulant or a sedative to-day?" his invariable reply was "Both." And this one word most adequately summed up the need of his sinking heart and overburdened brain through these anxious and critical weeks.

The interval between his first and second visits to Vichy he spent in a quiet little cottage at Twickenham as the guest and neighbour of Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Tata, to whom the nation already owes so many debts of gratitude, and the monotony of the long hours of his temporary and interrupted convalescence was often brightened by the presence of friends whose visits to him were really pilgrimages, and sustained by the devoted attendance of Dr. Jivraj Mehta who has since won such proud academic honours, and of whom Mr. Gokhale more than once said: "He will go far and be a leader of men."

From Vichy he wrote, "Here, in this intense mental solitude, I have come upon the bedrock truths of life and must learn to adjust myself to their demands." The outbreak of War in August brought him back to England a little prematurely. But though his health had obviously improved, and he was better able to stand the strain of his arduous work on the Royal Commission, he seemed oppressed with a sharp and sudden sense of exile in the midst of an alien civilization and people. He was haunted by a deep nostalgia which he himself could not explain, not merely for the wonted physical scenes and surroundings but for the spiritual texts and tongues of his ancestral land. His conversation during these days was steeped in allusions to the old Sanskrit writers whose mighty music was in his very blood.

The last occasion on which I saw him was on the 8th October, two days before I sailed for India. Something, may be, of the autumnal sadness of fallen leaves and growing mists had passed into his mood; or, may be, he felt the foreshadowing of the wings of Death. But as he bade me farewell, he said, "I do not think we shall meet again. If you live, remember your life is dedicated to the service of the country. My work is done."

Early in December, shortly after his arrival from Europe, he wrote to complain of the "scurvy trick" fate had played him in a renewal of his old trouble; but succeeding letters reported returning strength and ability to work again. In the last letter written the day before his fatal illness, he spoke of his health being now stationary and of his coming visit to Delhi. But it was otherwise ordained. As the poet says, "True as the peach to its ripening taste is destiny to her hour." His predestined

hour had already struck. On the 19th February, the self-same stars that he had invoked one year ago to witness the consecration of a life to the service of India kept vigil over the passing of this great saint and soldier of national righteousness. And of him surely, in another age and in another land were the prophetic words uttered—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

IN MEMORIAM: GOKHALE

This touching tribute to the memory of Gokhale, approved under Gokhale's portrait in Mr. (now Sir) Dinshaw Wacha's brochure on the great man :

Heroic heart ! lost hope of all our days !
Need'st thou the homage of our love or praise ?
Lo ! let the mournful millions round thy pyre
Kindle their souls with consecrated fire
Caught from the brave torch fallen from thy hand,
To succour and to save our stricken land ;
And in a daily worship taught by thee
Upbuild the Temple of her Unity.

THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE TO GOKHALE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu addressed the following letter to the Hon. Mr. (now Rt. Hon.) V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, President of the Servants of India Society, under date the 10th June 1915, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Society :—

ON this proud and melancholy occasion of the tenth anniversary of your Society, you will doubtless be overwhelmed with cordial messages of congratulation from all parts of India, and a sad renewal of tributes and testimonies to the memory of your beloved founder and first President.

To this long garland of greetings will you permit me to add, as a pendant of fresh blown buds, the story of the *Children's tribute to the great Gokhale?*

Sometimes I think that the supremest service of this incomparable servant of India to his country lies in the everlasting inspiration of his death, more even than in the actual achievement of his life-time; for it has already proved a miraculous divining-rod over the hidden springs of national feeling everywhere; and it has made articulate, in a sudden realization of the indivisible unity of Indian life and sentiment, even in a conservative and self-centred city like Hyderabad with its haughty traditions of isolation from all public affairs outside its own special horizon of interests. Memorable in our public record was the remarkable gathering of men of all communities and classes that for the first time in their experience met together to voice as one man their sense of real grief at India's irreparable

loss : unique and epoch-making in our social history was the even more remarkable gathering of women of all creeds, castes, and ranks and fortunes, who assembled to give expression in six different languages to their sorrow, and the Mussalman ladies vied with the Hindu ladies in the eloquence and sincerity of their mourning. But to me, touching, significant and symbolic beyond all other tokens of reverence and regret has been the tribute of the children of Hyderabad for one whose heart was like a child's and whose life so abundantly fulfilled all their desire and capacity for hero-worship. There is an association here of young Hindu and Mussalman boys and children who act Indian and English dramas for their own amusement, but they are not so absorbed in their own pleasures that they do not hear and answer the call of public duty.

Eighteen months ago when Mr. Gokhale's golden voice rang out like a trumpet-call for help on behalf of the suffering Indians in South Africa, and men gave their wealth and women their jewels for the cause, these young patriots, having nothing else, coined their love and talent into gold and gave a goodly contribution in response to their hero's call for aid. Now, he is dead ; but in their young hearts, he lives enshrined. A few weeks ago, they came to me and said, " We wish to make our contribution to your Gokhale Memorial Fund. We will stage a play." Last night in the presence of a large and representative audience of all communities, including a striking number of Purdanashin ladies, the association of boys and children gave a brilliant performance "in aid of the Gokhale Memorial Fund." It was a charming play, a musical fantasy from the Arabian Nights, composed by a member of the association—my seventeen-year-old brother, Harindra-

nath Chattopadhyaya, of whom Mr. Gokhale used to say, when he was only fourteen, "this child's genius gives me electric thrills"—a play written by a boy and acted by boys and children. The staging was beautiful, and everything was as perfect as they could render it, not only for the honour of art, but for the honour of the cause for which they were giving their time and talent—the honour of Gokhale's memory.

They began with a specially composed invocation to the Spirit of Gokhale, also the work of my brother, in which Hindu and Muhammadan boys took part: then followed a poem in Urdu, written for the occasion by a young Muhammadan poet. The performers realized more than Rs. 600 last night to offer as their share towards the upraising of a local memorial in their hero's honour.

And so the generations are linked together by the continuity of ideals and a common love inspired by a great and selfless spirit. I think that spirit must have rejoiced to see how spontaneously and whole-heartedly the younger section of India unconsciously interpreted and fulfilled the sublime lesson he always taught that no gift is more fine or fruitful than personal service leavened by personal love; and he who laid down his life in the cause of Indian unity must surely have given thanks to God that last night, inspired by a common love and a common service. Hindu and Mussalman boys, the young citizens of to-morrow, were animated by one vision, spoke with one voice, and were impelled by one inseverable heart of service and devotion.

Pardon me for taking up so much of your time. But you, who are the inheritors of Gokhale's mission of service, ought surely to know wherever the good seed has fallen,

that time will reap and destiny knead into bread for the feeding of the hungry spirits in this great country of ours. To-morrow and the hope of to-morrow is always with the young ; and so you too, like me, will know how to appraise the obvious value, and even more the deep underlying significance of the children's tribute to the great Gokhale.



THE IDEAL OF CIVIC LIFE

At the fourteenth anniversary of the Young Men's Literary Association, Guntur, held on July 5, 1915, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following speech :—

MR. President, Ladies, Gentlemen, and my Friends the Students :—It is of course in accordance with the right of etiquette of the moment and the occasion to say how deeply honoured I am by being asked to address you on this auspicious occasion, but, believe me when I say it is not merely in fulfilment of a conventional point of etiquette, but because I feel it with all my heart to be a source of not merely pleasure but honour and privilege to me to be asked to meet you this evening when you are gathered here in your hundreds to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of the institution which, if it has not already, will, I hope, in time, become the very heart-beat of the life of this great and increasingly prosperous and progressive city. As I was listening to the report so clearly written and effectively read by the earnest secretary, I was looking around on this ocean of faces representing all generations that have hitherto contributed to the progress of Guntur and who are going in future to contribute something better than their old generations could offer because of their more limited opportunities.

This morning a most earnest member of this society said to me that a few students started it some years ago which was the centre of their own life and that with them it grew up. As students expanded into larger life, they expanded it with their growth into manhood from its

infancy of earlier days. It seems to me a symbolic thing because what one would say to impress on the growing generation that they must carry into expanded intellectual public life all those dreams and all ambitions of dreams. They are merely dreams to them because they are too young to realize them, but when once they had crossed the threshold of manhood and come into the horizon of responsibility and opportunity, they are to transmute their dreams into deeds; so the origin of this association seems to me to carry its own guarantee of unbroken continuity. To-day, after 14 years, the men who started it as students for the use of themselves carried it giving it the best energies, vitality and sacrificing many things, personal pleasures, wealth and comfort because they wished it to grow and become a real heart-beat of the country. Do you not think that it is not merely a prophecy but an actual guarantee of promise almost fulfilled. To-day I do not wish to speak to those who were students 14 years ago when they started this institution. But I wish to speak to those who are going to be the future sustainers of this institution, those who are going to be the inheritors of all the active achievements and even in a greater degree of all the dreams that we dreamt 14 years ago. But I want to tell them what it means to be citizens—the type of citizens. They must be an ideal for the world to follow. Curiously enough, it is during the last 14 years that the by-gone generation of students were dreaming dreams and that the institution is a focus of all their dreaming, discussion, of all their hopes of the future, I, too, was young, dreaming dreams, and I too started carrying my dreams not focussing them in one institution but going on from place to place to speak for the younger generation, to tell them how real

were their dreams and how it was possible to realize those dreams. To-day, after 14 years of speaking to young men and young women all over the country, I come to this centre of the Andhra country to speak with the citizens of the Andhra Province. I want to tell you what the ideal of civic life is for you. All over India to-day there is a new spirit awake that thrills the heart of the young generation from end to end, from north and south, east and west, the spirit that is called the renaissance, not a new spirit but a spirit reborn and revitalized in the past that held exactly such ideals and dreams that taught by precept and example, such principles as you wish to fulfil in your life for the service of your country, whether you go to Bengal and speak with young men with the passionate spirit of ideals, whether you go to the Mahratta country and see those intellectual youths with their spirit focussed and ready for any sacrifice, and whether you go to South India and see those vigorous and intellectual types of eyes drinking every word set before them, you realize the young spirit is the same, though it speaks in different vernaculars. Vernaculars are different, races are different, castes are different; but the thing that makes you all is the one spirit that is abroad to-day. You know that the students' movement in Bengal is so much a vital part of the every day life of the people, that one cannot conceive of the future, not even to-day. In Bengal, the students' ideal, fervour, and capacity for service does not count the most inspiring factor in the national life. You go to Bombay, the second to London in its commercial greatness, and you find that the greatness and the glory of Bombay does not lie in its beautiful buildings, not in the glory of merchant

princes and women hung about in diamonds, but rather it is in the movement to be carried in the small scale of brotherhood because the force of it was so strong and it answers so strongly the need of young generation. It has become to-day the most representative thing of the new spirit of Bombay. The historian writing of the future of Bombay will not speak of the palaces on the Malabar Hill, or of the factories vomiting smoke, or of the motor cars, but rather of those young students very many of them ill-clad but whose races shine like lamp-lights dazzling by night. Take my native State—Hyderabad,—the new spirit is awake there in the city and it is so awake that already it has solved without any consciousness that it has done so, the greatest problem that all our political reformers are trying to solve, *i.e.*, the question of Hindu-Muslim unity, and that is the greatest contribution to the future of India that the young generation can make in such places where there exists a problem and an imminent necessity for the solution. That the young generation has done already in the city of Hyderabad. And now coming to the Andhra Province, will you believe me that it fills and thrills me with pride to say that while even in those great Presidencies that have achieved so much I have even found more the light of rhetoric than of action, I find that within a few years after the Andhra Provinces began to wake and set their ideals before them and assert their individual entity because they wished to contribute their characteristic share and their united right to contribute to the future of the federated culture in India (*Shouts of joy*), in these few years we find not merely rhetoric from platform from people loving rhetoric but hard work, self-sacrificing devotion, enthusiasm and daily

and early sacrifice and personal service. That is what I have found in the Andhra country. It was my great privilege to go to Masulipatam for the fifth anniversary of the National College there. I found there and since then I have come very intimately in contact with some of the older and younger men who represented the spirit of what I called the Andhra renaissance. Once more it has been my privilege to come closer to the heart-beat of that Andhra spirit. I was in Pithapur two days ago. There I found not only men but women who began to realize their inviolable right to co-operate with men in re-establishing the historic distinction of their province. They say: "All that we want to do in our little sphere is the little practicable work which is to offer a beautiful and priceless offering to the feet of our motherland." That is the spirit in which the women of the Andhra Province are working.

What I want to bring to these young citizens before me is this. That it is your duty—you who are in a state of apprenticeship and who are learning the knowledge from the text-books. You will have in a few years to learn in a more difficult university lessons that no man will teach you by the hand. Many of the dreams you dream to-day so light-heartedly will taste bitter in your mouth because you will find so much opposition and so many difficulties. Be true to yourself. I want each one of you to be a worthy worshipper of that great name that is representative of the past ideals that moulded your historic dynasties. It is to realize by the building up of character, however great the opposition in life may be, however obscure your life may be, however insignificant and unknown the position in which you live, it does not

matter; each of you can make yourself a worthy devotee of that flame of spirit. Each of you in doing so will be doing the best possible service to your country and to your race in the world. It is the best way in which you will be able to serve humanity by building up these traits of character that have distinguished your people, *viz.*, valour, intellectual capacity, and spiritual devotion.

Passing on, she said: The thing which is very necessary for us to remember is that as modern civilization progresses, as the world becomes more and more international in giving and receiving enlightenment, we are absorbing from other countries as we are giving to other countries. With such ideas, such treasures of knowledge and experience of wider horizon and scientific thought, the responsibility of personal service becomes greater. Life is more complex. I ask you to dedicate your life to this cause, to make your lights ready to be kindled at the flame of devotion, to serve your country worthily. I do not say to you to become teachers to preach or politicians by this or by that. Whatever your sphere in life is, however small you are, remember, you are an indispensable unit in making up that vast social organization which makes the country a nation. I want you all to remember that the greatness of a country will not lie in its great men, but in its average good men, who realized the daily life of purity, truth, courage in overcoming such obstacles that stand in the way of progress by giving equal opportunities to all human beings, of all castes and creeds and not to withhold from any man or woman his or her God-given, inviolable right to live to the fullest capacity. That is the meaning of social reform. Give education to low castes. Do give to your women, who are co-operators

with you in your generation, for you are building the national character, such a right to qualify themselves for the high and great responsibility of motherhood. In this institution, the most valuable asset—an asset more valuable than all the funds of zemindars—is the actual spirit of service on the part of the members of the society.

Finance is one of the wants of the institution; it seems to me it is a supreme want. If to-day I have come from so far, loving to see the spirit that animates you, you will let me go away with the hope that this institution will not die simply from want of this help of money (*cries of emphatic "no."*) I beg all of you to rise as one man to make this institution really a representation of the ideals that you believe—the ideals that you wish your children and children's children to inherit.

THE SUNLIT LAMPS OF INDIA

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, replying to the address of the people of Guntur in the A.E.L.M. College Hall, in July 1915, said :—

I can hardly tell you how deeply honoured I am to-day by the heart-felt and truly fraternal welcome you have accorded to me. I have learnt to feel that this generous and spontaneous welcome that awaits me wherever I go is not at all a personal tribute but stands as a symbol of what the womanhood of India represents when the men of India give them the same chances as I have had. Go to Bengal and there you see the women with their great spiritual ideals, are like water-lilies in their ponds. Go to Bombay or to any other part of India, do you think there is a single house where it does not survive in the richest vitality, all those living ideals that make the names of the women of our country and literature so immortal? There is not a single home in the length and breadth of India, no matter rich or poor, where womanhood is not as great to-day as in the days of Sita and Savitri, greater perhaps in potential powers, because we have gathered a great deal of world experience, of high civilization and growing responsibility. The whole world-spirit is richer by so many centuries of experience. It is your duty which you have not recognized to fulfil the task of giving the women those very opportunities which you yourselves had, which are necessary for their equipment, fully to realize all these hidden virtues that lie within their souls. The power of Rome has been quenched: that is because the underlying

conditions animating their ideals and their civilization were not of the spirit but of the intellect. The glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome could not be re-vitalized after centuries because they were not spiritual. All their greatness died and became merely historic memories, things that we try to re-construct from a broken stone in a foreign museum.

But believe me when I say that those who kept alive that fire are not the men who go to earn money, the men who become a little blurred, as it were, in the clearness of vision for mere existence but rather it is their spiritual entity that they kept at home, that spiritual comradeship that stands at home and tends the family fire. And so it is to them that you must give the opportunity of so equipping themselves and make themselves capable of realizing their higher ideals and then it will certainly be never said that our women are backward. They are backward because they have not the lamps to light, not a flame to kindle because you will not give them what is called the daily oil—the opportunity that brings that flame to the lamp. There are many little books with beautiful titles. But I do not know of any that is more symbolic than the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* of Ruskin. But we have seven hundred thousands of lamps in the architecture unlighted because you have refused to give them the things that kindle the flame. If the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* illumine the whole civilization of the West, friends, think of the dazzling illumination that shall light the whole world with a conflagration and radiance that cannot be quenched when 700,000 lamps in our national structure are lit for the glory of humanity. I am only one little lamp of clay. But there are thousands of lamps of gold hidden away for

want of opportunity. Instead of thanking you for this I should reproach you for being content with lamps of clay when there are lamps of gold. Let me beseech you not to be content with such small ideals as are represented by any successes that I may have achieved. India will not be great with her ancient greatness. It is only in your hands to give the illumination and it is only by that illumination that we can wake up our sleeping Mother.

SIR P. M. MEHTA

At a memorial meeting held in Bai Perozebai Hall, Secunderabad, on November 28th, 1915, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who occupied the chair, said :—

THEY were met to mourn the loss of a great man and if proof were wanted at any time as to the unanimity of feeling at the loss, it could be judged from the list of names on the programme representing all races and creeds which would emphasize that India was no longer a geographical expression. He was a great figure in the Bombay Presidency and represented the vitality of the nation. To some he was a Parsi, but to others he was an Indian figure, proud to be an Indian, never afraid of popular displeasure or censure. He was not exactly what some called him the apostle of righteousness, but was the one man who laid his life at the altar of his Motherland. His one great lesson to India was his indomitable courage. He was made of the stuff that would die, but not yield, when he said: "I stand to represent the country's honour." He was loyal to his friends, generous to his foes, and a zealous citizen.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in conclusion, said he was a prince of the country and of intellect, and continued :—

Who can sufficiently extol the sweetness of the man and that invincible sense of chivalry? Who will sum up the tenderness of his heart that made him the champion of women? Who will sum up his chivalry, the grace of head and heart that was so rarely combined in him? He was the golden link between the experience of the older and the enthusiasm of the younger generation.

INDIA'S GIFTS

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu indited the following verses for the Report of the Hyderabad Ladies' War Relief Association, December 1915:—

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold ?
Lo! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum beats of duty, the sabres of doom.
Gathered like pearls in their alien graves
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands,
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.
Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep ?
Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair,
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer ?
And the far sad and glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of Victory ?
When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones
Remember the blood of thy martyred sons !

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

The following is the address delivered by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, on the anniversary day of the Andhra Jatheeya Kala Sala, Masulipatam (1914-15), with Sir Sankaran Nair in the chair.

MR. President, ladies and gentlemen, and specially students of this National College,—I cannot tell you how deep to-day is my sense, not merely of pride, but of hope in being present on this occasion; and while I was sitting here I realized with something like rapture that the service of India can never be a thing of sorrow, but always of a kind that looks forward for to-morrow. Yesterday morning, I was assisting at the Memorial meeting of that great son of India whose death might seem to us to have left India without hope for the future, for in the midst of that mourning we had a feeling of despair that the greatest son of India had departed, and who could take his place? To-day, sitting here, and looking at these young men, and these eager faces before me, I realize that though Gokhale has died, his spirit survives and his work will be completed from generation to generation, so long as founders and organizers of institutions like this are in India to inculcate his ideals not merely by precept but by example. And that is why I say the service of India is always a service of hope, looking forward for the dawn of tomorrow; and I say it because I know, after hearing the beautiful and heart-stirring report of the Head master that the ideal of service—of service manifold and co-

ordinated and focussed towards one destiny and one purpose,—is here a living lesson from day to day, from hour to hour, not confined to one class, not confined to one creed, not confined specially to one form of intellectual expression and achievement but emphasizing every form of expression—intellectual, æsthetic, and artistic which comes out to-day in what is called “national consciousness.” For years now it has been my great privilege to be more and more closely identified with what is known as the younger generation. In almost every great city of India, I have come into joyful and intimate comradeship with the young men who are going to make the history of to-morrow. In the different cities of India I have come closely, and ever more closely, in touch with what is called the “new spirit” in India—with what has justly and aptly been called the Indian Renaissance.

Two years ago, through an unhappy misfortune of failing health, I went to England, and there for 18 months lived in contact and comradeship with Young India which is receiving an impress of national unity in an alien country. For it is England that is the training ground of Indian patriots, for it is on that common ground that most of the young men, young impulsive dreamers of dreams in the present and doers of great deeds in the future, are congregated together, from every province and every village, representing every religion and every race, but representing always the same ideals springing from the most diverse civilizations and the most diverse histories. And there in Oxford and in Cambridge and in Edinburgh, but chiefly in London, where thousands and thousands of young hearts beat to-day as one “India”—there it was that I realized that there

is really such a thing as the Indian renaissance. I began, moreover, to realize that there is such a thing as duty, but duty sanctified into a privilege—and that is the privilege of the younger generation, the privilege of united service to the country that shall never again know division in the future. And so you can imagine with what delight I accepted the invitation to address the students of this College on the occasion of their fifth anniversary. But I must also tell you how my delight at the thought of myself—an individual—being given this chance of coming into touch with the young spirits of Masulipatam became deeper when it suddenly dawned upon me that besides a personal bond of sympathy between you and me in ideals there is moreover an historic connexion between my capital and yours. It is well-known in history that this ancient Hindu centre of Masulipatam was once historically—and has always been in sentiment—associated in friendly relationship with the premier Muhammadan province of India. This seemed to add new strength to my hopes, new wings to my aspirations, and new force to my message. What is it that I call the privilege of the younger generation? What is it that I call the sanctity of duty and of service? In one word it means the history of India as it lies in your hands to make it. And the history of the future of Indian culture has been summed up to-day in language of the choicest literature by our Principal when he enunciated that the culture of a nation does not limit itself to mere intellectual and scholastic achievements, but must find infinite forms of expression, as infinite, indeed, as human capacity. And it seems to me that not merely in the ideals of a nation, but in the actual daily measurable working out of these ideals, it can be realized

how effectual enthusiasm can be when it is transmitted into the earnestness of service ; and nothing has given me greater pleasure on this most delightful afternoon than to have given medals not merely to those who have excelled in studies, but to those who are learning to work with their hands, to recognize the dignity of manual labour, as it should stand side by side with the dignity of scholarship. This, coming from me with traditions of scholarship behind me, should count for something, because it means that those who in the past considered that self-expression was merely a monopoly of intellectual authority have begun to realize that there are other and various forms of such self-expression. Let me now carry this thought onward and tell you how, as the years go on, when the young spirits of to-day will go out into the world and prove and justify such lessons as have been taught to them in this institution and in other institutions with similar ideals, they will only then begin to realize that to them the only thing that is left is to feel with that young *sanyasi* in yellow robes (a boy-reciter) who said, "I am Indian ! I am Indian ! "I am Mussalman ! I am Christian !" Infinitely better "than anything that one can think of is it to repeat the "*sloka* "I am India—I represent the honour of India, I represent the capacity of India, I represent all these ideals "which my country must stand for in the eyes of the "world—to realize and to justify the past, which made her "the supremest sovereign, the greatest teacher of spiritual "truth and of intellectual learning in the past." And that, believe me, is not difficult to accomplish ; for I do not say that each one of you individually has all those qualities that make up the sum total of national entity, but that each of you, however little gifted with anything that the

world counts supreme, is an indispensable quantity in that great stream of national life which I want you to realize as flowing from the past in unbroken continuity towards the future. Realizing this, you will also realize that service is of many forms, that each one of you is called to some special service of his own, some intellectually, some by legitimate gifts to rank and position, some through brains, some through genius that can rouse the sleeping spirit to living action, some through literature, and some through the merest, humblest work, as diggers of the soil, as sweepers, as scavengers, flushing the drains of national life. Believe me that in the eyes of the Mother, service is not more supreme in one form than another, and that what she requires is that whatever we are called upon to do individually that we should do with fulness and dignity. Now what are the many forms of service which, co-ordinated together, will make up the hopeful to-morrow of India. In the past, it used to be considered that a son of a gentleman must not soil his hand or disgrace his ancestry with trade or commerce or industry; but more and more young men are beginning to realize that the dignity of India does not consist merely in having degrees of Oxford and Cambridge or in becoming lawyers, doctors or Government servants but depends also on having that expert knowledge of arts, science, and industry which alone can give back to India her once central place in human civilization. Only to-day the learned President, in talking to his companions on his journey here, was saying that if he had been twenty years younger he would have not chosen law for his profession, but that he would have used all his brain, time, and energy that have made him such an indomitable personality in public life to the advancement of India in industrial enter-

prise. Again, when you are devoting yourselves to the service of your country, you must remember that it is the unity in feeling between the two great races which make up Indian nationality that forms the dominant factor in the realization of national ideals. Unity and not division is the only possible basis on which you can build up great national traditions. There is really only one limitation to the definition of nationality. Your strength must have grown so wide as to have felt the universal thrill of brotherhood that binds the world's races together. You might then come to India as the centre of universal and fundamental brotherhood: and this is the only limitation of the definition of Indian nationality. To-day the great lesson that I shall carry back to Hyderabad, and that I shall carry always wherever I go, is that I have found a living institution teaching the lesson of national unity and the necessity of co-ordinating all forms of national work. To-day it has inspired me to see the carpenter receiving a prize, and the moulder receiving recognition, all for work that is so necessary to the ultimate interests of the country. The great function of an institution such as this is to teach that all work is dignified so long as it is faithfully done. Gentlemen, I think that in the years to come the greatest national festival that will be kept in every part of India will be not the Dawn of the new year, nor merely the feast of Saraswati, nor of any of the other great gods and goddesses, but that of our living India, whose temple is in our hearts, who speaks with the same tongue to the child as to the philosopher, to the tiller of the soil as to the poet. We shall keep Her festival, and we shall worship Her as she must be worshipped, in spirit and in truth.

AWAKE!

The following verses were recited at the Indian National Congress, at Bombay, in December, 1915 :—

Waken, O mother ! thy children implore thee,
Who kneel in thy presence to serve and adore thee !
The night is aflush with a dream of the morrow,
Why still dost thou sleep in thy bondage of sorrow ?
Awaken and sever the woes that enthrall us,
And hallow our hands for the triumphs that call us !
Are we not thine, O Belov'd, to inherit
The manifold pride and power of thy spirit ?
Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake thee or falter,
Whose hearts are thy home and thy shield and thine-
altar,

Lo ! we would thrill the high stars with thy story,
And set thee again in the forefront of glory.

Hindus :—Mother ! the flowers of our worship have
crowned thee !

Parsis :—Mother ! the flame of our hope shall
surround thee !

Mussalmans :—Mother ! the sword of our love shall
defend thee !

Christians :—Mother ! the song of our faith shall
attend thee !

All Creeds :—Shall not our dauntless devotion avail
thee ? Harken ! O queen and O goddess, we-
hail thee !

WOMEN IN NATIONAL LIFE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in proposing the Resolution on the above subject in the Indian National Social Conference held at Bombay, on December, 30th, 1915, said:—

MR. President, Brother-Delegates, Ladies and Gentlemen,—This resolution that I have to propose, although it came third on the list of resolutions had to be changed for my personal convenience; it is a happy thought to have put it first because it embodies a resolution that deals with the most important problems of our social progress, and that is the education of our women. As I was listening to that inspiring and stirring address by our revered President a little while ago, it seemed to me that no woman could have pleaded the cause of women with a greater conviction of her rights and her privileges and her destiny in the future as an unbroken historic tradition from the past; and whatever I might say speaking as a woman, and an Indian woman, for my sisters, cannot possibly carry the same weight with you, because it will not go from me with that tradition of sacrifice, that living reality of daily service in the cause of women which Prof. Karve has embodied in his life. But when I look around me to-day and consider that ten years ago in Calcutta from the platform of the Social Conference I pleaded for the education of women, there was not a gathering of women quite as much as the gathering present here to-day, and that itself is sufficient to prove that within the last ten years not only the men, but those more intimately and essentially concerned the women themselves, have begun to realise the cause of a new spirit which is nothing but a

renaissance of the old spirit which gave to India those Gargis, Maitrayis, those Savitris and Sitas of whom Mr. Bhupendra Nath Basu spoke a little while ago. And if I speak to you to-day in favour and in support of this educational policy for our women, for a more liberal grant from the authorities, for more co-operation from our men, I will demand from my sisters not merely that liberality of endowment that we ask from Government, not merely the co-operation from our brothers, but from them their pledge of individual and personal consecration to this great cause ; I will demand from every sister of mine her personal dedication to this cause, because it is not from Government or even from the co-operation of the manhood of the country that the solution of this question will come. It is not from them that you will get the impetus to wipe off the stain from our national history, but rather from the womanhood of India which is suffering from a wrong. My reproach is to the women of India, and though I make it in their presence I do it as a woman speaking to women, and do it with the fullest realization of what I am saying because I feel the voices of millions of my sons crying out from one end to another end. Let the womanhood of the country wake and work. Let us strengthen the hands of our men. Those prayers that we prayed, those thoughts that we uttered in the thousands gathered together year after year, passing resolutions, are but the sincerest desire of every member of the society that has the interest of the country at heart. When I was in Europe a little more than a year ago after 15 years of absence from the continent of progress, during my last visit to Europe, what struck me in that great continent of rapid changes, of evolution going on at a rate that one can

hardly calculate by the hands of a clock, that it was the womanhood of Europe that had begun to realize the full measure of its strength, the full height of its responsibility, the full sanctity and seriousness of its duty in the nation-building of Europe. Everywhere I found that women of all classes that had been considered luxury-loving had become transmuted into servers of the country's good. Women, whose chief assets 15 years ago might have been the jewels or the ornaments, had for their asset now that living sympathy, that personal service to the poor, that share of responsibility in solving the great problems of the generation, every nation is called upon to solve. And when I came back to India a year ago, the first thing that struck me after nearly two years of absence was that the womanhood of India was beginning to wake in an unmistakable way. I have come in contact with thousands and thousands of women in every part of India and the same message comes forth that unity of Indian womanhood, if it is desired to achieve it, is to be found in the national service. When I was in the Kistna and Godavari districts it surprised me to find how in that country where there is a new movement to re-establish a national consciousness, the women stood side by side with their men in every detail, and not merely in the abstract ideals of achieving that regeneration, that renaissance of the Andhra country. Everywhere I found that wherever there was a school to be started or a mission for social service, wherever there was a movement to bring back to the Indian consciousness that sense of national dignity, that sense of national responsibility, the women of the Andhra country stood side by side with their men. In Bengal, I found in that sweet country, where the very educational ardour is transmuted

in devotion for the country, there I found man and woman ready to bring his or her life like a lotus flower in consecration to the feet of *Bharat Varsha*. In this Presidency where every community is represented not in minorities but in equal proportions, of strength and of prosperity, where there is that wholesome stimulus for every good work, I find the spirit of the womanhood of this Presidency, the women of the Maharashtra, the women of the Zoroastrian community and the women who say *Yah Allah, Yah Allah* of Muhammadanism, though they are divided by race and creed and religion, they are yet indivisible, one by the realization of their common womanhood, and they are one by the consciousness of their common duty which is the duty of every woman whose destiny it is to create the generation of the citizens of to-morrow, and if this resolution comes into a Conference like this it comes with the whole-hearted support of this great gathering of women who, though great with their numbers, are still only a fraction of that large majority who are thinking and desiring and hoping and struggling to bring back to India that dignity, that liberty, that deliverance from evil, that freedom of all social laws which comes of education. They are trying here, as elsewhere, as all true women must, to realise that their share in co-operating with their men is the only condition of national regeneration. They are beginning to realize that it is not only by having large ideals that this service is to be achieved but rather by analyzing those great ideals into their component practical parts, and every one taking up a little share of practical service, and all those ideals and all those visions of to-morrow are centred round this supreme question of the education of women. Other national questions come and

go. They are the result of the changing time-spirit, but the one question that has never changed since the beginning of time itself, and life itself, is the duty of womanhood, the influence of womanhood, the sanctity of womanhood, the simple womanhood as the divinity of God upon earth, the responsibility of womanhood in shaping the divinity into daily life. Friends, two nights ago I was speaking in Poona at the All-India Muhammadan Educational Conference, and I was the one representative of my sect in the midst of hundreds of Muhammadan men, and I was asked to thank on behalf of those women who are separated from their men, not merely by virtue of sect, but rather divided from them by tradition and custom. It was I who said, Oh men, unless and until you give to your women all those equal privileges that form the highest and noblest teaching of your great nation-builder and Prophet you will not attain that regeneration of your race that renaissance of Islamic glory, and to-day in the presence of this great gathering chiefly of Hindus, I say, Oh friends, Oh brothers, Oh sisters, look back to the past and look forward to the future, and let your future draw its diffused inspiration, its highest vitality, just from those living traditions that are our greatest inheritance. We ask for nothing that is foreign to our ideals, rather we ask for a restoration of those rights, the rights that are the immortal treasures. We ask only that we may be given that chance to develop our body and spirit and mind in that evolution that will re-establish for you ideal womanhood, not an impossible womanhood such as poets may dream of, but an ideal womanhood that will make noble wives who are helpmates, strong mothers, brave mothers, teaching their sons their first lesson of national service.

ADDRESS TO HINDU LADIES

The 22nd Annual Social gathering of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held at the Chanda Ramji Hindu Girls' High School, in Bombay, on Sunday the 16th January, 1916. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who presided on the occasion, said :—

LADIES—I think it is a real privilege to preside at this meeting. I have great respect and reverence for the founder of this Club. During the last twenty-two years, this Club has done much useful work and has passed through many changes. In the normal life of a human being, we know well what sufferings and changes happen during such a long period and what is true in the case of a human being is true of an institution. Knowing our social conditions and traditions—and we are suffering for centuries—you will know what determination must have been necessary for the founders of this club in its early days. When I was in Poona, my friend, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, told me through what trying circumstances the Club passed its early days. The most enduring work of her husband, the late Mr. Justice Mahadev Govind Ranade, who founded this institution, was to serve the cause of womanhood. Mr. Ranade believed that, unless women took their responsible share in political life, India will never realize its goal. This Club has inaugurated a new era in the life of social progress. It cannot be denied that this institution has taken many expressions. Not only are the mental qualities fostered but the artistic too.

Every quality that is elevating to a woman is encouraged and every opportunity is given for its development. I spent three weeks in Bombay and have learnt many lessons of life. Many important movements are taking place daily in Bombay; yet it is a question whether anything solid is done towards progress. Fashions in dress and other matters are set and are newly coming; but the fundamental question of the cause of womanhood has remained. The real test of nationhood is the woman. If the woman has taken her proper place in the society, then the central problem is solved. The goal of society depends upon the unit of the woman. In India, this problem can be solved by bringing upon the woman the sense of responsibility and impressing upon her the divinity and the conscientiousness of her power and work of motherhood. The work of nation-building must begin from the woman unit. It should be brought to the mind of an Indian woman that she is not a toy, nor a chattel, nor an instrument of pleasure or amusement, but the inspirer of the spirit. Why are the names of Sita, Savitri, and Damayanti so sacred and commonplace in every household and the cause of inspiration? What were the qualities that made them so great? They had no stupidity, quarrelsomeness, idleness, timidity, and so on. Damayanti had no terror of death though she was separated from her husband. It was spiritual understanding and intellectual development that made them great. When women lost their self-reverence, degeneration came in. It is said in our Sastras "Where women are respected, there the God-desses are pleased." So also it is said by a sage, "One who conquers his spirit is greater than the king who builds a city." So spiritual development is the

thing that is required. No one can be greater than a good woman; sisterhood of woman is a nation-building work; so also co-operation and help to suffering humanity are nation-building works, and these works have been undertaken nobly and humbly by the members of this Club. Now the time has come to recognize the sisterhood of women of all religions and nations. Women are not so different from one another as man is from another man. Women may form a sisterhood more easily because they are bound to every woman in the world by the common divine quality of motherhood. We must remember that one individual may not do great things alone but by unity in this Club we may do service to all. I see before me women of all kinds, Deccan, Gujarat, Christian, and Muhammadan assembled together in this hall indicating the unity of sex, the sisterhood of woman.

THE ARMS ACT

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who was asked by the President, to speak on the Resolution on the "Arms Act" at the Lucknow Congress of 1916, said :—

YOUR Honour President, and unarmed citizens of India,—It may seem a kind of paradox that I should be asked to raise my voice on behalf of the disinherited manhood of the country, but it is suitable that I who represent the other sex, that is, the mothers of the men whom we wish to make men and not emasculated machines, should raise a voice on behalf of the future-mothers of India to demand that the birthright of their sons should be given back to them so that to-morrow's India may be once more worthy of its yesterday, that their much-valued birthright be restored to the Hindus and Mussalmans of India, to the disinherited martial Rajput and the Sikh and the Pathan. The refusal of the privilege, that gifted privilege and inalienable right to carry arms, is to insult the very core of their valiant manhood. To prevent, to-day millions of brave young men willing to carry arms in the cause of the Empire is to cast a slur on the very ideals of the Empire. (*Hear, hear*). In your name, O citizens of India, I appeal to the representative of the great Emperor of this great Indian Empire to plead for our rights, to support us in our claims, to grant to the children of to-morrow the right that their forefathers of yesterday possessed (*Cheers*). Who but a woman shall raise a voice for you who have not been able in

all these years to speak for yourselves with any effect? (*Cries of 'Shams'*) I come from a city where every man is privileged to carry arms—the African, the Rohilla, and the Sikh do carry arms there—and never has it been said in my city at Hyderabad that all these various armed elements have ever been disloyal to the sovereign power. Shall not the greater portion of India, British India, take a lesson from that one Indian state that knows how to trust the loyalty of its subjects (*Hear, hear*). Have we not, the women of India, sent our sons and brothers to shed their blood on the battlefields of Flanders, France, Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia? When the hour comes for thanks, shall we not say to them for whom they fought “When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease and life is re-fashioned, and when there is peace, and you offer memorial thanks to the comrades that fought in the dauntless ranks, and you honour the deeds of deathless ones, remember the blood of martyred sons,” and remember the armies of India and restore to India her lost manhood (*Loud cheers*).

SPEECH AT THE MOSLEM LEAGUE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, at the request of the President on behalf of the delegates, in supporting the Resolution on "Self-Government" at the Conference of the All-India Moslem League at Lucknow, in December, 1916, said:—

I do not know what claim I have to stand before you to-day except that I have been for many years a faithful comrade of the young generation of the Mussalmans and champion of the women of the Muslim community and fought with their men-folk for the privilege that Islam gave long ago but which you denied to your women-folk. I stand before you to-day to support this great cause of Self-Government for India. I remember the occasion nearly four years ago, that historic occasion on which the young generation of Islam passed a new constitution and brought within the range of practical politics to be realized by effective measures and co-operation with the Hindu community this great dream—it seemed a far off dream—Self-Government or the Government of the people by the people, the investment of power in the hands of the people. On this occasion as I look around me I miss two friends who were sincere friends of this ideal of Self-Government. One is the late Pandit Bishan Narayan Dhar. I also miss to-day with intense and passionate sense of loss the magnetic presence of my friend and your great leader, Muhammad Ali (*Loud applause*). I should like also to mention the valuable services rendered to your community by Wazir Hasan the tireless Secretary of your

League. One who was keen as a distinguished visitor and a sympathetic critic four years ago, is to-day guiding the deliberations of your League for the greater glory of India. In the Hon. Mr. Jinnah you have a President who stands as a focus between Hindus and Mussalmans and it is so because Muhammad Ali persuaded him to become a member of the League. During the last few days, we have been suffused with enthusiasm, and the most enthusiastic response of the united people has been given to the Indian nation in their demand for Self-Government. We all recognize this indomitable determination to go up with the demand for Self-Government; and the scheme of the Post-War Reforms would not have been possible but for the fact that we millions in India speak with one voice, because we are one, undivided and indivisible, whole. I am not a politician. I spoke to you as a lover of my country and I charge you, Mussalmans of India, to remember the high responsibilities of your desires. No one can give to you what you do not have capacity to take.

THE VISION OF PATRIOTISM

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a public address on Monday the 15th January, 1917, in the compound of the "Leader" office. The Hon. Mr. Pandit Motilal Nehru presided. There was a very large gathering of ladies and gentlemen of the station, European and Indian. After the chairman briefly introduced the lecturer, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said :—

MR. President, Ladies and Citizens of Allahabad,—
Do you not think it is enough to cow the boldest heart to silence, to see so many thousands of people gathered together in the expectation of hearing an oration which it is not within the limitations of my gift to offer? I trust, since my voice has been over-worked in your province, you will extend to me, to the very end of my speech, the courtesy of perfect stillness, because, though I may share the enthusiasm of the great patriot, Surendra-nath Banerji, I have not been gifted with his voice. In your great province, gentlemen, during these past few weeks, it has been my great privilege to go from centre to centre; and one thing that has struck me, as it must strike every student of the national awakening, is how real is this awakening, in your midst, in the very heart of what your critics have called the sleeping, dreaming province of India. Whether one goes to the spiritual centre of the United Provinces where the Ganges sings her immemorial song of love and absolution, or whether one goes to the modern industrial capital of Cawnpore, or whether one goes to Lucknow that still keeps the memories of her royal dynasties, or whether one goes to modern Aligarh with a new life of Islamic renaissance, one is

compelled to understand that no longer is it true that India is asleep, that the voice of the future has not begun to call to the present; one is compelled to understand that there is something to-day levelling the life of the nation, levelling the entire people, from those who are the followers of Sanatana Dharma to those who are dissenters of the Arya Samaj, from those who go by the letter of the Koranic texts to those who put the widest interpretation of life on the great democratic ideals of the Prophet of Arabia. And when one comes to Allahabad, one is only confirmed in this conviction that India is awakened to-day, and the awakening has not merely kindled the hearts of the young generation but the heart of the older generation has got re-kindled from that immortal torch that we call the fire of patriotism. In Allahabad to-day, as many centuries ago, we find pilgrims streaming upon the banks of the two great rivers that stand to-day, as the ages ago, as the symbol of unity. We know that in ages gone by every province of India sent to this great focus of union these two life-giving and sin-pardoning rivers, their pilgrims. We know, too, that this city stands to us of the Hindu race as the sacred land where the Ramayan had its centre, its citadel when Rama met Bharata on the banks of the Ganges and we of modern India have our own personal admiration of the sanctities connected with the river because the sacred ashes of Gopal Krishna Gokhale have been sent here and those ashes of the Servant of India have been scattered on the rivers united standing for ever as a bond between yesterday and to-day and to-morrow.

Gentleman, what shall I speak to you about to-day, you whose hearts are throbbing with that burning love that is called the love of the country? What can a mere poet,

a mere woman talk to you about that? You gentlemen know from my ignorance what shall I teach to your experience? From my weakness what shall I offer to your strength? Only the dreams of a poet, only the prayers of a woman that night after night and morning are offered to that temple of the great Bharata Mata.

The lecturer, after quoting Shelley's lines describing the spring season, proceeded :—

If I speak to you to-night, it will not be as a politician, since, I say it over and over again, my woman's intelligence cannot grapple with the transcendent details of politics. I only understand the great abiding principles of patriotism which impelled each generation to give its own contribution of loving service to the great Motherland, in upholding the honour of the Motherland and in adding to the pleasure of the Motherland. In spring time when the blossoms break open, when the bulbuls sing, Oh, what is it that comes to a poet as it comes to the heart of you all? It is the vision of a life different. Memory does not belong to the spring time, but to the autumnal days. Spring time brings back to the heart the vision of a new awakening of hope, a new vision of to-morrow, because the blossoms of the spring hold the pledges of harvest; and so the message of the spring that comes to the heart of a nation must hold prophecy of a harvest of great deeds which are the only logical outcome of the spring time of great dreams. It is to one of the recognized leaders whom no one suspects of poetry that I owe the inspiration of the phrase that I will use to-day as the text and burden of my address to you. Two years ago, it was my friend, and I am proud to say in one sense my comrade and leader, Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who in addressing the students in Bombay said that

there were three visions that come to every man in his lifetime and that it was in the following fulfilment of these visions that every soul found its harmonious development—the vision of Love, the vision of Religion, and the vision of Patriotism. I will speak to you on these three great visions that have come to most of the passing generation as they must come to you who belong to the generation that stands upon the threshold of destiny. The vision of Love, the vision of Religion and the vision of Patriotism are the three visions that make of a brute a man and of a man a God.

Take the history of the world as we know it and see how the vision of Love, working and working and working in the hearts of ages, has built up a great religion, a great literature, has inspired great wars, has caused great victories, has made defeat worthwhile because all was well lost. To what do we owe our great stories that thrill the heart of every Hindu, man and woman, excepting that vision of love that found its pious embodiment in the virtues, in the sacrifices, in the invincible courage of those heroines of our scriptures, those household words, those dreams of the poet's imagination, those embodiments of the nation's ideals, that greatest Sita, that unconquerable Savitri, that faithful Damayanti, and that Sakuntala who made her name famous in far off Germany? All these dreams are dreams of poets who behold the vision of Love. Take our Rajput history. What is the one thrilling inspiration of the Rajput period excepting the honour of Padmini, which was the vindication of Love?

Coming to the vision of Religion, Mrs. Naidu continued :

What was it that swept those temples, those immemorial temples on the banks of the immemorial river,

save the aspirations, of men to reach the divine, no matter through what agony, and sacrifice and through what suffering and despair? In the case of the Crusades of Palestine, it was the vision of Religion that made practical service possible. In India, they need not be told what the vision of faith had done in building their civilization. Religion at its best had given the Hindu civilization that immutable quality of spiritual vitality that had made India survive all dynasties.

As the logical sequence from that personal human vision of love and that personal spiritual vision of faith must come the highest of all visions, the vision of Patriotism, and that is a word, I think, that must find an echo in your hearts whether you have consciously or unconsciously accepted or rejected the vision of love and the vision of faith, I don't think there is one in your midst to-day that has not longed for and prayed for that vision of Patriotism which alone makes a man or woman worthy to be the child of this great Motherland (*Applause*). And so from that personal limited vision of experience that I have spoken of, I will pass to this vision of Patriotism, which is a communal vision, not an individual vision. Many amongst you have temperaments that may or may not realize, may or may not accept, may or may not benefit by the personal intensities of those individual emotions, but I believe that we in India, whether Hindus or Muhammadans, are all being consecrated in that crucible that destroys all that is mean, and we have that crucible alone to be re-shaped as vessels to pour the divine essence of love for India. And so all of us present here to-day are taking that communion together from a great living cup that time has shaped for us, a living cup that bears on its sides, on its golden

surface not merely the design of the lotus that is the sacred symbol of the Hindus, but I see on the three other sides of that cup other symbols belonging to the other children of Bharata Mata. I see on one side the Crescent, on a second side, the Alhilar, on the third side the image of that torch that has never gone out since the exiles from Persia carried it in triumph and brought it to these shores. And on the fourth side, gentlemen, since I am a visionary, I see visions, I see the Cross that has stood for two thousand years as the symbol of the servants of Him who being a man taught the lesson of love from the mountain top and said to the disciples, 'It's I, be not afraid.' That is a vision that appeals to me.

Proceeding, she said :—

So this cup has been filled and the waters of salvation have been poured in it, and it is for us who are the communicants of this great vision of Patriotism, to put our united lips and drink pledging to one another a loyalty that chance may not withdraw, a love that no outside dissentient can destroy, a faith that no difficulty can daunt, a hope so radiant that no cloud can eclipse it. These are the virtues that we of the different communities, co-sharers of this great vision of Patriotism, co-trustees of the responsibilities of this great vision, must pledge to one another. You know the time has come—it came, indeed, long ago but we were too asleep to realize that it has come. It is not often that the psychological moment comes, and when it goes nothing can bring it back. So has been the experience of the world.

Mrs. Naidu then alluded to the past days of resentment and hatred among the different communities in the country and went on :—

To-day the clean page is ready before us washed with our tears and to be smeared with the blood of our sacrifice and devotion. The legend is of four-fold love, not of two-fold love. We are too apt to think that the legend of India is only the *Sangam* of the Ganges and the Jumna. There are other rivers, though they may appear small in comparison to the great rivers, that must unite, there are tributaries, gentlemen, there are other rivers, and something greater than the Tribeni is to us before the river of love which will flow towards the sea of glory—that river of life that is called the river of United India. (*Hear, hear, and applause*). That is the vision of Patriotism as I conceive it, as I dream of it. I know it would exist. Exist when? When you decide that you are ready, when you say to yourselves: "No more divisions, no more "tyranny of communities, no more insistence on separate "races, but rather an ultimatum issued to the world that "we are one nation" (*Applause*). Gentlemen,—I will not say, gentlemen, for the term has grown effete—men of India, I will say, it is, as I say, for you to decide whether to-day, or a century hence the world will see the great spectacle of all those divided streams united into a focus of that national prosperity which will bring India once more her birthright which you have sold for a mess of pottage (*Cries of shame*). Do you think—though it is a commonplace for all politicians to say—that you have been disintegrated because outsiders came to conquer you? Who can conquer the soul within? Who can destroy the invincible spirit of man? Who can fetter your spirit if that spirit refuses to be fettered? Who but yourselves say 'We cannot govern ourselves?' Who but yourselves have forged your fetters? Who but yourselves have built

your prison walls? Who but yourselves have bound your eyes with bandages? Who are robbing you of the birth-right of your inborn sense but you? Who are discounting the possibilities of the future but you? Gentlemen, men of India, I speak to you as one of yourselves. I share your shame because of the tyranny of the past.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu asked the audience to wipe out all the evils and give themselves their birthright of liberty which no one could withhold from them.

It is not a gift that comes from outside. Even high gods cannot make of a slave a free man if his heart does not burn with the hunger for freedom. The vision of love, the vision of religion, and the vision of patriotism—to me these three things have all been one. I do not know, I think there are many of you who do not know also a human love that can compare with the love that one gives to the Motherland. I think the most devout Hindu of you, the most loyal Mussalman of you, cannot know of a religion more sacred and more uplifting than the worship that one brings to the feet of the mother. Patriotism! What is patriotism? It is the combined vision of love and of religion. It is a vision made reality. It is a dream that has passed into love, it is a love that has passed into service, it is a worship that becomes the ladder that brings to fulfilment that great vision, the third vision, the final vision, the glorious vision. Is there any amongst you who going home tonight will say to yourselves, when you sit among your comrades, or your kinsfolk, and later in the stillness of the night—will you not say:—“Has God given to me a greater destiny than “this that I become the standard-bearer of my country’s “honour, that I become the soldier of her cause, the cham-

“pion of her weak, the defender of her glory, the creator of her regenerated power among the nations of the world?” Do you think it a light responsibility, you the inheritors of the Vedas? Do you think, you my Mussalman brethern, a light responsibility to be the trustees of those great ideals of brotherhood that your prophet gave years ago? No; the India of to-day requires not merely what the Vedas taught you, it requires not only those democratic ideals that make the glory of Islam, but it requires the further fulfilment of this great vision of patriotism, the combination of the great spiritual mysticism of the Hindus with the dynamic power of action which is the birthright of the Mussalmans and it requires all the united gifts of her children who will focus the national vision of patriotism. Divided, there is no complete vision. Each community can only see from one angle. And what is a mere angle of vision even though it be changed? (*Laughter*). It is the combined vision of all communities that will make a true focus of national vision and it is the national vision that means the regeneration of a country.

INDENTURED LABOUR

At the meeting on Indenture Labour, held at Allahabad, on the 19th January, 1917, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following speech:—

CITIZENS of India, I think we represent almost every province here to-night. The words that you have heard from the previous speakers must have made your hearts bleed. Let the blood of your hearts blot out the shame that your women have suffered abroad. The words that you have heard to-night must have kindled within you a raging fire. Men of India, let that be the funeral pyre of the indenture system (*Applause*). Words from me to-night! No, tears from me to-night, because I am a woman, and though you may not feel the dishonour that is offered to your mothers and sisters, I feel the dishonour offered to me in the dishonour to my sex. I have travelled far, gentlemen, to come to you to-night only to raise my voice, not for the men, but for women, for those women whose proudest memory is that Sita would not stand the challenge to her honour but called upon Mother Earth to avenge her and the earth opened up to avenge her. I come to speak on behalf of those women whose proudest memory lies in this, that Padmini of Chitor preferred the funeral pyre to dishonour. I come to speak on behalf of those women who, like Savitri, have followed their men to the gates of death and have won back, by their indomitable love, the dehumanized soul of their men in the colonies abroad. I come to speak to you in the name of one woman who has summed up in her frail body all the

physical sufferings the women of India have endured abroad—in the broken body, the shattered health, of Mrs. Gandhi (*Applause*). I ask you to witness the suffering, the starvation and the indignities that have been suffered by the women because they loved their men and their men suffered for a cause. These women shared with their husbands the martyrdom and the personal sorrow rather than prefer their own comfort while their men suffered for the sake of national honour and self-respect. I ask you in the name of that murdered sister,—that sister whom Mr. Andrews told us,—that found in death the only deliverance from dishonour. I ask you in the names of those two brothers who preferred to save the honour of their family and the religion in the blood of their sister rather than let her chastity be polluted,

NATIONAL HONOUR

Do you think—you who are clamouring for Self-Government to-day—do you think, you who are dreaming dreams of territorial patriotism, you are patriots if you cannot stop the agony that is sending its echoes to you night and day—night and day from those men who are in no way better than dogs, from those women who are growing worse than brutes? Self-Government shriek—for whom? And for what? For men whose hands are folded while their women shriek, whose voices are silent even in the face of the most terrible insult that can be offered to man? Wealth! What is wealth to us? What is power to us? What is glory to us? How shall the wealth and power and glory of a nation be founded save on the immutable honour of its womanhood? Are we going to leave to posterity a wealth got with dishonour? Are we going to leave to the unborn generations a sorrow and

shame that we have not been able to wipe out? Men of India, rather the hour of doom struck than that after to-night you should live to say: "We heard the cries and yet we were deaf. We heard the call for help, but we had not the courage. We felt in our hearts the challenge to our national honour and yet we were cowards kept still for fear of punishment that might be given." If after to-night, men of India, if after to-night, I say, it is possible for the most selfish interests to use the humanity of India to enrich, almost as a manure, the sugar plantations of the colonies, if it is possible, I say, to let the forces of the greatest evil on earth to daunt you in this campaign, you are not only unworthy and degenerate sons of our Mother whose name stood for glory in the past, but we are the murderers, the suicides of national honour, and national progress. You discount the future, nay, you slay the future. There can be no future for a nation whose present men and women do not know how to avenge their dishonour. Does it matter that you, as one of the speakers said, could sleep in your beds, with the thought that your daughters are safe, that your wives are safe, and that your mothers are set upon a pedestal? Are not those wives and mothers, are not those virgins that might have been honoured mothers, citizens of India? What are they gentlemen? What are they but the refuse that even fire will not care to burn? I have come to-day to speak, but I think the fire within me is so strong that it bids me be silent, because words are so weak. I feel within me to-day the anguish that has been from year to year the lot of those women who had better be dead. I feel within me the shame, the inexpressible, the immeasurable, the inalienable shame, gentlemen, that has been the curse of this indenture system

of labour. And who are responsible but the men of India for this that our men should go abroad for bread? Why is not your patriotism sufficient to have resources enough to give bread to them who go to seek bread abroad? Why is not your patriotism so vigilant, so strong, and so all-comprehensive that you are able to guard the ignorance of them that go abroad, not merely to death—for death, gentlemen, is tolerable—but dishonour which it is not within the province of self-respecting manhood to endure. Ours has been the shame, because ours has always been the responsibility, but we were asleep or we were dreaming of academic powers, we were discussing from platforms the possibilities in the future, but we were not awake to the degradation of the present. Therefore, the shame is ours in a measure that can never be wholly wiped out either by our tears or by the blood of those who have endured the dishonour for the sake of material profit and wealth. So, to-night if our patriotism means more than the curiosity to come by thousands to hear a few speakers, if it means more than the hysteria of the moment, if it means more than the impulse to pity, then I charge you, men of India—I do not appeal to you, I charge you, I lay upon you this trust, I entrust you with this burden, on behalf of those suffering women, on behalf of every woman in this audience, on behalf of every woman from the Punjab to Malabar, I entrust you with this mission, to wipe out the dishonour that lies on our name. It is we who suffer, gentlemen, not those degraded people—it is the honour of the women in your homes who cannot show their faces. That mark of crime is written here on us because we have no destiny apart from our sisters. Our honour is indivisible, so must be our dishonour. That is,

our destiny is one, and whether for glory or for shame, we share alike. And we women who give our sons to the country, we cannot endure our sons to think that their mothers belong to a generation a part of whose womanhood was dishonoured.

“WHEN A NATION GROWS BITTER”

Have I not said enough to stir your blood? Have I not said enough to kindle within you such a conflagration that must not merely annihilate the wrongs of the indenture system but recreate in the crucible a new stirring, a new purpose, a new unity of self-respect that will not sleep, that will not rest, that will be a sword to avenge, that will be a fire to burn, that will be the trumpet call to liberty that only comes when a nation grows bitter, that only comes when a nation says, ‘the health within me is rotten.’ It is the bitterness that comes when we hear these wrongs abroad. It is the bitterness that comes when we feel that we have let ourselves sleep. It is when we have that indignation against the wrongdoer abroad and the wrongdoer in our homes that we shall be able to see that we have felt the spirit of Sri Krishna reborn within ourselves for re-establishing our national righteousness. Is national righteousness possible when the chastity of your womanhood is assailed?

Is national righteousness possible when the men of India sit still and see such crimes? Is national righteousness possible till every man amongst you becomes a soldier of the cause, a devotee, a fanatic, everything and anything which means destruction of the wrong and triumph of the right? Gentlemen, it is a stormy sea that we have to cross, a storm-tossed sea in a crowded boat that may or may not stand the burden of our sorrow, but, like Khusru

of old, shall we not say, even when the night is dark,
when the waves are high, when there is a rush in the boat,
when there is no pilot with us, shall we not say—

Nakhuda dar kashteeay ma gar na bashad gu ma bash.

Makhuda dareem ma ra nakhuda darkar nest.

What though there be no pilot to our boat? Go, tell
him, we need him not. God is with us, and we need no
pilot.

HINDU-MUSLIM UNITY

At a public meeting held at Patna on Saturday 13th October, 1917, under the auspices of the Patna City Students' Association, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a lecture on "Hindu-Muslim Unity." There was a large gathering of both Hindus and Muhammadans. The Hon'ble Rai Bahadur Krishna Sahay was in the chair. The Chairman having said a few words about the lecturer, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following speech:—

MR. President and Brothers, Hindus and Mussalmans, —I feel to-day a peculiar sense of responsibility such as I have never felt before when dealing with a subject so intimately bound up with my life strings that I almost hesitate in trying to find words that might be wise enough to suit this occasion in this province at this juncture. When I arrived here a few moments ago, it seemed to me, as I mounted this platform so close to the sacred river flowing beneath, that I got the keynote of what should be my message to you to-day. (*Applause*). Centuries ago, when the first Islamic army came to India, they pitched their caravans on the banks of the sacred Ganges and tempered and cooled their swords in the sacred waters. It was the baptism of the Ganges that gave the first welcome to the Islamic invaders that became the children of India as generations went by. And to-day, in speaking of the Hindu-Moslem Unity, we should bear in mind that historic circumstance, that historic culture, that historic evolution for which the Gangetic valley has stood in bringing about the Hindu-Muslim relationship age after age,

and so I trust you will pardon me if I fail, out of my own limited powers, to define the conditions that to-day might strain your hearts. I seek inspiration from that river which has stood always to the Hindus as the spiritual life that gives wisdom in this life and absolution after death (*Applause*). To-day we are confronted with a very critical moment in our national history—what might be and what I trust is merely a passing episode. But it appears to our mind to have assumed a significance that is too great for the people concerned with the future of India to feel lightly about and to permit it to be misconstrued and misrepresented as to cause a cleavage between the two communities. Gentlemen, it is perhaps, very indiscreet for a mere stranger like me within this province to speak of difficulties, momentary difficulties, that are peculiarly local; and yet the day has come within our history when nothing that happens to disturb the tranquillity and harmony between the two races can be called local, because there is no province whose life is separated from the life (*Applause*) and suffering of any other part of India. Therefore, you will permit me to consider myself for the moment while I am the guest within this city as one of yourselves. I wish to invoke in your hearts the sense of anxiety, a sense of responsibility that nothing should come to disturb the future harmony of Bihar, the fair progress of the Bihari people, who have always stood for peace and good-will in the past and whose united hearts should not be cut asunder. It used to be the boast of Bihar that there was no Hindu-Muslim problem in this province and I have heard over and over again of tributes paid by the leaders of other provinces, saying that when the national sky was overcast with doubt and despair, Bihar stood

kindling the torch of love and union. There was no Hindu-Muslim problem, but only the shining prescience of a hopeful unity that was real and not merely born of any political exigencies. Then, shall we for the moment allow that fair record to be stained? Shall we because ignorance brings cleavage, let that record be stained to bitterness among those who should know better, who should think better to confound that all differences are merely temporary illusions, that the reality cannot be broken, and that where knowledge comes the understanding of love must also come? It is only because we are ignorant that we are divided and it is the sacred mission of enlightenment to bring not the lesson of quarrel but the lesson of peace (*Hear, hear*). That is the problem with which we have to deal to-day. For what is the Hindu-Muslim Unity! We hear it spoken of vigorously, we hear it spoken of unceasingly, we hear it spoken of passionately. But we have defined to ourselves its practical issues? What is the meaning, what is the significance of the Hindu-Moslem Unity? There is so much misconception abroad that, if a Muslim shows sympathy towards a Hindu, he becomes a traitor and that if a Hindu shows sympathy towards a Mussalman, he becomes an outcaste. But what is the reason of this mistrust of those who stand as links between the two races? Nothing save our misreading of the entire purpose of national history. The problem of the Hindu-Muslim Unity stands like this: there are in India two communities (I will not say two races), two communities that are separated by what they consider the difference of creeds. But when you come to analyze this difference of creed, you begin to find that after all, fundamentally, the teaching that came in the wake of the Muslim conquerors

was the same as the teaching that arose in the great hymns in the sacred mountain regions of the Himalayas and on the sacred Ganges five thousand years ago. It means essentially the love of truth, the love of purity, the service of humanity, the search for wisdom, the great lessons of self-sacrifice, the worship of the same transcendent Spirit, no matter whether in one language it was called Allah and in another Parameshwar. (*Applause*). After all, what is this antagonism between creed and creed? Antagonism is merely the asset of the ignorant. They are not the weapons of the wise (*hear, hear*) who realize that after all it is only the misunderstanding of the essential truth wherein lies the difficulty in launching across that golden bridge of sympathy that brings together the two great communities whose fundamental teaching is the love of God and the service of men. And then in this great country the Moslems came to make their home not to carry spoils and to go back to their own home but to build permanently here their home and create a new generation for the enrichment of the Motherland. How can they live separate from the people of the soil? Does history say that in the past they have so lived separate? Or rather it says that once having chosen to take up their abode in this land, they became the children of the soil, the very flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. Gentlemen, history has said that the foreign emperors sought not to divide and rule, but to unite the people and so build an imperishable guarantee of their own power and administration (*Loud cheers*). It may not be strange to you when you look back and see what were the chief characteristics of the Mughal rule. Not that the Hindus were kept at arms' length, but that the Emperor Akbar took his son to Rajputana so that the blood of the

conqueror and the blood of the conquered were mixed to create a new generation of Indians in India. That was the marital union between the Mussalmans and the Hindus. Do not for a moment misunderstand this, I have quoted this symbolically as typical of what should be the kinship between the two great communities in this land. Keep your separate entities keep your separate creed, but bring to the federated India the culture of centuries to enrich with all those contributions that each has to make for the sum total, for the healthful growth of the national progress. Who says that we want in India marriage between the Hindus and the Mussalmans so that each might lose its own special characteristics? India is so complex in the problems of her civilization, in her races and her creeds that it is impossible, that it is even very undesirable—nay, psychologically false,—were we to say that we desire a unity that means the merging of the separate races to make one kind of common life for the common weal of the country. What we want is this: that for the evolution of national life we want the Mussalmans to bring their special characteristics and so we want the Hindus to contribute theirs and considering the chivalry of the past allow no minority to suffer. We are not limiting ourselves to the contributions of the Hindu-Muslim culture alone, but we want the special contributions which the Zoroastrians and the Christians and other races scattered over this land can bring us. Gentlemen, do not for a moment entertain any idea of exclusion, harbour any thought of isolation of one group from another, of one sect from another. But let each bring its own quota of special contributions as free gifts offered lovingly and generously at the feet of the great Motherland for the swelling of

the national Commonwealth. What is the special contribution of the Mussalmans? And what is the special contribution of the Hindus? We have only to go back and look to their own records, their own annals, their own culture. The Hindus have to bring to modern evolution of life the principal qualities of that spiritual civilization that gave to the world not merely the tone of the Upanishads, but created for the intellectual and the illiterate alike such glorious types of virtue, courage, wisdom, truth, as Rama among men and Savitri among women, that mystic genius of the Hindus, that spiritual passion, that fervour of self-abnegation, the great first realization that the true measure of life is not the material, not the temporal, but the spiritual—that is the special contribution that the Hindu race has to make to the future evolution of India. And what of the Mussalmans? The first of the great world religions that thirteen hundred years ago laid down the first fundamental principles of Democracy was the religion of Islam. In the twentieth century, we hear that the ideal of the future is Democracy. In the West, they speak of it as if it was a thing new-born, the discovery of the western people, but the first secret of this great world-wide Democracy was laid in the desert sands of Arabia by a dreamer of the desert and it is the peculiar privilege of this spiritual children to bring to this mystic India of spiritual value that human sense of Democracy that makes the king and the beggar equal (*Applause*). Now it is this principle of Democracy that implies certain mental qualities that is inseparable from Democracy. It implies a certain inviolable sense of justice that gives to every man his equal chance in the evolution of national life and these we want imported

into our national life, assimilated into our national life which the Hindu community cannot; with its system of exclusion that has been the misinterpreted characteristic of a system that made it merely a true division of responsibility. I say the Hindu community by itself cannot evolve it because, Hindu as I am, I stand here to confess the limitation of my community. We have not mastered the fundamental equality that is the privilege of Islam. What is mutual co-operation? What is the meaning of unity? Not merely bringing together the separate qualities, the mystic genius of the Hindus (*hear, hear*) and the dynamic forces of Islam.

We go further; we want that from the very beginning of our childhood there should be an interchange of culture. We want that Mussalmans should hear from their nurses the great history, the great legends that are the inspiration of every man and woman; and we want that the Hindu children sitting in the twilight by the peepal tree should thrill with the history, the chivalry of the Arabian armies that carried in one hand the torch of knowledge and in the other, the sword of their own conviction. It is by this interchange of knowledge and culture of each community from its babyhood that we shall be able to build up not merely that kinship that is born of political expediency. Politics are sordid, politics are vulgar. They deal with current problems which are important to-day and forgotten to-morrow. Politics deals with current details. Nationality deals with the character of the nation and the character of the Indian people is such a complex thing that you cannot in one little phrase say that it is Aryan. You can only say that the character of the Indian is the achievement neither of the mystic qualities of the

Aryan race nor of the dynamic qualities of the Semitic people alone, but the union of the power that thinks and the courage that acts, the mixture of dream and action which alone can make for the true uplifting of the national life. Now I have come to the essential point. It used to be said with reference to Italian liberty, that Mazzini by himself was merely a dreamer and that Garibaldi by himself was merely a soldier and that either of them individually could not have built what is the great liberated Italy of to-day. But it was the genius of Mazzini, the dreamer, Mazzini, that became the deed of Garibaldi that made Italy free. And so in the evolution of our national history the Hindus are the Mazzini and the Mussalmans the Garibaldi. A combination of the visionary, the dreamer with the statesman, the soldier, the mystic genius with the virility of manhood—that is what we want to-day in this great India of ours. Then, when we set out to reach this high goal to unite, the consecrated fire that unities the different aspirations of the two different communities—of dream and actuality, shall we pause by the way, because of a little quarrel here, a little faction there?

Shall we be deterred from this triumph of a self-realization of a united people simply on account of some personal resentment here, some passing grudge there, or shall we push on? We have before us only a few difficulties and the goal is so radiant that we cannot stop by the way; for the way is long and our life is short and we cannot pass into the shadows of generations that have gone behind, leaving their works unfinished and incompleted. Therefore, we cannot loiter by the way side in settling personal quarrels. We can only set our faces forward. There is a work for the united army to do. There is no separate

act for us, no separate gain or loss, no separate suffering, no separate failure, no separate victory, but one common march, one common suffering, one common starvation, one common affinity which death alone can sever (*Prolonged cheers*).

Gentlemen, these words sound, you will say, like the words of a Hindu visionary, but believe me that the words of visionaries are always the inmost thought that is common in the heart of a nation. There is no poet who has sung, there is no prophet who has spoken in the past except that he was the articulate voice of the people that had not yet found words to suit their aspirations. Because, after all, when you come to consider all that makes the art of a nation, the philosophy of a nation, the literature of a nation, the achievement of a nation, why do you honour the maker of the music, the sculptor, the builder of those temples? Because these are the embodiments of the common vision, the common aspiration, the common experience of unity, and so, no man is separate from another and when the voice of a prophet speaks, calling like the trumpet, it is only that focussed music of the Indian people and his race that speaks in hymns and everyday life. When I stand up and say to you, let there be this union between vision and action, it is simply that I am articulating your inmost desires and giving words to our inmost conviction. So your leaders are the embodiments of your own dreams and desires, of your own capacity and energies and when you stoop to blame your leaders that they are not true, when you say they are not worthy, they are not able, have you realized what a condemnation of yourselves it is that you are not worthy enough yourselves as followers to evolve

worthy and great leaders who are true to their cause? Gentlemen, when I hear men say we have no leaders, I say, is it because India has no men? Remember that the law of demand and supply always holds good in all things alike small and great and it is only by the worth of your leaders that the worth of followers of people can be gauged, because, as I said, no man is an original thinker amongst us. Everyone of us is but the mirror of his own desires, the embodiments, the images of his own souls and aspirations. Therefore, I pray, consider your shares in co-operating to bring about that reality of your dreams for which you are ready to suffer. I trust you are ready to suffer: and in what way shall these things be done? The way is so simple that when it is put to you in terms of daily life, the glamour, no doubt, becomes less dazzling in your daily action, when you hear it said in the advertisement of lectures on the Hindu-Muslim Unity. That is a magnificent phrase but in daily action, what does it mean? It means the simple fact that you love your neighbour as yourselves, you realize his humanity as common with your experiences and aspirations of life, his failures, his triumph, his hopes and fears, his culture and ignorance which are the common inheritance between you and him (*Cheers*). There is no difference (*hear, hear*) because of your common aspirations, your common destiny of humanity.

• It becomes a very simple thing to say that all men are neighbours of one another, brothers, blood ties, because they have the same tears and the same laughter. Therefore, perhaps, they may have the same kind of aspirations; the same quality of men may have the same kind of aspirations; so, why make difference between the tillers of the soil

whether he is a Muslim or a Hindu? Does he not suffer from drought, from the failure of harvest, from pestilence, from locusts? The schoolmaster, whether he be a Hindu or a Mussalman, has he not the same responsibility of creating within his hands (is he not a sharer of a common responsibility, I ask) a bond between brother and brother whether he be a Hindu or a Mussalman? Then, when floods come, and famines come, and plagues come, do not all of us suffer equally? Why make difference between men? Are there different angels of death for the Hindus and Mussalmans to carry them off? Does not every man feel that he must co-operate with each other, what matters if he be a Hindu or a Mussalman? Shall not a Brahman carry on his head the corpse of a Mussalman and shall not a Sayyid carry on his head the corpse of a Hindu? What has the corpse of a Hindu or a Mussalman done not to deserve the same sense of honour from each of us who are equally created by God and who are equally subject to mortality? These are trivial details of life. And when, gentlemen, feelings run high and passions are roused and when men forget this common brotherhood, what are the duties of those whose visions are not obscured? What are the duties of those who have not been excited by some little trifling cause that has such awful, far-reaching effect? Remember that blessed is the man that makes peace and thrice cursed is the man or woman that sets a little spark of fire into flames. Is not that what we have to remember when we see two brothers fighting at the street corner? Shall not we go to them and say "Cease, brothers, be friends." That is the symbolism of what we should do when two communities are at the parting way of national life. Cursed be every man and woman of every rank and creed.

in this great country that incites, that excites instead of quelling, that urges on instead of quenching, that separates instead of uniting; that, gentlemen, brings up the differences between creed and creed instead of preaching that fundamental truth of humanity, the humanity of one God, the one Indivisible in all men. That is the meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity—not resentment, not suspicion, not the ungenerous schism that divides and says aggressively ‘we are a majority and you are a minority and so ‘shall trample on you.’ These things, gentlemen, are the cancers in the growth of social life. Rather we want the chivalry of the majority—the original children of this land to say to their Muslim brothers, “Take what we have “because there is no division between you and us. Are “we not the children of the common Motherland and shall “the elder, by the priority of his older age, wrest from “you your equal inheritance?” This is the feeling of a generous love, of brotherly love that we want to establish as a thing flawless, and in the hearts of the Hindus towards Mussalmans. We want to establish that nobility that knows how to trust without reservation, we want the manliness, the virility of the soldier that says—you give your word of honour and that word shall be as a bond of strength, of manhood that does not consider petty differences of castes and creeds. Gentleman, that is Hindu-Muslim Unity. Not the betraying of one community by its own leaders against another, not the selling of the community for the sake of the honour that might come but rather the responsible sense of co-operation in the mutual reverence for each other’s creed, mutual love for each other’s civilization, mutual trust in your common good intention and co-operation and equal responsibilities in the

evolution of your great national life of to-morrow. That is the meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity.

Once more we turn to the sacred river flowing beneath us; what has been the symbolism of that river through the centuries? What has been the symbolism of that river? What is the symbolism, I say, that age after age has made it sacred not merely in Sanskrit but in Persian verses as well, that flows giving gift to the land, that waters the fields of both the Hindu and Mussalman alike. It has been the inspiration of the Hindu and Mussalman geniuses as well. The sacred water of this sacred river, with the solemn music flowing through city after city has washed away sins after sins of the Hindu people and has given cold waters to the thirsting armies of the Mussalmans. And when the great river arrives where it meets another river, in sacred Prayag, there is the union with mystic music, soul to soul and heart to heart, of the two great rivers, the Ganga and the Jumna—a *Sangam* of two rivers each without losing its own characteristics and qualities. And yet it is a perfect union. And that should be the symbol of the Hindu and Muslim Unity, each keeping its own culture, its own individual characteristics, its own purity, its own special colour of its own waters, the music of its own deed even at that point of Union. That is the meaning of the *Sangam* of national life. That is, gentlemen, the true meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity. I will not detain you longer because I have another function to attend—something, gentlemen, which does not a little to contribute towards this Unity.

I speak of children studying each the culture of the other that makes for mutual unity; but there is another thing that, translated into national life, is sure to bind

the children of the two communities in a common bond. That other act is the unifying influence of sports that teach us fairplay, justice, co-operation, harmony, equal competition and therefore train us in all those qualities that are needed for virile manhood—the eye, the brain, the mind, the arm, and, above all things, that training and discipline which will evolve our manhood of to-morrow. That also makes for the Hindu-Muslim Union. And now when I have given you the message of the river, the symbol of the river, the symbol of its Union, symbols that you should enshrine in your hearts I will ask your leave to go and give away the shield that stands also in its own important manner as the reality of Hindu-Muslim Unity (*Prolonged and enthusiastic cheers*).

THE VOICE OF LIFE

Under the auspices of the Madras Branch of the Madras Students' Convention, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a lecture on Dec. 17th, 1917, at the Gokhale Hall with Mrs. Besant in the chair. There was a packed gathering present, including several Indian ladies. The Secretary of the Convention having read and presented an address to Mrs. Naidu, she said :—

I think very often that the old proverbs that have become truisms are entirely based on an illusion and ignorance of human nature and most of all that hackneyed proverb that familiarity breeds contempt, or at least indifference. To-day, as I stand in your midst, I realize that, however familiar the voice of life may grow, coming to me from the heart of young generation, it always comes with a new magic, it always comes with a new appeal, it always stirs a new inspiration, it always brings me to the earth with the burden of a new sense of responsibility, it carries me with that trust and confidence that a wise young generation demands in those in whom it reposes its trust. To-day, after nearly ten years, I find myself in your city, so long ago known as a "benighted" city, but to-day no longer benighted, because the dawn is nearing and the voice of hope has sounded from your shores. The "benighted" city to-day stands far more as a beacon, as a star of hope, and it is said that Madras which was asleep has now been awakened to realize the dreams of that sleeping time; and before we proceed further, it is our solemn duty to thank those that have sounded the clarion

call of hope and woke up the slumbering voice of night. The voice of life manifold, speaks not only from the lips of the living but most splendidly from the lips of the dead—the immortal dead. To-day the hall that bears the name of my friend and master, Gopala Krishna Gokhale, bears testimony to the fact that, though dead, he speaks and not with a single individual voice but through the hundred millions of voices of the young generations who are dreaming of the India of to-morrow and who to-day are preparing to be creators and the fulfillers of that dream. Gopala Krishna Gokhale dead has left behind for you a legacy that is the legacy of life itself, for over and over again, speaking to your generation, he has said that life is within you, that the future is within you, that there is no death for India, that India cannot die because India renews itself with the hope and the life of the young generation. Mahatma Gandhi speaks with the voice of life that is not merely human but with the voice of a man in whom life has evolved, developed and realized the divinity of man. He speaks to you with that wonderful eloquence of his life in a music that is heavenly, in a music that is immortal, for his life is set to the tune of human compassion, and the voice of compassion is the divinest type of voice. Then, in your midst, you who said that you honour womanhood and that you honour the sex of the land that you call Mother, you have yet another who sits in your midst prophet-like, and she has brought a message of hope to this city. I speak of her who has been to you, young men of India, not merely a mother but a priestess and prophetess, a holder of the torch of hope, one who has set your life to the music of the stars. One more voice of life before I come to my subject proper. When I was

asked to deliver an address in this hall and the object of the organizers of this address was to collect funds—mere sordid money—as an embodied symbol of their homage to that genius of a great scientist, the young generation realized that genius can only accept as homage love, and love embodied means service, love embodied means something that is bought with a price and that, therefore, though one of the young generation has accused me of selling the spirit of my ancestors in selling knowledge as he said, it is not an accusation at all, because young Madras wanted to give some tangible evidence of its homage to the great scientist in Bengal. It is an expression of his homage for the great prophet of nature who has revealed one more secret—the voice of life. The voice of life, he said, was a message of an old proverb to us; the voice of life speaks through all channels of expression that it is possible for an individual or a nation to find for its realization. Never before did I realize how the supremest nature of the will has ever found expression till I visited with Mahatma Gandhi a little humble institution in Ahmedabad for the deaf and dumb, where, with a rapture that gives ecstasy, the dumb were being taught to become articulate. I saw with what patience, with what consummate devotion that teacher was labouring to make one little eager boy pronounce one word articulately by following the shape of the letters. I sat and watched, and each time there was failure I saw eyes dim with anguish, and then I saw the dawning hope in those eyes and I said to myself, “Here is a symbol of life, here is the supreme nature of life, here is the message to this great land that it is in self-expression, in self-realization that the soul of the race must find its own voice”—the voices of life, and

to-day we are like that dumb boy trying to become articulate. There are lessons to follow, but none can teach you those lessons. It is the agony of the individual soul that shapes the letter and makes you articulate, and that is a great lesson that I learnt in that little room in Ahmedabad. It is only individual agony and anguish of failure that gives you hope, and at last with a series of failures which are themselves creative, a race finds freedom of expression and a nation finds freedom of its own soul and finds manifold voices of life. The voice of life does not mean one single sound and expression, but it rather means the manifold life into which many mighty rivers of self-expression have become unified. How shall we realize in India that beautiful title? How shall we find which is the voice of life through which all currents of national life shall become dignified? It is only when we realize the manifold rivers of the past we can prophesy the manifold currents, for, as only recently I have written, it is in the past alone that we, Indians, with our unique history, can find the prophecy and the guarantee of the future. Other nations must always look forward to to-morrow, because their yesterdays are dead, but we, unique in so many things joyous and grievous, should specially note that in national life we long ago in the beginnings of time, evolved a certain perfect ideal type that suits our ideal development. There is no nation in this world that can boast of such a curious achievement, something which almost goes against all the laws of known science, but the laws of science are one thing and the laws of individual or national soul are another. If we realize what the manifold currents of expression in the past were, we can realize what the manifold currents of expression of to-morrow can be or of to-day

can be. What is it that made India so great? What is it that across the seven seas the voice of her civilization went like volumes of music striking upon the sleeping nations of the West? It was her genius, her life multiform, not single but many-sided, not narrow but complex, not enclosed within but coming out radiating, radiating the life with energy, art, beauty, wisdom, religion. History, they say, never repeats itself, but that is not true. History will always be made to repeat itself exactly as by your will power you can make yourself repeat certain things. The whole basis of civilization is the evolution of our will-power. It is this wonderful confidence that made man say, "I am God," that has enabled man to say, "As yesterday was, so shall be to-morrow and as to-morrow is, so shall to-day be." That is the real power of the Hindu race, the peculiar teaching of the Hindu race. For some centuries, the divinest possession of the Indian people has become disintegrated, emasculated, almost dead, and to lose what has been in you the divinest contribution to the civilization is to disinherit yourself, to sell yourself to exile, and make yourselves born slaves when you might be free. That is the shame that I want to bring to your mind that you, having disintegrated your will, are no more capable of saying that history shall repeat itself. You say that national life has gone out of tune. I was told that in this city young men want a message because they are not fully alive. It is irony to ask any one of my generation to give hope to yourselves, for it is the divine privilege of your youth to come back to their generation with the renewal of hope, with a message of music, on the analogy of nature. If you, because you are Indian, are shut out from the privilege of holding to the older generation a message of

hope, you have misread the purpose of youth, because, according to my reading of life and according to my angle of vision, it has always seemed to me that the proper adjustment of life would be that age, and especially middle age, should always look to the younger generation, because there is no lesson that any civilization can teach us the divine lesson of hope that comes to the younger generation. This is a dream I want to talk about. We are always told that we are dreamers, that we are unpractical, and that we must become a nation of practical workers. There is a friend of mine who, in his student days with inspiration that comes even to responsible students, said to me that we want practical mystics in the world. My friend, Professor Candeth, once said that what we want in India is practical mysticism. He uttered the truth that you should all print upon your hearts in letters of fire and gold, for it is this compromise between materialism that deadens the soul and too much introspection that weakens the soul that we want to make a compromise of real strength not losing the little inheritance of our spiritual power of dream but also assimilating that which makes the dream into deed with power to say, "My dream shall be but the "blossom of which the fruit is secured." It is not really I, but my friend, Professor Candeth, that is giving you this message. It has always been said that mysticism is ecstasy in the Eastern conception, and those that are real mystics in India are those that are not silent but break into song time after time, age after age and sing the voice of life. But we want songs, not poetry, songs in the widest sense of expression, in the widest sense of achievement. If we are to be practical mystics, it means that our songs are to be their embodied

vision, that is, embodied in our achievements through every channel of expression. Because we are Indians and it is our tradition always to assimilate the best that a foreign civilization can give us, it is our duty and privilege to be true to our own traditions and absorb all that energy that comes to us from Western lands and transmute into Indian energy for the evolving of Indian life. Professor Bose as a scientist dealing with matter got to the very root of nature secret and said, "Not in matter but in thought." I want you to take that sentence to your hearts. When a scientist dealing with matter, whose life is consecrated to wresting the secret of matter and passing it on as a truth to the world, when he, with that prophetic vision that he must share with the poet, says that "not in matter but in thought is life," it means that the youths of India have begun to re-adjust themselves to a real conception of life. It means that that which is dead or that which we consider dead really lives, is responsive, and is sensitive. It means that we all have greater need of intuition, of calling our own spiritual conception so sensitive that even that which seems dead is really alive and speaks and we can make it respond to our own secret. That is one of the ways where the silence is broken, where the dumb becomes articulate, and in contact with human spirit even dumb matter means life; and it means that the heart of India realizes her own power of making the inorganic organic. What is it that is dead in our matter to-day? Nothing more than that which our ancestors realized as really living, and that is our own national capacity. That is the thing that is dead matter which we have to make organic, vital, spreading abroad. You who belong to this wonderful young generation are standing upon the thresh-

old of hope, dream untested, heart unbroken and unscorched. I want to say to you that, though the heart shall be broken and seared, do not be "afraid because you have that power in you which can make the dead live." The country realizes and your soul realizes, for remember "not in matter but in thought," not in possessions, not even in attempts, but in ideals are to be found the seeds of immortality, and heritage of the Indian nation is the heritage of ideals and the ideals of India are immortal.

IDEALS OF ISLAM

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Muslim Association, Madras, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a lecture on "The Ideals of Islam" before a crowded audience at the Lawley Hall, on December 19th, 1917, with the Hon. Mr. Yakub Hasan in the chair. After receiving the address, Mrs. Naidu spoke as follows:—

I thank you for the beautiful words you have uttered in welcoming me here to-day. But even at the risk of being considered egotistical and conceited, I acknowledge that, whenever I go to a new city, I always look for my special welcome from the Mussulmans of the place. Never have I been disappointed or defrauded of my right. It is my right, because I come from the premier Mussalman city in India. The premier Mussalman city in India rules over the city from which I come, and there the tradition of Islam has truly been carried out for two hundred years, that tradition of democracy that knows how out of its legislation to give equal rights and privileges to all the communities whose destinies it controls. The first accents I heard were in the tongue of Amir of Kusru. All my early associations were formed with the Mussalman men and Mussalman women of my city. My first playmates were Mussalman children. Though I stand side by side with you as a Kaffir, I am a comrade in all your dreams. I stand beside you in your dreams and aspirations, because the ideals of Islam are so essentially and supremely the progressive human ideals that no human soul that loves progress can refuse allegiance to those ideals. One has to

look back to see how the vision of to-morrow may be linked with the vision of the past and, therefore, if, in speaking of the ideals of Islam, I take you through a long journey into the past, it is only that you may realize, what only the other day it was my privilege to say to the young generation, that it is only in her ideals that we find seeds of immortality and that, if there be to-day vitality in the Muslim people, it is because the seed was sown into the Desert and the Desert blossomed with rose. Come with me into the Desert where the sun is dazzling, where the people are brave, simple, quick to revenge an insult, strong to defend honour. What is it that the youngest of the religions has given to the world? Of the old religions, some have died and some are still living. When we come to the religion of the Desert, we find that wonderful adjustment between the spiritual and the temporal, for it was the religion of Islam that built up political empires. Comparatively modern, as measured by the older civilizations, the civilization of Islam is young indeed. What does the golden age of Islam represent? What was lacking in the golden age that the modern age has been able to evolve for itself? What was lacking in the intellectual splendour and achievement and what was lacking in the political policies, in its colonizing powers? Brotherhood is the fundamental doctrine that Islam taught—Brotherhood of civic life, of intellectual life, of spiritual life in the sense of leaving other religions and creeds free to offer their worship. This is what we call modern toleration, the larger outlook, this is what we call civilization; this is what we call the real understanding of human characteristics, the real understanding of those sources that bind human hearts to one another. Ancient Hindu India laid the foundation of her

civilization on the position and responsibility of woman. In Modern times, the legal status given to woman is supposed to be a great test of civilization. Islam, coming centuries later than the Hindu religion revealed the old world truth in a new language through a new medium and once more asserted the abiding verity that gave woman her responsibility and her place in the national life, by giving her not merely her honour due as wife and mother but as citizen responsible and able to administer her own property, to defend her own property, because it was hers and she was not dependent as mere goods and chattels on husband's and brother's bounty. A sense of justice is one of the most wonderful ideals of Islam, because, as I read the Koran, I find those dynamic principles of life, not mystic but practical ethics for the daily conduct of life suited to the whole world. We are fond of saying, that we belong to a rational age, that we belong to a practical age. If you belong to a practical and rational age, what more shall you find than those codes of ethics laid down so clearly for your daily conduct? How far-seeing was the wisdom that laid down as religious law those great principles that tended to conserve the Brotherhood that the religion taught? What was the meaning of the Haj? Did it matter to God that thousands of Mussalmans went to one place or another since He is everywhere? No. The meaning was that streams of pilgrims from various lands, speaking various tongues, having various traditions and customs, should meet together in one common place and through one common association and memory to consolidate the Brotherhood that Islam preached. The meaning of fast in Muslim religion is that man needs in his busy life some moment to himself when his children

might say, "We have set apart this time to contemplate upon Him who is always with us but we forget that He is always with us." When we look at the lego-religious law, what is laid down there is the outcome of the prophetic vision that realizes that civilization would tend more and more towards democracy. It was the first religion that preached and practised democracy, for, in the mosque when the minaret is sounded and the worshippers are gathered together, the democracy of Islam is embodied five times a day when the peasant and the king kneel side by side and proclaim, "God alone is great." I have been struck over and over again by the indivisible unity of Islam that makes a man instinctively brother. When you meet an Egyptian, an Algerian, an Indian and a Turk in London, what matters that Egypt was the Motherland of one and India the Motherland of another? It was this great feeling of Brotherhood, this great sense of human justice that was the gift of Akbar's rule to India, because he was not only Akbar, the Great Moghul, but Akbar, the great Mussalman that realized that one might conquer a country but that one must not dishonour those whom one conquered. You may be a king but your subjects are co-partners with you in the defence of the country. It was Akbar who laid down the fruitful policy of unity, of that peace which is the greeting of each other. *Salaam*—the national symbol of peace—was the gift of Akbar to the India over which he ruled. The intellectual thought that evolved out of this sense of fundamental oneness found its beautiful expression in that spiritual Sufism which is blood-kin to Vedantism. What is the teaching of the Sufi doctrine except the Vedanta which we Hindus inherited—the love of mankind, the service to the world, ecstasy in

which self is annihilated into the universal life of humanity? Go to the poetry of Islam. What is there so beautiful in all the wide and manifold realms of literature as that immortal lyric of Hafiz, Rumi, that in the language of man there too in his higher manifestation the lyric genius of Islam, of India, has been not less than the epic genius of India or of Europe? When we analyse the evolution of that great literature and when we find the two meeting through one religion, we find indeed, the inheritors of that dual culture—the blending of mysticism with the Semitic, dynamic, logical, practical power of life. There, the dreaming and the action become united, because one religion has bound them and we in India are the richer for our Indian descent. When we come to deal in its national aspect with the ideals of Islam, having journeyed first into the Desert and found not the mirage but the revelation, we must always come back home, for, like a lark, we must be true to the kindred bonds of home and the home of the Indian Mussalman is in India. His endeavour, his destiny, his hope is bound up with the endeavour, destiny, hope of India. How should the ideals of Islam enrich national life? What are the special qualities and gifts that Muslim India has to contribute to United India? I shall always recognize with pride that, what the Hindu Mazzini gives to India, the Muslim Garibaldi gives to India and they make a perfect type to make an Indian patriot. We want the mystic power of dreaming that is the special inheritance of the mystic Hindu, we want the direct, fearless power of action which is the special gift of the children of the sword. It is the spirit of the sword that we want to be brought to this great land. We want that courage that a soldier kept the

sword swift in defence of the country, to revenge any insult to the honour of manhood or womanhood that it defended. The young Muslim is to put his contribution—not the sword made of steel but the sword of the Islamic spirit which has been re-tempered in the older fires of Vedic cult—the sword of Muslim love dedicated to the Service of Vedic India. That is going to be your contribution to the India of to-morrow. Your poet laureate, Dr. Iqbal, has done immense service that can never be recompensed adequately, perhaps never even fully recognized by those in other provinces who did not know the national awakening that is coming. It was his patriotic songs that burst like the clarion call when there was strife between two communities. What the poet has done, a poet's race can do. What a Muslim poet can do, a young Islamite can do in always sending out a clarion call, that cry for unity which has been the one safeguard of Islam in the past and is coming to be the one hope of Islam in the future, because Islam has recognised the fundamental duties of Brotherhood. Islam Brotherhood must not confine the ideal of Brotherhood to those alone that profess their creed but must expand the interpretation of that ideal of Brotherhood till every community within this land has learnt the lesson that Muhammad was born to teach in the Desert 1300 years ago. We want to feel to-day, we who are not merely dreaming the New India but shaping the New India with our hands; we want to be sure of the other manifold substances that are going to mould the great vessel which is to contain the elixir of the hope of the India of to-morrow, what kinds of earth are going to be moulded into a shape to hold the water of life to refresh and regenerate India.

That is the clay that came across the seas—the clay from the Desert to be mingled with the Vedic clay—not only the clay that came from Persian Zoroastrians or from the European Christians in the shape of this national life, but we want more than all other clays to be mingled with the Vedic clay, that clay which is the Desert clay of Islam, because we feel that unless and until these two great elements are blended together unified, so that they can never be separated, there can be no vessel of national life that can last for time and centuries. You who are young Muslims—the hope of Muslim India—I speak to you and to you alone to-night, you who have yet to live your lives and hold the destinies to be co-trustees with your Hindu brethren. The battle-ground of animosities has become the flower-garden of unity. They in the north who are so eager to unite with the Hindus for national unity are building it up day by day with great sacrifices. I want you, young Muslims in the south, to take your share in that great work here, and that unity will come when you too spend your energies in manifold directions. A group of young men who have the world before them have turned their backs on personal gain, personal joy and personal recognition and made themselves into a band of Muslim volunteers to bring the light of education to their poor Muslim brethren. Nothing is so significant to-day as the Islamia College where groups of young men have dedicated their lives of the fruitful principles of self-sacrifice which makes Fergusson College the living heart of Maharashtra. I want you to make your Southern institution in Vaniyambadi the true centre where the ideal of Islam is practised not only to teach the young Muslim of the South not only the duty of prayer but also

to teach the duty of service to the community. Having already embodied the symbol of your ideals in the south, what limit is there to the dream that you can realize within that centre? What limit is there to the ideals of Islam that can be re-born over and over again into a higher and wider life, because you dream true, you dream fine, you dream in accordance with the right to dream what your religion taught you, what your culture has given you, what your faith entitles you in the future, what your strength empowers you to achieve? Do not allow any one to say to you that, for the preservation of the prestige of Islam, there must be separatism, sectional difference, aloofness, division. Those are the teachings of those who have forgotten the fundamental ideals of Islam. If you are true to your prophet, if you are true to your land, listen to no voice except the voice within your heart, as a great mystic poet has said, and remember that one of the great duties of those who follow the ideals of Islam is to say to yourself what Muhammad said to himself: "I am a man even as other men." There is summed up the entire ideal of Islam. I want you to print that text upon your heart. When one, who was building up a great religion, said to himself: "I am a man even as other men," and what one man can do in the Desert, shall not the manifold united heart of Islam be able to achieve in this wonderful land? Hindus and Muslims are martyrs for the same liberty, they dream the same dream, they are the deliverers of the same India. We Hindus and Muslims are set out together on the common journey, the common pilgrimage to the combined Benares and Mecca of our lives, and that is Indian unity. Our pilgrim race must carry to that ultimate shrine some gift worthy of the goal. The

twin comradeship in the pilgrimage will bring unity nearer and nearer to the hearts of the pilgrims, and when at last the pilgrim streams, starting from different associations and creeds, find themselves at the journey's end, even she to whom we go shall not be able to say: "Was that my Hindu son, and that my Muslim daughter?" I want you to re-vitalize all those ideals in Indian life by those things that enriched the past as the special gift of Islam so that we too with you shall join in praising your God who is our God, and we praise the compassionate Master of life, of time, of faith.

IDEALS OF A TEACHER'S LIFE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a lecture on the above subject at the Teachers' College, Saidapet, on 20th December, 1917:—

FRIENDS,—It is rather a presumption for an outsider to come and talk to you about the ideals of a teacher's life and of greater co-operation and understanding between men and women in the profession of teaching. I can only deal with that subject, not from a practical but from an idealistic point of view, because as I tell you, I have no experience practically of educational matters nor of the difficulties of a teacher's vocation; but like everyone else, I have my own ideals of what a teacher's vocation means and should mean, especially in this great land of India where, above all things, honour and wealth, the teacher, the guru, was a man at whose feet kings lay down their obeisance. I do not know of any country in the world where the vocation of the teacher was touched with a sacrosanct quality. But, in giving something of sanctity India truly realized the almost divine qualities that are necessary in one who presumes to call himself a teacher of men. A teacher of men, perhaps, sounds a phrase too big, and yet what is the teacher of the child excepting the teacher and the maker of the man that is to be? And more than any politician, more than any soldier more than any other man who helps to build up a country's progress, it is the teacher who comes first. He deserves the greatest honour because to him is entrusted the preliminary responsibility of building up a character and spirit

that go towards impressing themselves upon the life of the to-morrow that a child is going to build. Therefore, it is very necessary that we to-day, who have fallen away from all our ideals, should return to them and to no ideal so definitely and so solemnly as the ideals of the guru and the place of the guru in the national life.

All responsibility is a privilege ; but responsibility is a burden and a heavy burden. To-day, I will speak to you of the quality and nature of this burden and responsibility. Some people say, and rightly say, and I do not deny the challenge, that I am always going back to the past for my ideals. In that very accusation I find an unconscious tribute to the living qualities of those immortal ideals and the historic continuity of the Indian thought that can take us back to a past that never dies for a living inspiration for the future. And among other ideals, the ideal of education in the past in its own way provides the type not of education but of the personal relation of the teacher with the pupil, of the guru with the disciple. In modern education, especially in India, we have lost sight of that central fact that it is not what the teacher teaches out of the text-books, the facts in history, the boundaries and the rivers and the mountains in geography, but what unconsciously he gives—his personality to the pupil that matters vitally in the quality of the education that the pupil receives. This personal element in education has entirely been lost sight of in modern systems of education. Everywhere in my travels in India, I make it a special point to go and study the educational institutions and especially to come in contact with those to whom is entrusted the supreme privilege of teaching the youth, and I find how little the teacher is honoured and how little the teacher

honours himself. It is not the honour that comes from men, but it is that self-reverence of that great vocation of the teacher's feeling within him, something of that prophetic reverence which says, "These souls are mine to make and to mould and to give to the country." That is an enthusiasm that I have not found excepting here and there when education has been chosen as a vocation because education chose the votaries that were predestined for the cause. But everyone is not predestined. We have, in the struggle for life, in choosing our profession, to count a means of livelihood and coming down to the most practical ideals of educational vocation, we choose it as one of the professions that will supply bread for our families. But, there is no vocation that need be mechanical, there is no vocation so low that it cannot be ennobled by the noble spirit of one that follows it. And when one chooses the high and responsible vocation of a teacher, how much more should the ennobling process go on, because the vocation itself is noble and that it ennoble those that follow it earnestly, patiently, and faithfully? We are told that education has produced in India—I say, too, I feel it, I am a product of that education—not a vital culture but only knowledge. We all know that in studying history that certain battles were fought in certain years, invaders came from certain parts and conquered certain provinces. We know too that this dynasty was succeeded by that dynasty and so on. But take the teaching of history, for instance, that history which is the geography of nations. How is history taught? Is it taught as a living background to contemporary things as a clue to contemporary evolution; is it taught as a living factor in the life of the world, or, is it taught that in the year 1066 William

the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings? But the way I was taught never made me understand what came in the way of William the Conqueror, what became of the enormous culture and traditions of England, what followed in the wake of that conquest, how England became Normanzed and was extended in the sphere of intellectual and spiritual evolution. Come nearer home, we Indians, with our own history, how do we teach it so that our sons talk about the battle of Panipat? The great living background, that great cosmos of history, is a dead thing to them, a thing printed on the page between the covers of a textbook. He is not taught anything that can stir his spirit "and say to him, "What meant the great historic past "meant the great historic future." Take, again, geography. What is it? Is it merely that India is bounded by the Himalayas in the North and by the submarines in the South? What are we taught of that living unity between province and province, of that country that is bounded by the Himalayas in the North and by the submarines in the South? Nothing. What is taught of the great rivers that have watched the pilgrims go from North to South and from South to North? What have we learnt of the great centres as are represented by cities, not merely capitals of political powers, but centres of spiritual thought? When our children hear of Rameswaram, what is it more than a town on the sea coast? Do they know of the temples there, the centre of a great Dravidian culture? Of Lucknow in the United Provinces, what more do we know of it than the Mutiny and the Residency of a bombarded garrison? Do they know that Lucknow was the capital of a Madhyadesa of that ancient India where our civilization flourished?

History and geography separated can never become vital things and to-day the study of geography has been so revolutionized that those who learnt geography 20 years ago would think it was something new because now it is not taught that cities are dead things. They are taught as links between race and race. Frontiers are the living means of communication or defence between foes and friends. That is the way of teaching geography.

Then, again, we come to the teaching of political economy. Political economy is a science, but I can understand that it is one of the things that most vitally matters in the contemporary reading of a country's condition of her past and possibilities for the future. When we teach political economy as a matter of academic thing, of what use is it to Indian students unless we can assimilate it to life later on, because of all the sciences of the world political economy should be the most living and go with us into our life so that we may keep the right perspective of material things and bear it as the right perspective of spiritual things because these two things are intertwined. One has, therefore, to teach the subject as a real living thing. But this central fact we forget, that education has to be manifold, many-sided, not merely technical or literary or scientific or artistic; but education thoroughly understood, properly realized, means co-operation of every type of teacher for the building up of a manifold culture in the mind of the child. We are getting one-sided. Our education makes students not scholars, imperfect students not mellowed scholars. For scholarship implies a living life of culture, and culture is a thing widely separated from knowledge. The Italians who have a language that is so capable of expressing the many shades

of thought and reality have two separate words instruction and education. Instruction is a thing that we get in the Indian schools and colleges. Education is a thing that we got in the past and that we do not receive in the present. The vital difference lies here that the Indian teacher himself, the outcome of machine-made systems, becomes a machine (*Cheers*). There is nothing to cheer. It is something to weep. He is a machine; he can turn out so many hours a day, paid at such and such a rate, and can drill so many facts into the head of the child. The child passes through the examination mill and gets a certificate. He knows certain dates unrelated to anything else, knows the names of certain rivers. That is all he knows. He has instruction, has knowledge. His mind is a store-room overcrowded with things that are absolutely of no use to him. For, of what use is unrelated knowledge, of what use are isolated facts? When the great crisis of life comes to you, how does it help you? But education is this. When knowing that a certain battle was fought in a certain year, the man in the crisis of life remembers how a certain man won or lost, can look in the face of danger, that is the culture, that is the date become life, that is instruction become culture, because culture is a thing that is the spirit of instruction, that which impresses into a man's life to enrich him, to help him in every moment of his life. That is culture, that is a thing that one in a thousand gets in India when he gets his diploma. So, I think that one of the first things that we, as teachers, have to realize is the revitalizing of our own spirit, the re-kindling of our own torches of our intellect and the spirit. Until you can do that, how can you hope to light the little rows of unlighted lamps; for by the flickering light

you cannot light the lamps. It is this flame within you that I want to re-ignite. We as Hindus can have no better symbol for our spirit than the flame that is the type of our home, that is the type of our spiritual altars, that has been the type of our life, the type of our death. The hearth fire, the funeral fire always is the flame with a true symbol of the Hindu spirit because the flame is that one thing that purifies, kindles, gives life, cleanses. We want the flame to be re-ignited. We have ashes, we have the embers dying. The spirit is dying within the heart of the Indian teacher. It is not dead. It is to be re-ignited bringing illumination into the heart of India. The teacher's vocation is this that though he himself sits in his chair, he is serving the country in manifold ways. He is the statesman and he is the poet: he is the scientist and he is the merchant, because, as Stevenson says in a song of his: "The sword-maker sits by his forge but he goes wherever his sword goes and travels." He who makes the sword fights the battles. And the one man, the one teacher is the manifold patriot because he gives to the country the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, the trader, the lawyer, and those who are required in the complex building up of a national life. The old ideals of teaching lay in this that the Guru gave up, renounced willingly Lakshmi for Saraswathi in literature so that he came to the verge of poverty. But the spirit of it was that not for wealth, not for material gain, but that, freed from the burden of material greed, his spirit might be free to soar itself and bring from the heaven of wisdom some message of hope for the disciples around him. That was the ideal of the teacher in the olden days. I know teachers still who keep that great ideal, who look on, themselves as prophets

of old looked on themselves, dedicated, consecrated their lives, were the symbols of their instruction not merely in speech but their lives had to be the embodiment of the wisdom they taught. One such Guru I know who, having within his grasp all that material wealth could give, all that rank could give and success could give, said, "No I come of a race of those who taught spiritual wisdom, whose doors were opened to poor and rich alike and I, son of a Brahman race whose duty it is to give wisdom, give knowledge, I do not want wealth and power. I want to sit somewhere so that the multitude of truthful hearers might hear." And that man was my father. If I have no personal qualification to speak on the ideal of a Guru, at least I have before me the living memory of a man who for two generations not merely taught knowledge but gave wisdom, and wisdom of that kind that from far and near, rich and poor, men and women, princes and beggars, came to hear what he had to say. That was the true democracy of a Guru that makes no ranks in the giving of wisdom, in the teaching of ideals. The man who had come on the elephant had to sit beside the man whose feet were stained with dust. And that was one of the greatest lessons, practical lessons, unspoken but emphatically achieved, that lesson of the real brotherhood between man and man when the soul of man comes to learn wisdom. That is one of the great ideals that you teachers have to carry out in your schools and life. There is no difference between any class that comes to you, between any community that comes to you; your duty is to be impersonal in the giving but personal in the gift. It seems like a paradox. It means this, that, if to a hundred who come to learn, each has the equal right on your atten-

tion and mind, to each give equally impersonally the best that is in you to give; and personal and intimate should be the gift because it should come out of the depths of your conviction and knowledge. It is the giving of your self, not the giving of your knowledge, that matters; for, remember that for every hour that you spend in the school-room the child is unconsciously moulding the impress of its character from you. Your finger is marked on the potter's clay. There your impression is carried through life. The other day, Mr. Hydari, who has been elected President of the Muhammadan Educational Conference, was discussing with me some items of the Presidential speech and one of the things that struck me very much was the ideal of a Guru, a teacher. He spoke of a great Englishman, Professor Wordsworth of Elphinstone College, Bombay, whose memory will never die in the Bombay Presidency. Here was an Englishman, not an Indian, but he was a born Guru. He knows no difference of race or creed. Because Wordsworth was in the Elphinstone College, it was possible for Telang and Gokhale and Ranade to be great Indian patriots. I want you to understand that a Guru is of no race; his is a spiritual kingdom, not the kingdom of race or civilization. Now, Professor Wordsworth had in him the true spirit of a teacher and, therefore, he understood that if a son of any Indian has come into your hand you do not want to make a bastard Englishman but a true Indian of him. But what he revealed of the Indian spirit to the Indian youth that produced the Gokhale and Telang and Ranade, that is one of the great practical illustrations of the personal, intimate gift of character to the child. It was because Professor Wordsworth had that great mission, that great impartial vision

of right and the national reticence that he was able to give the virile qualities of the English race to the Indian spirit and produce not merely Indians who had learnt English as instruction but who had absorbed the spirit of the English greatness into enriching the ancient spirit and civilization. Now, you may have the Muhammadan children to teach or the Muhammadan teacher may have a hundred Hindu pupils. It never means that a Hindu becomes a bad Hindu when he is taught by a Mussalman. Not at all. Each is confirmed in his own faith because faith is a thing, no matter what the doctrine, that can only be strengthened by a man of character, a person very fine, no matter to what race or creed he belongs. You in Southern India do not come across the cosmopolitan element. You come across sects and castes. And now I know I touch upon a very delicate point. It is very controversial and bitterly emphasized, unnecessarily and wrongly emphasized. What was the sect and caste in the old days? Not for division but meant for the final unity of service by division of labour. We have lost sight of this fact. We feel that we want separate schools for Brahmans, Non-Brahmans, Panchamas, and others. But there is the fundamental problem, the Hindu-Moslem problem, because a race of teachers has risen that understand, no matter whether Hindu or Muhammadan, that the teacher's duty is to teach life. Here, again, what matters if a Brahman sits side by side with a man who has not got that chance of evolution? What does it matter to you? Your duty is clear. Your duty is to kindle, to hold the flame, to light the blaze. That is where your responsibility comes in, so that understanding your own duty, your own responsibility, you begin to feel within

yourself that fervour that comes of the knowledge that the mission is yours which only you can fulfil. Who is there that can replace you in the national life? Who is there that can ever mar, if not, repair your bad work in later life? You are laying the foundation on which others raise walls and it is those that lay the foundations that are the true artists who are never recognized. Who cares when praise is accorded, when the design is praised and the architect is congratulated and a great man comes to perform the opening ceremony and says how beautiful are the decorations on the wall? No one remembers where are the men that laid the foundation. But the laying of the foundation is a privilege great enough to bring its own immortality. But why need the recognition loudly expressed by men! Is it not enough to know that to you is given the first duty of building up this human edifice? The child comes to you eager with no memory behind it. Something on which you write, the memory of it will recall in later life. If you have given to the child the gift of hope out of your own conviction of hope, nothing in later life will make that child despair but if you have out of your own pessimism, of your own despair and your own narrow vision or your own narrow sympathies constructed that child's expansion, all that child's life will be directed to wrong that no later influence will wholly repair. So I want you to remember the solemnity of your profession, the real vital quality of your profession and you must feel that you are the nation-builders. The Mother first, the Guru afterwards, and then the chance of the changes of life. But you give the direction, you mould, you carve and uphold and conserve, or you destroy. How many young spirits are not known to have been ruined hope-

lessly, ruined consciously, and it can all be traced back to the lack of sympathy in the teacher when the child went to school with his eager dream. It was the spirit and the rebuff was not in so many words that has been the bane of many a youth who in later life, seeing a greater vision, has not been able to follow it because the habit of being rebuffed became second nature to him that at every step he became impatient. Have we not in our own time faced that? Have we not felt that the worst anguish of our lives has not been so much the bane on the real things later on as the rebuff that we received from our teachers?

I want to emphasize another point. We in India have lost the tradition of beauty and that was one of the greatest traditions, because if beauty, the love of beauty, the supreme necessity for beauty were not considered and acknowledged an agent of the spiritual life, why was it that our great temples and monasteries were built, where nature spoke in epic tongues of the unseen beauty, of the great faith, because beauty always reconciles you to the unseen, always brings that exaltation of the spirit; beauty has that glamour and it helps us. That is the power, the alchemic power of beauty. It makes it possible for the young vision to perform that miracle which in the words of an Irish poet is able to transmute clay into gold, weariness into ecstasy. It is really a Hindu saying though it came from a Celt. And that only comes when one has this love of beauty. When I say beauty, I do not mean it in any material sense, but beauty that has the spirit of life, that responds to all the influences of nature, the influences of concrete beauty, such as we find in art, music. These things are left out of the curricula of the Indian teacher's mind. Beauty must be the back-ground of his instruction.

and it must be the goal of his teaching, for beauty means harmony, the harmonizing of knowledge and the conflicting elements in life, the harmonizing of joy with sorrow, the harmonizing of weakness with strength, the harmonizing of failure with victory. That is the meaning of beauty and we have lost it in modern life. We have lost the true clue that enabled our saints and mystics to make penance. Theirs was the religion of ecstasy; ecstasy because they loved beauty and understood beauty and they sought for beauty. It was the religion of beauty that was the religion of renunciation of old days. If you are true to your own traditions, go back and say even as the Guru said to his disciples, "I too in myself would embody their ideals." It is in yourself to say "I shall be a living academy in myself; I shall be the centre of life and every young soul that has passed through my hands will be my living means of communication to bear to the world the ideals within me." That is the ideal of the Indian teacher because it is the ideal of ancient India and it is the only ideal that will transmute mere instruction into culture and change mere facts into life.

Now we come to another point which is not quite novel, not quite unprecedented as some of us might imagine. In our modern life we find that women are not sharing with the men of India the duty and privilege of being the layers of foundation. Why is it that this erroneous idea has come in that it is quite a new thing in the West that women may be teachers. Long before any definite, conscious system of education was evolved and labelled vocation for teachers, it was understood at the beginning of time that the first teachers of the world were women. They are still women, the most illiterate women,

In India, the first teacher of the child is the woman. So in her home the most illiterate peasant woman is entrusted with teaching the first lessons of life to her child. Is it not logical that the educated Indian woman should expand the sphere of her right to teach by coming out and sharing with you in ennobling comradeship this privilege of giving citizens to India? For the Indian teachers this is the most fruitful lesson to learn, the lesson of true co-operation with the sisters who have come to stand beside you as comrades. The whole of our old civilization was based on the equal responsibility in the spiritual life of the women so that you to-day cannot perform your sacrifices unless the woman stands by your side. What is it that it is a symbol of? If a woman stands beside your sacrifices according to your religious teaching, if in your home she stands beside you, sharing with you the joys and sorrows, comforting you, rejoicing with you in the hour of victory, who are you that you should exclude her in this function, this divine privilege? For, no man lives for himself and no woman lives unto herself and no nation can be single-handed. You want the two hands of a nation to uplift itself and together we shall carry the soul of India to the heights of her eternal glory.

THE HOPE OF TO-MORROW

Under the auspices of the Madras Students' Convention and the George Town Students' Club, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered an open air address on "The Hope of To-morrow" at Gowri Vilas, Royapetta, on the evening of the 20th December, 1917, with Mr. J. H. Cousins in the chair. There was a crowded gathering of ladies and gentlemen numbering about six to seven thousand. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said:—

WERE I first to choose one sentence out of the entire realm of language to sum up what hides in my heart as the secret of my "hope of to-morrow," I should say one sentence only and then keep silence. I would say "You are the hope of to-morrow." But I fear that my silence, however great a tribute to my hope, will not comfort you. How will it satisfy you? Many of you during the past few days have heard me speak, and you will say that mine is merely a monotone, but sometimes in the history of nations, it is necessary that one should have a lyre not of many strings but of one string. Such a crisis in national life is here that only those who have the courage to be called monotonous strike that one note over and over again till its echoes re-echo in the hearts of the crowd, and it is only the singer of that one note has to-day a place in the national life. We are told that the age is irreverent but I think not, for nowhere the great Indian civilization can be irreverent. Reverence is the very blood in our veins, and therefore it is the only guarantee of the salvation for the future. Have you considered what is your

share and responsibility in the bringing about of this hope of to-morrow? Yesterday is over; to-day is over: concrete problems are here, contemporary things are here, and there cannot be a future for a human race that has not evolved historically and spiritually from the past. Therefore, the problem of to-day, the contemporary things of to-day are concrete, problems and not illusory visions of the past. It is well for us in thinking of to-morrow to take a look backwards to that radiant yesterday. What constituted the fulfilled hope of yesterday? What was it that made India great? What was it that gave opportunities to her genius to find such manifold and immortal expression? It was that India was true to herself. She believes that the only authentic expression of the nation; springs from within the soul of the nation; and though a nation must absorb all that is beautiful in other civilizations and in other ages, it can only be enriched by a foreign civilization but not dominated by alien things. After all these thousands of years, we find perennial and beautiful that great treasure of intellect and spirit that is ours that we go not remember at ours. Those philosophers are alive to-day. They have outlasted time, because that philosophy was the evolution of the proven thought of India. Her religion lives to day, and even as five thousand years ago on the banks of the Ganges the hymns of ancient Vedas were chanted, so to-day we de-nationalized pilgrims, that go to the Ganges hear the self-same chant and there not only by the water of the Ganges are our spiritual sins absolved but they purify instinctively all our intellectual transgressions. I, the child of two civilizations, the hybrid of two civilizations, went to the Ganges, that eternal Ganges which is the one test of Hindu spirit, and there without my know-

ledge, my intellectual transgressions fell from me and I remember that I was indeed the child of the Vedic spirit. The evolution of India was authentic and outlasted centuries because it was spiritual. It has been perennial because it was elastic; it was able to retain its vitality and enrich itself age after age out of your thought that age brings, out of your forces that every new conquest brought to India. It was only a temporal conquest by a foreigner, because the spirit of the alien became absorbed into the spirit of India. The vitality of India has been stronger there than all things reminding one of that miracle where many rods have come and this one rod of the Indian spirit has been able to swallow all those rods that turned into the serpent of wisdom and that has been the value and secret of the past of India; and because you are the inheritors not merely of the civilization that you find to-day enclosed within the pages of the Vedic teachings and carved on the rocks of temples, revealing cosmic history in little coins, not because merely of the material embodiment as souvenirs from that glorious past but because something of life has been there, not the rock temples only, not the teachings of the Upanishads only, not the edicts of Asoka only, but the living spirit that sung the hymns on the banks of the Ganges five thousand years ago sings to-day the self-same chants of the self-same God. Keeping this background of historic spirituality in your minds, turn towards the dawn that you desire from dawn to dawn, not from darkness to dawn but from the dawn to the drawn. Dawn to dawn implies a preparation for the dawn. We all know that, where the dawn dies to-day, the whole world is a miracle of preparation that a great dawn of to-morrow shall be born. That is the func-

tion of the waiting time between dawn and dawn—getting ready the world, beautifying the world enriching the world, so that dawn might find a richer welcome and a greater glory of the coming dawn. The preparation for the coming dawn means that we look to the New India that shall be the child of the Old India which was lovely so that New India, the child of Old India, shall be more lovely, and yours is the responsibility of enriching and glorifying and beautifying the coming of that Renaissance that shall make the daughter lovelier than the mother, lovely though that mother was five thousand years ago. Enriching does not mean adding repetition to repetition, but the enrichment of life that makes diversity into some unified heritage for the people. The period between that early dawn and this later dawn has given you all the materials for this enriching, for remember how many streams of intellectual and spiritual thought have come into this country, how India has had the opportunity of enlarging herself, filling herself with vast treasures of thought, Iranian, Semitic, Christian, Muslim. When I was a child—and that was very long ago—I did not know that there was any real difference excepting of language between the culture of the Muslims and that of the Hindus. We never knew the Hindu-Muslim problem, because we were taught that there was no difference between the Hindu and the Muslim thought behind. The veils that covered both the cultures laid the same spirit that was to serve Mother India. You cannot afford to be provincial only in your outlook; you must learn to share the life of the entire nation, and the crucial problem to-day is the problem of unity that shall be indivisible and immortal. How shall you within your province show that you have

been transfigured by this great ideal of unity? In the North, this idea of unity has got into our heart. If I should say in the North that there is a problem in the South of India that we did not realize, they would say "Had we a Brahmana-non-Brahmana problem here?" A great French poet has said: "To each one his own infinity." It means that his own infinity is his own infinite opportunity and responsibility. A strange thing is this infinite spiritual opportunity and responsibility, a thing that you cannot lightly dismiss. You cannot say to-day, "I am busy with my personal gain and personal happiness." It knocks at your door and asks for an answer. Your infinity here is clear: it has no veils upon its face, it has no seals upon its doors. It is an open secret from which you may turn away but it chases you as a hound in heaven. Remember that the national responsibility, the service of India, must chase you. You will be asked, "What did you do to establish that hope of to-morrow, of which I speak to-day? The great French phrase, "To each man his own infinity" reduces itself to the simple question, a thing of daily consciousness, a daily service, a daily manifestation, the sincerity of your own dreams transmuted day by day into that current coin of loving service in the cause of Indian unity. Remember that the poet's dream is no more than the mirror of your hearts. If I say to you that this great hope of to-morrow lies in you, it simply means that within you is the power to achieve. How shall you face the responsibilities? The real measure of a nation is the measure of average action, of average man: it is not the great man or the great genius who is the true standard of a nation's capacity or worth. I wonder if it has ever

occurred to you when you hold out great names as the guarantee of India's greatness, how false and illusory are your standards of judgment. Great men belong to no race: they are a kingdom apart. But it is the average man of a race that is the only true measure of that nation's capacity. When we say that we are a great nation and if some man says to you, "Prove categorically in what way you are great," can you say to him, "Look at the great commercial enterprises, our economic prosperity, the original art, look at the high standard of education of women, look how free we are to administer our laws?" That man will answer if you say so: "Young man, wake up, wake up. Are you still dreaming of the past when it was so? It is not so any longer." That answer amuses you, but it does not amuse me. I want you to understand and realize what is the average of India to-day, what is the average intellectual capacity, what is the average political capacity, what is the average literary and artistic capacity? Is it even mediocrity? I doubt it. The great art of self-expression, has died out of us. Because we have not understood the vital nature of the life of self-expression, our arts have degenerated, our literatures are dead, our beautiful industries have perished, our valour is done, our fires are dim, our soul is sinking. The average taste of India's average man is a measure of sleep not even illumined with the glory of dreams. This immense crowd which represents the people of to-morrow, listening to the words of a woman, is the first augury of the hope of to-morrow that India has returned—whether consciously or unconsciously does not matter, but inevitably—to that first ideal of the Devi. It is when India comes back to her old

ideal of wisdom and recognizes the place that woman is an embodied deity of Lakshmi and Saraswati combined that the hope of to-morrow will be coming into the skies with fresh roses and purple beauty. There are more things than the waking of the Devi aspect of Indian woman. One has to wake to the human aspect of those who are treated as brute beings. The children of those to whom you have not given the living chance said to the Viceroy and the Secretary of State that, within sixty feet of their wells, they are not allowed to come. Think now your brothers arraigned you of robbing them of their very right to be human. The hope of to-morrow will never come until you repair that wrong, and the only reparation of the wrong is the abolition of the wrong. Women who, according to your tradition, should have been your comrades, your equals sharing, according to the old Shastraic teaching, your spiritual and civic life, what are they to-day? You dream dreams, but you are hampered because your women have lost the power of walking side by side with you. Those classes so numerous in the South, your religious South, your South of Ramanuja, are a dehumanized people without a chance, and yet the hope of to-morrow lies in this. Even the deaf say, "We shall be made to hear," the dead say, "We shall live," the dumb say, "We shall speak." All that we can do is that each of us, recognizing our own individual capacity, should recognize our own individual responsibility and take our share, and faithful trust implies doing our duty, and each doing a little makes a congeries of achievement that is called national achievement, national consciousness, national spirit, national mind. The dying flame must be kindled, and no outside hand must come to re-kindle that

flame. Nothing else counts—not your knowledge, not all the degrees for which you break your youth, not all those posts for which you sell your birthright, not all those titles for which you sell your country. Only love counts—the love of India. When the great hour comes, when all the secrets of the young generation are yielded up to the judgment of time, what shall posterity say? It will not say, “What were the qualifications you had?” It will not say, “How many lands have you left, how many houses have you left?” It will not say to you, “What material good have you left us?” But it will say, “O, dead, wake up, and speak what spiritual treasure have you left us, what of beauty in art have you left us, what of heritage of freedom have you left us, have you only lived that we shall still be slaves or did you die that India might be free?”

THE CONGRESS-LEAGUE SCHEME

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in seconding the Resolution on the Congress-League Scheme of Reforms at the Madras Special Provincial Conference on December, 21, 1917, said :—

MR. President, ladies, and gentlemen of the Madras Presidency,—I do not know exactly what right I have to stand in a Special Conference of the Madras Presidency to address you on so momentous a question as has been embodied in this resolution. But as the time has long since gone by when anything could remain merely provincial, when any question could remain merely local, I crave your indulgence for a few moments to add my words of support to this resolution.

What are the strongest arguments that one can bring in favour of the irreducible minimum of demands for reform? Last September, I spent the entire season when the Imperial Legislative Council was in session, and day after day, sitting in the visitors' gallery, my heart grew bitter within me for this reason. Some of the most important and vital questions that would conduce to the progress of Indians as Indians were brought up and as resolution after resolution was brought up in favour of simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service, or the proportion of the recruits to the Civil Service, or the amelioration of the condition of the railway passengers or anything that might help a little to remove the political or the social defects of the nation, what did I find but an instinctive and invincible combination of the official and

non-official European element in permanent opposition against every resolution? (*Cries of shame, shame!*). That is what I said to a friend of the Secretary of State who is with him that after all our demands are based not on a political grievance so much but because our national self-respect has been trampled. It is not, as I said, a question of four-fifths elected or one-fifth nominated, not a question of so many more portfolios for Indians and so many less for Europeans. It is rather the fundamental question of our national self-respect being restored and that is the origin of this irreducible minimum of this Congress-League scheme of reforms (*Cheers*).

A few months ago, I was present in Delhi when the great field of discussion came in the budget. The budget had been prepared, it had been passed, published and then by a farce—that is an insult—the Indian members were allowed to give their opinion on the budget. It is, as my friend Mr. Jinnah said, to put the cart before the horse, to pass the budget and invite discussion afterwards (*Cheers*). Now, if we Indians have the control over the finances of our country, it cannot be that important estimates are passed for the current year, the money is disbursed or ear-maked for any department without the sanction of the Indian members who have at heart the interests of the country. Then, if you want more representation, representation that is not merely nominal but real and that those who represent the people in the Council of the Viceroy should be true spokesmen of the people, we must have our control over the revenues and the taxes because we alone know what presses hard on our people (*Cheers*). We must have the power to control the educational policies because we see

around us those deadening results of foreign policy of education in which our voice has not been heard. Therefore, more vital than anything is it that the educational portfolio should be in the hands of the Indian Member of Council. When we have a large number of Indians represented in the Council, the voice of the many cannot be denied and when the voice of the many is heard, then that one crucial reason of our deterioration, that is the right to avenge and the right to defend our country, that inalienable right of man of being able to protect his household, will come to us.

With regard to communal representation, I personally am quite in agreement with Mr. K. P. Raman Menon and Mr. P. Kesava Pillai. And I think you will find that the majority of thinking men, Hindus and Muslims, are in agreement that the principle of communal representation is not the ideal one, but in practical politics sometimes we have to go by expediency towards the path of the ideal and that is why till we are able to establish that abiding trust in each other, love and co-operation, there should be communal representation. It is a temporary barrier between community and community and directly trust is established, Mussalmans will say, 'Oh Brethren Hindus, we trust you.' The non-Brahman will say, 'Oh subtle Brahmans we trust you.' The Panchamas, who carry the bond of centuries, will say, 'Oh Castemen, we trust you.' Nobody will want separate representation but we will establish the true democracy of Indian life by seeing that the best men shall represent the best interests of India. Now, over this question of Muslim representation, a lot has been written and said for and against. My own feeling is this—and I see a Mussalman friend looking at me very critically—(*cheers*)

that had you not provided generously for the separate representation, it were not possible that within five years Mussalman brethren would have stood shoulder to shoulder with you, for, disorganized and so much behind the Hindu community they were. Because they began their political education later, it was necessary for them to consolidate themselves as a unit first before they could come in a body to work side by side with their Hindu brethren. The other day I was speaking to a great man, a Member of Parliament. He said to me, "It is all very well when you talk of Home Rule and the Congress-League scheme of Reforms as the first instalment of Home Rule. Then, how are you going to make the masses understand the meaning of Home Rule." I said, "As long as we are patriotic in English, we cannot make the masses understood. But we are having our vernacular patriotism just now. There are groups of men who have made it possible to have Mr. Gandhi's monster petition signed by the same masses." He said, "But how do you explain Home Rule to them?" I said "We can always explain the view by explaining to them their past. One has only to say to the villager that this Home Rule is no more than an expansion of his village councils and his own village democracies. It is the modern interpretation of his village panchayat liberated, enriched and co-ordinated to a vast central focus of power." But I said to him that there was one new element in it that did not belong to ancient India and that is I take a little trouble to adjust the views of the ordinary peasant in India and especially in Southern India. In Northern India where the Hindu and the Muslim have worked and lived side by side, it is no novel idea. But in

the South where the problem is not so vivid, so urgent and frequent, it is not always possible to make the Hindu villager understand that principle of the Home Rule democracy. But I said to him, "It is nothing that is difficult, nothing stands in our way because the heart of literate India beats in unison with the heart of the illiterate India and they will not be left out in any scheme of reform because without them we cannot work. They are the fates that will carry us to the goal." He was struck by what I said, but he said: "That is all right about the masses. But what about the Mussalmans? I said, "This Congress-League scheme is the work of the flower of the Hindu and Mahomedan intellect and spirit combined: representatives and elected people of the two communities have framed this. Where there is no education, there is unity; where there is education, there is unity but where there is half education amenable to persuasion and coercion, there is no unity," (*Cheers*). "So, gentlemen, we must support the Congress-League scheme. It is true it is an imperfect scheme. All schemes when you bring them to the merciless test of logic are illogical. And who is there from the Viceroy downward that is going to suggest a better scheme? If there is a better scheme less illogical and more perfect, we are willing to put it before the people and let them try the comparative merits of the schemes. We are not so rigid and hidebound in our own prejudices and predilections that we must enforce our own wishes in the best interests of the people as against better schemes. We are not so illogical ourselves, though our schemes may be. You can support the Congress-League scheme, not merely by raising your hand and by offering your vote but in your own

by carrying out the principles of this scheme demanding and fulfilling the demands in your own community and insisting that the education policy of your own horizon is within your own hands. Begin to take a little more interest in matters around you. Do not put by your patriotic instincts for times and seasons convenient to you. It does not mean that all of you should be politicians but it does mean that all of you should be patriots. Patriotism is not a thing divorced from real life. It is the flame that burns within the soul, a gem-like flame that cannot be extinguished. The Congress-League scheme is a little thing. If you be not united and earnest, even that little is too much of a burden for you to sustain, but if you are united, if you forget your community and think of the nation, if you forget your city and think of the province, if you forget you are a Hindu and remember the Mussalman, if you forget you are a Brahman and remember the Panchama, then and then alone will India progress. (*Loud cheers and applause*).

CO-OPERATION AMONG COMMUNITIES

At the First Annual Conference of the Madras Presidency Association on Dec. 22nd, 1917, in moving a Resolution on the above subject, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said :

MR. President and Members of the Madras Presidency Association,—It sometimes happens that when one's thoughts and energies have become concentrated in and consecrated to one single purpose, in course of time, one's name becomes associated with certain cause, one's name becomes identified with a certain purpose. And to-day if I have been honoured, I, a mere stranger in Madras, with the proposal of a resolution, which, in my opinion, is the most vital resolution of this Conference, it is because in my humble way I have always sought for that unity which this resolution seeks to embody (*Cheers*). The resolution runs thus :—

That this Conference would appeal to the various communities of South India to sink their local differences in this supreme moment in the history of India and sincerely co-operate with one another for the general uplift of the Motherland.

It is very curious that last evening, when I went home from the Special Provincial Conference, I found a letter awaiting me which was meant to reach me in time before I came to the Special Conference. It was not from any section of the Hindu community at all, but it was from a community of Southern India. It contained an appeal to me as a friend of every community, whether in the South or in the North, to use my influence—if I should have any—to use my persuasion—if I should have the power to persuade—for greater co-operation among us all.

just at this moment. I might ask the great Hindu community of the South, in the name of my Mussalman brethern, to build up this unity of which we all speak, on a real brotherly basis of give and take. The day before yesterday I was present at the meeting of the Muslim League and it was my great privilege to be allowed to speak there on the same great question, the one question on which I am able to speak. I spoke to them adequately in your name. I asked my Mussalman brethren of the South to learn the brotherly task of give and take, always to work in harmony, in co-operation, without resentment. I pointed out to them that had the Hindu community not been brotherly, the division of loaves and fishes that have yet to come would not have been so generous. To-day I should stand as an ambassador of the great Mussalman community and ask in their name before I begin my proper task of supporting the resolution, that if you are sincere in wishing to pass this resolution, of sinking differences and of bringing about co-operation and harmony into your lives, you will start not with smaller divisions but first learn to heal the big cleavage that still exists to-day between the two great races. between the two great faiths. Is a friend of the Mussalmans, would ask my brother Hindu, not to raise any objection if the Mussalmans who respect our feelings, ask that the Hindus should respect their feelings? There is sympathy. They want you to prove that you are truly brotherly. If you truly wish India to be united and not divided, even as you value your religious beliefs, even as you cherish your religious faiths and your prejudices, if they ask that as a token of the gift of your love, you will not object to the little thing they demand that when our Hindu processions pass the Moslem mosques,

they shall not violate one of the primary mandates of Islam, that there should not be sound to break the silence of the mosque. It seems to me that the existence of an Association like this presupposes not a show of a wide division between the two races and the two creeds, a sharp bitter division originally but now happily by patriotic love grown narrower and narrower, a division between the children of the same race, the sons of the same race, only a little divided by one having the birthright of spirit and the other the birthright of material things. Both in the speech of the Chairman of the Reception Committee and the speech of your President to-day, we find that though the Madras Presidency Association was started as a sort of speaker of the non-Brahman community, though it was founded as a channel of the expression of the community of non-Brahmanas determined to have a responsible voice in the shaping of the national destiny, they have been able by their patriotism to rise above their own petty personal needs and desires. "This is a supreme moment in our history" says the text of the resolution. It is a supreme moment in our history, because to-day we Indians not only of the South, but the Indians of the united India are asking for that which is the birthright of every civilized nation. We are asking for the right to live within our own land. We are the children of the soil whose flesh is made out of the clays and waters of India, whose spirits have been kindled by the eternal stars of India, we are asking for a right not to be exiles in our own land (*Cheers*). But unless that cry of the exiled children of the Mother goes forth as one voice of many million chords, one indivisible voice of many million chords, rising out of one undivided, indivisible heart of India, how dare we say, "Give us freedom because we

“are united.” I have been told on good authority which I cannot divulge that the great Viceroy, in the course of these few weeks when India has been knocking at his doors, has never been so puzzled as in this historic city because the heart is divided here. One little rift might make him say that the music of unity is not perfect. I ask you, friends in the South of India, to remember the great traditions of your great province. They say to-day in the North—and I have heard it over and over again with pride because remember that you have adopted me, by marriage I belong to you—“Is it to the South that we must turn for inspiration, to that South which we for years and years looked at as something apart, alone, asleep, unrelated to the manifold progress of which we are proud”? Yes, it is true to-day. I think the lamp burns very brightly in the South of yours with a flame that sheds lustre far and reaches even the historic North. But where that historic North has already achieved unity, the bitter antagonisms and animosities which filled the North have come through the crucible of many centuries of hate into a period of harmony and peace, here in the South, where the lamp burns brightly, the house is divided against itself. How great the dissolution and how great the despair? No despair is so deadly as the despair of an injured faith. If you to whom the eyes of the rest of India are turned to-day hurt that faith in your unity, that faith in your power, you have done wrong not to yourselves alone but to the cause of the Indian Unity which you should embody and inspire (*Cheers*). I ask you, therefore, without entering into details that are technical, without elaborating about representations and proportions, to consider the ideal that I would hold out before you, the ideal of co-operation.

Why should there be division between caste and caste? What was the meaning, the purpose, the significance, and the power of the caste division in the old days? What was it but a division of labour for the glory of the Motherland, so that each within his own sphere could contribute perfect service that should enrich the wide diversity of life? It was to build up, to create and foster national culture and national consciousness. Was that great system subtly built of a knowledge of human functions and possibilities meant to bring division? Were the law makers enemies of their Motherland that they brought about this division of sects and castes? No. It was built up so that India might be served, each community honouring itself and finding its perfect expression through some service which would be best suited to its own way of thought, to its own capacity of achievement, its own sources of inspiration, and its own opportunity of realisation. Have we grown so civilized that we have become untrue to our own social, intellectual, and spiritual principles? (*Cheers*). Have we become so alienated from the inner meanings of our evolution that what was meant to be a source of richer unity has become to-day a source of disunion, disintegration, degradation that affected the honour and progress of the Motherland? You have all made separate demands for reform, Brahmans, non-Brahmans, Mussalmans, and Panchamas have gone on deputations. But what good are all these deputations, all these divided attempts? Let there be a hundred thousand deputations. If they can go in one united spirit with their different forms of expression of the cause, then each fresh demand freshly reiterated would mean the emphasizing of the same demand. To-day we stand so that if the Angels of Heaven would sit in

judgment, as to the real meaning and link between demand and demand, very different in fact, he might be puzzled to know what was just and what was unjust. But we need not call the Angels of Heaven, nor need we await the leisure of another nation for justice (*Cheers*). Justice is within the soul of a nation, justice is the treasure of a nation, justice is the honour of a nation. If a nation chooses to rob itself, to dishonour itself, to be untrue to itself, not the Angels of Heaven, not the ministers of the King shall stay it. But if a nation chooses to honour itself, fulfil its duty and rise to the height of its own ambition, what prevents it but its own desires, what prevents it but its own folly, what prevents it but its own personal animosities and personal cleavages? I ask you, children of the immortal South, during the forth-coming years to be true to yourself, just to yourself, sink all divisions, obliterate all differences, forget all feuds, annihilate all hatreds, become one in the service of the Motherland, for, as I said, your flesh, Brahman or non-Brahman, is made out of the clays and waters of the South and your spirit is filled by the breath of Her who is Bharata Mata.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR INDIA

I. SPEECH AT THE BOMBAY CONGRESS

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, (Hyderabad, Deccan,—as a delegate from the United Provinces) who, on rising to support the Resolution on Self-Government at the Bombay Congress of December, 1915, was received with an ovation, said :—

MR. President, ladies, and gentlemen,—Till one moment ago, it was not my proud privilege to be able to say “fellow-delegates,” because it is only at this very moment I have been—as a preliminary step, as a possible step to Self-Government that might come within a few years and about which, Sir, you have asked for a declaration—I have been asked to speak for a Province that is not my own, the United Provinces, and I was asked to represent their desires for this great movement which your enthusiasm makes me believe is the real desire of the people of this country.

After the eloquent and brilliant exposition and interpretation of the ideals of Self-Government that have been formulated by the many speakers before me, whose knowledge of the subject is better than mine, and whose services in the cause for attaining that Self-Government are infinitely greater than mine can ever be, you hardly need a word from me either to emphasize or to adorn the speeches that they have made and the ideals they have formulated. But since it is the desire of so many people here present that some woman from amidst you, some daughter of this Bharat Mother, should raise her voice, on behalf of her sisters, to second and support this resolution on Self-Government, I venture—though it seems presumption so to

venture—to stand before you and to give my individual support as well as to speak in the name of many millions of my sisters of India, not only Hindu, but Mussalman, Parsi, and other sisters for the sake of Self-Government which is the desire and the destiny of every human soul. This vast assemblage represents to-day in miniature the Federation of India to which we look forward not in the distant future. I see with the eye that is given to the world's poets who dream, and dream with a palpitating heart, that vision, that expectation, that ecstasy of desire, that prayer that we shall send forth every moment of our lives that the dream may be realized. What is your dream? What is it to be in the words of your resolution? What are the responsibilities that go with the privileges that you demand as a free and self-governing people? I speak not of the privileges that you demand to-day but of the responsibilities, that they entail upon you. What are those responsibilities, what is the high burden that will go with that honour that you have demanded, with the right that you insist as your destiny, that destiny of the children of India?

Friends, believe me, as one of the speakers before me has said, this is the psychological moment of our nation's history. For the first time, after centuries upon centuries of political antagonism, of bitterness that comes from division between creed and creed, between race and race, after centuries of feuds and blood-shed, this is the psychological moment when the Hindu and the Mussalman are met together in this cosmopolitan city to co-operate together, to weld together into a nationality with unity of feeling and purpose, of endeavour and achievement, without which there can be no India of to-morrow.

That is really the final burden, the final responsibility of this resolution that has been so brilliantly proposed and seconded. What is the purpose of the Self-Government that you demand? Is it that you wish to keep the privileges for this community or another, for this majority or another, excluding a minority of whatever caste or creed? No. You are demanding Self-Government that you may find in it your national regeneration, your national deliverance, so that you may be free not only from the despotism of political domination, but from that infinitely subtler and more dreadful and damning domination of your own prejudices and of your own self-seeking community or race. Having got arrested through the evolution of time and spirit, and seeking to obtain the right savouring of Self-Government, I ask you not to pause and say "We have found the ultimate goal," because it seems to me that we are likely to be left in the cold unless we are in by the open door of the great Federation of India and establish that national feeling of unity that knows no difference of caste or creed. If the communities may keep their own individual entities, it is only for the enriching of the federated national life. And so working together, feeling together, co-operating together, subordinating all merely sectarian and racial interests to the larger hope and the higher vision of United India, you will be able to say with one voice as children of one Mother :—

Waken ! O Mother, thy children implore thee !

We kneel in thy presence to serve and adore thee ?

The night is aflush with the dream of the morrow,

Why still dost thou sleep in thy bondage of sorrow ?

O waken, and sever the woes that enthrall us,

And hallow our hand for the triumphs that call us.

Are we not thine, O Beloved, to inherit
The purpose and pride and the power of thy spirit ?
Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake thee or falter,
Whose hearts are thy home and thy shield and thine-
altar,

Lo ! we would thrill the high stars with thy story
And set thee again in the forefront of glory.
Mother, the flowers our worship have crowned thee !
Mother, the flame of our hope shall surround thee !
Mother, the sword of our love shall defend thee !
Mother, the song of our faith shall attend thee !
Our deathless devotion and strength shall avail thee !
Hearken, O Queen and O Goddess, we hail thee !

II. SPEECH AT THE LUCKNOW CONGRESS

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in supporting the Resolution on Self-Government at the Lucknow Congress of December, 1916, said:

MR. President and fellow-citizens of the Indian nation,—From the very beginning of time it has always been the woman's privilege to have the last word on any subject and though that last word is sprung on her by the tyranny of the leaders that demand Home Rule, it is to vindicate the readiness of my sex, to stand by the men of India in all that concerns their national welfare and honour that I rise to obey the mandate of this tyranny (*Hear, hear*). Many speakers before me gifted and famous, full of knowledge and full of experience, have laid before you a scheme of Self-Government, and it is not for me to add words to their practical wisdom. I am merely a spectator from the watch-tower of dreams, and I watched the swift and troubled, sometimes chequered but nevertheless indomitable, time-spirit marching on in a pageant of triumph to the desired goal. Gentlemen, if to-day Home Rule is no distant dream, if it is no mere fancy of Utopia, it is due to one thing more than to any other thing and perhaps you will let me enlighten you, so that you may offer your gratitude to the right sources. Less than four years ago, in the very city of Lucknow, this city of memories, this city of dead kings, a new hope came to birth, because the younger generation of Mussalmans had seen a vision that made it possible for the leaders of the National Congress to realize within scope of practical vision, of practical work, of practical achievement, the supreme desire

of the national soul. Gentlemen, it was my privilege to represent my great community on this occasion. It was the greatest honour of my life that I was invited to speak to this young generation of Islam that had seen this vision of Indian nationality which succeeded in passing a constitution whose essential creed was co-operation with the Hindu sister community. And because of this vision, four years after in this very city of Lucknow, we are now able to say that 'we shall have Home Rule, we will not ask for it, we will create it of our own desires, out of our own enthusiasm, out of our own capacity, out of our inviolable unity, the unity of the Hindu and the Mussalman (*Hear, hear*). Friends, members of this Congress, citizens of India who have come from the farthest corners in this great country, I ask you in the name of that greater Nation that is born to-day in the city of Lucknow to offer your thanks to three men, though it might indeed seem invidious to make distinctions, where so many have been earnest, so many have been loyal, and co-operating; it would be indeed lacking in gratitude on the part of this great assembly were it not to offer a public recognition of gratitude to three most brilliant, most faithful, most courageous Mussalmans—the Rajah Sahib of Mahmudabad, that fearless and independent spirit, Mazahrul Haque, and thirdly Mr. M. A. Jinnah, of whom it was that the late Mr. Gokhale said to me, immediately after the last Muslim League in Lucknow, that 'he is the best ambassador of the Hindu-Muslim unity.' We are united to-day by the efforts of the Muslim League. To stand united, but united with such strength that nothing from outside, not even the tyranny of Colonial domination, shall withhold from us our rights and privileges, withhold from us liberties that

are due which we claim by our united voice. Nothing can prevent us from achieving the desires of our heart for, as Mr. Surendranath Banerji told you, the final issues are in your hands. The ultimate decision is yours. Who will deny you the birthright of freedom? If the millions of India speak with one voice and say, 'Ours is the right of freedom; we claim it: we take it; you dare not deny to us the birthright of humanity,' nobody dare deny it. Centuries have gone by; the old divisions are healed; old wounds have got covered. Instead of building our regeneration on hatred and division, we stand to-day building our national future on the secure and imperishable foundations of love and united service. Each of us has seen a vision. To each of us has come that living consciousness that it is united service for the Motherland that constitutes the supremest hope of to-morrow. There is no one so mean, so weak, so selfish as not to think that in the service of the Motherland lies joy greater than all personal joys; in suffering for her comes the supremest consolation in our personal sorrow and in her worship is the absolution of sin; to live for her is the most victorious triumph of life, to die for her is to achieve the priceless crown of immortality (*Hear, hear, and applause*). Let us then offer our lives unanimously as a tribute at the feet of the Motherland, for, as the great Prophet of Islam says, "Under the feet of the Mother lies Paradise" (*Loud applause*.)

III. SPEECH AT THE CALCUTTA CONGRESS

In supporting the Resolution on Self-Government at the Calcutta Congress in December, 1917, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said :—

SEVERAL years ago, in this historic city, the modern nation-builder, Dadabhai Naoroji, proclaimed the immortal message of Swaraj in your ears. I do not think that there was one single heart amongst you that did not respond to the call of your birthright that had so long been withheld from you. We are gathered here to-day to vindicate the message that he then gave, to confirm the truth that he proclaimed ; and we demand the fulfilment of the dream that he dreamt for you on that memorable occasion. If I stand before you as a chosen representative of united India, it is only because the womanhood of the nation stands by you to-day and you require no proof more worthy, more convincing of your evidence for responsible and complete Self-Government than the sense of instinctive and fundamental justice you show in letting the voice of Indian womanhood speak and confirm the vision, the demand, the endeavour, the ambition of Indian manhood.

THE IDEAL AND THE RESOLUTION

Other speakers having spoken before me and explained to you in detail the scheme that you have propounded, the ambition that the scheme embodied and the aspiration that you are at the point of achieving ; I shall only strive to interpret something that goes beyond the details of that scheme and that is the ideal that has been represented in this resolution. Remember, whatever may be the details of the proposition, whatever may be the facts and factors

of any practical politics that you contemplate, its permanent inspiration is the spirit in which these demands and these aspirations are conceived and fulfilled to-day. What is it that we demand? Nothing new, nothing startling, but a thing that is as old as life, as old as human consciousness, and that is the birthright of every soul in this world. Remember that within your own province, within your own territories, you should have a living chance and not be disinherited as exiles in your own land, slaves in your own territories, dumb to all things, blind to all things, deaf to all things, that other nations are enjoying. That day is over when we were content to be slaves in bondage, intellectual, and political, because the day of division is over. No race can be separated from another race in this great land. There is no longer an India of the Hindu or an India of the Mussalman, but it is an India which is a united India. Arguments are brought forward, you all know how cleverly and subtly, that India has always been a conquered country, a country always under foreign political domination. It is true, but India, you should know, is a great country with 5,000 years of Vedic culture that absorbed and enriched itself within the Aryan culture, Buddhist culture, and European culture of the world. What is really at the base of all our grievances is that our self-respect has been trodden to dust, that our manhood has been challenged, that the primary right of man to defend his honour, to defend his women and to protect his country, have been taken away from him. That is the deadliest insult that has not merely emasculated and embittered but has almost slain beyond redemption the spirit of the heroic Indian. Not that you have lost political power and domination, but that you have

lost the spirit within you that was your birthright and inviolable treasure. You say that the Moghuls were your rulers. What was the policy of the Moghul rulers? They became part and parcel of the Indian race. They gave to the Indian people those rights and responsibilities which we demand to-day from the British Throne. These things which are embodied in the scheme for responsible autonomy were given to the Indians. In the time of Akbar's rule, the power of the purse belonged to the conquered people of that Moghul Emperor. Did that power lead to differences? Did it breed disloyalty? No. That power knit together the peoples so alien to one another in race, faith, tradition, and culture. With what result? So far from impoverishing the intellectual cultures of India, the foreign conquests succeeded in assimilating foreign cultures with ours and the valour of the Children of the Sword has added to the valour of the Children of the Sun. In that combination India was honoured. India had not to face the question of submission and implied bondage to conquerors. When we talk of Responsible Government, it does not mean an illusion of power. Power without responsibility is demoralizing. We demand not license of power, but we demand all the dignity, the sanity, the creative authority of power that is responsible to itself and responsible to the nation. We do not want to be separated from the life of the people. We want no divided power. Our goal is the same, but temperaments are different; conditions are different; environments are different; and all these things being considered, India is not an India of one race or another, of one party or another, of the Moderate or the Extremist; but in politics the ideal is always there, but there must be a certain amount of

expediency used. That is the only compromise that has been made. All life is a life of compromises. The only thing that matters is that for the sake of the weaker the stronger must be prepared to make some sacrifices. Who says that there is a man or woman here to-day who does not desire, waking or sleeping, that does not dream that autonomy, that freedom, that liberty, that is self-contained and conveyed by this resolution? One community has got into the race earlier than another community; and possesses advantage by that circumstance and that is the meaning of the compromise that we feel for the weaker. We confess that it is a compromise, but we say that the demand that we make in the Congress-League Scheme is an irreducible minimum and that minimum should not be delayed one hour longer. I am only a woman and I should like to say to you all, when your hour strikes, when you need torch-bearers in the darkness to lead you, when you want standard-bearers to up-hold your banner and when you die for want of faith, the womanhood of India will be with you as the holders of your banner, and the sustainers of your strength. And if you die, remember, the spirit of Padmini of Chitor, is enshrined with the manhood of India (*Loud cheers*).

ADDRESS TO MADRAS LAW STUDENTS

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered an address to the students of the Madras Law College on the 22nd December 1917, Mr. Arthur Davies, Principal of the Law College, presiding. She said:—

FRIENDS—When your Principal said that though there was a very near connexion between law and war, it yet remained to be explained what connexion there could be between law and poetry. He overlooked the fact that all of you here are cherishing poetry in your bosom because we belong to that land of dream and dreamers. Perhaps, a poet, still a dreamer of dreams,—a poet unknown in your midst, may very well be my apology, perhaps even my justification for standing in your midst and proving that, not only may lawyers give welcome to a poet, but law itself may be transmuted into poetry. We all know, all of us who have the audacity to practise the art of words, that the very best of the poetic art is law—rigid, inexorable law. So, the fundamental union of spirit between the lawyer and the poet is as old as law and poetry themselves. The whole of the poetic art is an art of law, of rhythm. It is the absolute obedience of your spirit to a law as noble as the law itself. And if therefore no one has authority to speak of laws and the allegiance of laws, as one who to the world is a dreamer not bound by any law, any more than the wind that blows, is yet bound by that law of honour that binds lawyers to the law of art. This is not the first time that it has been my privilege to find my welcome in a Law College. And it

seems to me that some instinctive, though, perhaps, not wholly conscious recognition of this thought between art and law, has always drawn the legal student population towards me in every city where I have been. And always when I have been in the midst of those who stand on the frontiers between the life of the student purely academic and the life of the citizen full of active responsibility, when I have been in the midst of those like you standing between and betwixt the academic and the dynamic life, the life of dream and the life of the coming responsibility, I have always felt how predestined, how heavy is the burden of coming duties and privileges and opportunities. You are endowed with what opportunities, what privileges, or rather, the foreshadowing opportunities and privileges, you who stand with your face set towards your country. And you whose young minds are in the hands of your Principal to-day have to face the dangers and difficulties of the future that is so full of destiny for India. And it is not meet that any one should come in your midst, comrade or stranger, without a consciousness of that solemnity of your position which, perhaps, you cannot realize as fully and as deeply as those that watch from the outside. And if to-day I speak a word or two based on the foreshadowing of all that burden that is to come to you later, it is because I know that your Principal will be fully in sympathy with what I say to you, because he realises that he is here to-day as the custodian of your national spirit, that he is sending out true Indians that are going to build the true laws of evolution that are national. In you is a period of dream, but a dream that is not lucid, a dream that is dynamic, that by its very intensity and audacity has a creative value and is able to transmute even ignorance, even weakness.

even levity, into power of some kind, if, but only, if you dream true, dream greatly and worthily, because nothing can degrade so deeply, nothing can exalt so highly as this very power of you to dream. Unworthy dreams produce unworthy age. Unworthy dreams produce trivial achievements, may bring personal success, a little more wealth than you might otherwise have had, a little more praise in the mouths of men, a little more recognition and power. But the fact I count among young men is that youth should be too noble, too generous. The only dreams that are worthy and creative and immortal are those magnificent dreams which youth dreams, not that it shall gain for itself, but that it shall give itself in service; not that it shall accumulate wealth and treasure for its honour, but that it shall squander and break open its own treasure for the enriching of its country's life which is the only worthy dream. How are we going to break open their treasure and squander the priceless wealth of our spirit for the enriching of this national life? We are so apt to believe that India wants only one kind of wealth, that there is only one key that opens our treasures. Infinite as life itself are the demands of life; incalculable as opportunity itself is the power to serve. Unaccounted as the dreams of youth themselves are the duties and the privileges and responsibilities of those who, having come out of the dreaming stage, realize that they must now vindicate the beauty and the glory of their dreams.

There is a lack of inspiration throughout the country. Life has grown too arid, too dry. Life has grown too narrow and too poor. All because we and those who taught us have forgotten that always there must be springs of inspiration within ourselves, so that, though we do come

across in the desert sands burning, we always carry with ourselves the power of making fountains within ourselves. We, Indians, we, with our past heritage of dreams and ideals, we have come to believe that life is to be reduced to this formula or that fact. It is because we have got away from our true conceptions of life, because we have broken away from that rhythm of life which is as much a law of life as that of art, that we have lost that power of remaining vital or of re-vitalizing our own spirits, because, we have disinherited ourselves from our own traditions and in seeking false Gods, have lost our power of worshipping the one true God. I do not mean in any theological sense; I mean in the sense of spiritual ideal. You will say, what has a lawyer to do with spiritual ideals? I know that the general legend of the lawyer is a dusty office, papers scattered all over the place, a window never opened and never cleaned, and a very old lawyer who has grown cynical with too much knowledge of human nature. I believe that all the most cynical books in the world were written either by lawyers, or, men who were born to be lawyers, but who did not become lawyers. That is the melodious legend of the law and the lawyer. To use the famous historic phrase, if we change our angle of vision, or return to the true angle of vision, what is there that should not make a man a cynic, but one full of compassion, excepting law and the opportunity it brings of a knowledge of the weaknesses and follies of the human spirit? He is the master of the human document. Not even the poet has first-hand knowledge of the mainsprings of human action and the powers of the human body and the sins of the human mind and the frailties of the human flesh as the lawyer has. The first condition of pardon is compassion

and not power. That really is the ideal, the lawyer's ideal. That is the privilege of the lawyer's life, That is the opportunity of the lawyer's life. Men say that the physician and the priest are the two great human healers. But with a false judgment and perspective they have left out the lawyer, because, I know some of the greatest lawyers in Europe and America to whom the law is represented as a necessary evil, that so much knowledge was transmuted into so much money, so many cases represented so many rupees in the bag. I do not deem I am dealing with those that had upheld not merely the dignity and the sanctity of the law alone, but the lawyer's vocation. And sometimes, when in an intimate mood of confidence, it is I, the poet, that have felt that I must go to school to these lawyers, for, it is that pity, compassion for human frailty and that sense of protection for human weakness that I find the basis on which they had built their legal reputation. They had been the securers of humanity. They had brought solace, they had helped to prevent tragedies, they had helped to cover up shame and to unite, not to divide. That is the tradition of the lawyer. Therefore, because their duty, privilege, vocation, function of this building up, this constructive rather than destructive work, and the saving from evil and this preventing of tragedies, it is, therefore, that the lawyer has a place honoured in the national life, because he brings to the national life many things more than the mere enthusiasm of the poet. That is the limitation of the poet. But, when the lawyer brings to his enthusiasm that clearness of vision that disciplined mind finds, he adds reality to mere enthusiasm. There it is where he could be a guide to those who, without his knowledge, his opportunity, his discipline and all clearness and

precision and sweetness that comes of a legal training would be the poorer for it, if the lawyer had not become politician and statesman. But, not in ignorance of this one thing, I speak, that to-day the great need in India is not so much the need for enthusiasm. There it is like the river that flows from the North to the South, and unlike the rivers flowing, unlike in geography, backward. There is not so much of enthusiasm or the readiness to be martyrs that is wanted. Everyone in his moments of exaltation sees himself with the martyr's crown on his head. There is not need for either so much of a readiness to serve, because I think that wherever one finds the heart of youth, one finds eager readiness to serve as well. But the supreme need to-day in India is that of efficient and disciplined service, of discriminating enthusiasm, of judicious choosing between two things one of which is only good, the other of which is the best.

Now, there must be, in the national life, a division of labour. There must be separate functions that separate types of men and spirits and temperaments fulfil in the manifold service that goes to build the national life. One is in need of many types of minds, many kinds of temperaments, many angles of vision and many powers of expression. And the lawyer's function, his angle of vision, his power of expression, his capacity for action, all these things are the outcome of that principle which is ingrained in his mind, becomes part of his life, as he follows year after year, the history of nations that is represented by the lawyers, and be realized that the foundation has to be truly laid and laid not in revolts, not in the strange way from the inexorable limitations of the law, but greatly to be on the limitations of the law that are the

expression of a nation's obedience in some instinct. That is the primary instinct. Man is not lawless, because he has been revolving towards law. Read the primeval history of the world to realize how because of this instinct for law, order and sect limitation within its boundaries, the savage became semi-civilized and then perfectly civilized. We are tending towards that harmony of life and all harmony means the reduction of life in its noblest and not narrow sense to some formula of law and order and variety. Law, order, and variety are not merely legal but human terms that go to the defining of scholarship, because scholarship is based on certain limitations. They demand the allegiance of a scholar. If you want to solve a problem in mathematics, you require the gift so useful to all of you, that is, imagination. But, every mathematician and scientist evolving poetry out of plant life knows that his imagination would be futile unless as the first condition of the travel of his imagination and the working of his mind he had accepted certain laws as axiomatic. I do not know whether at any time you realised the poetry of the law, that to which life has set the key not of life itself, not by violence of the mind, but, by the allegiance of the mind. Does one count for these things?—Not by the breaking away from the back phalanx that the general orders and the battle is won; but by the limiting within a certain area all the indomitable valour and power and efficiency of a soldier are battles won; not by breaking on their part, each man following his individual desire, but by subordinating his individual desire and valour to the common cause of life that soldiers trained within a narrow area, that have not broken off the one law, come to them in united action, they won the battles of the world. Take, again, art.

Great souls who having within them the essence of beauty, remain much below the highest rank and even after their own age, remain ordinary. Why? Because they could not subordinate all that vision of theirs, that power of theirs, within their inexorable laws of art. Had it not been for the combination and convention of art, do you think to-day when the human tastes and fashions have changed, we, with our different conceptions of beauty, would go in homage to worship Buddha? Will we bow our heads in admiration to the Italian painters of the thirteenth century? Their vision of life was different. But the thing that makes the historic link between age and age has been the allegiance of the artists of an age to that immutable law. You will find that, because a nation or an individual follows the law implicitly, achievement is possible. Nature herself, so capricious in so many things, is true to her own inviolable laws. Her seasons will not change. They follow one another with a ruthless precision. And it is because she is true to the limitations of her own laws that the universe has beauty and bears fruit. Take, again, religion. The great world teachers have called their religion law, law which meant an implicit obedience of the spirit to the teaching of the masters. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," is the Christian doctrine. The law of a middle way is the term of the Buddhist aspiration. The law of the pure is the word of the Zoroastrian feeling. The law of brotherhood and the law of one God is the teaching of a Prophet in the desert. No world teacher has brought religion but has brought that one word to express the essence and discipline of his religion. And the whole of the Hindu spiritual development is based on law, the discipline, the allegiance to a certain

commandment. You will wonder I am dwelling so much on what you might consider irrelevant. I want you to realize as I realize myself, that law is the central focussing of human power. Law is a thing that unifies the manifold and infinite expressions of life. It is a thing that holds together what otherwise would be divided. It is the centre of an infinite circle, an immeasurable circle and all the radii are the different types of human expression and aspiration. But they start from the same centre and return to become unified and identified in the same centre. So take that as the symbol of your national life. Realize that without foundation nothing that is permanent can be built. And the building of your national life must be on this law, spiritual, national and patriotic, which is only law of interpretation. What is constitutional law, which you learn here, read in your text-books and under your professors? It is that civil life of a nation. It is to preserve, to conserve, to define, and to enrich. That, after all, is the meaning and purpose of all that you are learning here to-day. The details, it matters not. Making money is incidental. You really learn here that discipline for the greater life, because I do not think there is any one here so dead to your own youth and the impulse of your own youth that you do not feel within yourself the power to achieve greatness; because your love and desire is so great, you long to have the name 'patriot' given to you. Do you not desire to be called patriots, true patriots and sons of India? Your form of service must be your own and true to your mental vocation. It rends my heart to think that any one who has had the discipline of the law in his mind, the dignity of the law in his spirit, the sanctity of the law in his soul, should, in the serving of the

nation, bring about that which might break the rhythm of the national life. It is the constructive life of the nation to which you can contribute better than any other, because it is your clearness of vision that is wanted by the nation, it is your logical power of analysing and separating the weakness of the case that is wanted by the nation, your power of discerning and your power of inventing facts I mean that, when I say your power of inventing facts, it is a tribute to that power to have that quickness, that perception, that vivid power of being able to foresee. That is a thing that is wanted by the national life to-day. You do that to prove that the nation is ready. And this power of foreseeing and forestalling is not the power that belongs to blind enthusiasm, for blind enthusiasms very often do disservice to the sacred cause that it would serve. It is knowledge, it is vision, it is the power of cool judgment that keeps cool even when the heart is aflame. It is the right adjustment and assimilation which is better, between the fire of the heart and the cool untroubled judgment of a mind, that is a very difficult combination, that is almost a paradox of a combination. But that is to-day the supreme need of the nation. In my travels throughout India, I find that the national life is broken. It wants clear-headed leadership. It is only in India, it is said, in great bitterness, that it is led by the lawyers, but always the country, the nation, in its time of crisis turns to the law-makers and the law-sustainers and not to the law-breakers. And, if I stand before you to-day, and dare to interpret in my own terms that the knowledge that you gain here for your livelihood, it is because I want you to realize that that is not your livelihood. Your livelihood consists in making the nation alive. There is no livelihood

for any living man when the spirit of man is dead. Remember that it is not that you should gain bread to feed your children. Your life should be needed to feed the hungry generation of India, not that you should add wealth to wealth, power to power, fame to fame, but that you should gather wealth as a trustee of the nation, that you should collect power, consolidate power to give you prestige, to serve your nation, that fame should go to you, not as the crown upon your head, but as your lowly offering at the altars of the motherland. Mr. Gokhale said, that great Gokhale, whom you might follow worthily and find no better example ; he said, " Remember, whatever gift is yours, is yours in trust. Whatever fame comes to you is your opportunity to add to the prestige of a nation. " Do not think it belongs to you. You are merely an instrument." To-day, if we, who rejoice in the fame of Sir Rabindranath Tagore realize this, we would know that he holds his fame no more than as a flower plucked from the west to lay upon the altar of his Motherland. When the world praises Sir Jagadis Chander Bose for finding the truth, for unveiling the mysteries of nature, what is his triumph, what is his first thought ? He says, " My science is to me the medium of my service to India." So every man's vocation is his medium of service. Every man's opportunity is the challenge of his profession. Every man's strength is the measure of his country's capacity. As I said to that immense gathering of ten thousand young hearts the other day, it is the average man and not the exceptional man that is the truest standard of his country's measure. It is not the great man or the great genius who is the true standard of a nation's capacity. It is the human standard that the average and not the exceptional

man should count. This average man is the standard of the country's honour. It is the privilege of every man, however weak and obscure in himself, to be the standard of his country's honour. And honour is a concrete thing. That standard of honour is a standard of the daily life and endeavour of every man. And who are the standard bearers? Can they stand where they choose, or stand ready where their General orders them, holding their colours? Within the place you are bid to stand you stand and fulfil your duty. You stand holding the flag of your country. That flag is not made of cloth. It is made of that spiritual manifestation of your nature. You hold the standard of your country's honour and the standard is your life itself.

EMANCIPATION OF INDIAN WOMEN

On the afternoon of Saturday, March 30th, 1918, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered an address in Urdu, before a large gathering of students of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya at Jullundur. The following is an English version of the speech:—

WORTHY people ! Forgive me if I am constrained to speak sometimes in English, a language which is not ours ; on account of my relative ignorance of Hindustani. Our Guru Gandhi has enjoined on us to address our meetings in Hindustani, wherever Hindustani is understood by the audience. Accordingly, I crave you permission to address you in imperfect Urdu. Your Vice-Principal Lajjawati has made an eloquent and stirring appeal in the cause of female education, which must have gone home to you. She has revealed a sad tale that in the Punjab, even this day there is a large element of prejudice and bigotry against female education ! In the Deccan, I used to look forward, with hope and eagerness unsurpassed, to the day when I would visit your beautiful Vidyalaya and your province, which from its distance and fame appeared to me a pilgrimage. It is a sad surprise to me, therefore, to learn that there are people here who make unhappy, offensive criticism of the work of such a noble and national institution like yours.

Narrow-minded people say that the education of women is to be condemned, because it makes them bold ? Brothers, have you forgotten the heroic stories and scriptures of your own Motherland ? It was the privilege

of India to possess women who were bolder and braver than men. Yes, even to-day the need is that we the women of India should be bold and go to Yama Savitri-like and beg of him a new life for Mother India. I say, if you condemn boldness, the lack of dependence, and manliness in women what do your homages to Chand Bibi and Ahalya Bai signify? Read Mahabharata and Ramayana, and read of those brave Indian women who accompanied their husbands in the wars and the wilderness of the jungles.

You demand political rights, you say, you are fit enough to manage things for yourself. Pray do not forget that a lame person can but walk slowly, a one-eyed man sees only one side, and that a carriage with one wheel cannot move properly. By force of habit, you have begun to think that women were made to cook food for the families and that they have no rights. Remember one thing, that is, education makes a person more intelligent than she is. An educated woman can look after her house better than her illiterate sister. In Europe, too, a type of critics similar to that in India to-day was once met with who cried!—"Who would look after children.—Who would light the lamps? Will the women be allowed to bring dishonour to us, menfolk?" Where is that type of critics gone? Hundreds of thousands of European men go to the battlefield with this consolation in their hearts that their educated wives will look after the house in their absence. Could Indians have the same consolation? Japan founded universities for women, and benefits from these universities have been reaped by others than the Japanese also. Here is Professor Karve who has founded his University after the Japanese fashion.

We have not shirked from sending for European clothes and European shoes. Shall we only shirk from imbibing the lesson which is of infinite use to the future of our country—the self-same lesson which we taught the western people centuries ago, that is to say, for the amelioration of a country the co-operation of both the sexes is necessary. Can you not discern changes in the air? Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, who is a very conservative lady, invited a conference of old Muslim ladies to deliberate on educational matters and one of the old matrons advised a change in the education imparted to their daughters and grand-daughters. They advocated the knowledge which would teach their children the means of earning their livelihood, the love of God, and the love of their country. It was suggested that the purdah system did not mean that there should be a purdah on the mind and a purdah on the soul also. Nay, it meant only that the chastity and modesty of a woman should be guarded assiduously. However, take note that an incarcerated criminal is a person who observes purdah more than anyone else. Yet, his chastity and honour are anything but enviable. Education and moral life are the needs of the house. Protected by these we do not require purdah.

People of the Punjab! I humbly beseech you to understand your rights and along with that your responsibilities also. If you possess the wealth of knowledge, you have grave obligations towards womankind. Tell me honestly that you are discharging them properly. What reply have you got to give to the questioning humanity, you who possess the treasured heritage of India's past learning and noble traditions. Oh! you cannot obtain true liberty, until you are charged with the spirit of liberty—a

spirit that knows no prejudices,—a spirit that spurns all false and foolish trammels. Break open the cage of bigotry and fly out with a sacred fire in your hearts. Yes, that sacred fire will undo all the fetters that bind you. With that sacred fire of liberty in your hearts, you will march towards the goal apace. Woman will be your guardian angel. She will cheer you up when you are gloomy. She will be your support in desolation. She will be a light when you are in darkness. The liberty of the soul will be India's share only when woman is free. The woman, whom you try to keep in subjugation, will be the cause of your salvation when they are free.

A VISION OF INDIA'S FUTURE WOMEN

The following speech was delivered by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu on the occasion of the prize distribution at the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, Jullundur, on the 31st March 1918.

MY Punjabi Friends,—You have all seen in your cities, it is a very common sight in India, the wandering singer with a stick on his shoulder with two bundles tied on its each end going from city to city singing his songs. I stand before you to-day as a wandering singer like that with all my possessions carried in my two bundles—one a little bundle of dreams and another a growing bundle of hopes. These are the only two things which I have in this world.

A WANDERING SINGER

Exactly like a wandering singer I, too, am going from city to city and like him, too, I have always something to dream about every new city that I visit. My dreams have not always proved shattered illusions but they have come some time as realized hopes too. To-day we in India stand upon the verge of destiny, a glorious destiny (*Cheers*). This is no mere nightmare, no mere poet's dream, but the dawn is already in sight, the glorious dawn that would light up the eastern sky and fill it with light (*Loud cheers*).

THE PROMISE OF THE DAWN

Every province, every part of India, has its own peculiar characteristics, symbols you may call them the promise of what the dawn is to bring and my little dreams are clustered round these symbols and promise. When I think of the great Maharashtra, I dream not of the glory

of the Peshwas, not of the clashing swords, not of the warring hordes of Shivaji, but I see and think of the Fergusson College of Poona with its noble band of professors working, silently and selflessly, for the educational progress of the Maharashtra. In Madras, I see the little College at Masulipatam with its burning idealism trying to hold up all that is noblest and purest in our national life. In the United Provinces, it is not Benares, the Eternal City, the holy Kasi that I dream of, nor do I dream of the glories of Oudh, the splendour of its rulers that are no more, but I dream of the two streams which like the great Ganges and the Jumna are going to meet and mingle with each other, the two streams from the Aligarh Muslim and the Benares Hindu Universities (*Cheers*).

HER DREAM OF THE PUNJAB

But what is the dream that I dream here in the Punjab? Not the great military traditions of the province, nor the battles it has fought and won have I dreamt of; my first vision of the Punjab has been this cloister, this sanctuary, this stronghold of the women of the North. The women of the Punjab who are to be the redemption of this land of the five rivers, greeted me first in the Punjab and I would never forget their kindness and their welcome (*Cheers*).

HER MAIDEN SPEECH

Eleven years ago, the Principal of this School (*cheers*), a Saraswati in reality, a little, frail, timid Hindu widow clad in her simple white garb came on a pilgrimage to my city of Hyderabad. I remember to this day, I vividly and distinctly remember the day when she stood there amidst hundreds of Hindus and Muhammadans, appealing for her school. It was on this occasion eleven years ago, that

delivered my first speech, on the request of my friends, to say something. I never dreamt that day that I would come eleven years later to the same school on whose behalf I delivered my maiden speech (*Cheers*).

THE MOST HOPEFUL SIGN

The most hopeful sign that meets my eye in this institution is the stand that it has taken on national grounds, the roots that it has laid on the soils of the country, taking its inspiration from its past and yet living in the present. Had I said that the school was an ideal one in every respect, I would be paying not a tribute but sounding its death-knell. Imperfections it has, but it is perfect because it is true to the past and yet alive to the modern conditions of life (*Cheers*).

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION

We often hear, not without a taunt, that the education of girls during the last three generations has been a failure. It could not but be so, it would have been strange if it had not been so. It could not be fruitful because it went away from our traditions and ideals. Our educationists are now awake to the fact that education should and can only be on national lines. We have produced exceptional women and brilliant women, too, not because of the present system of education but in spite of it.

OUR STANDARD OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION

If we want to reconstruct our educational system, it must be along a course which would continue to preserve the best traditions of the East and West.

Our standard of education of Indian women should be a normal average. Not that one of our women should be pointed out with admiration as a wonderful and a brilliant woman for her culture and attainments, but rather people

should point out with horror at an illiterate woman in India.

Only this morning I was reading in one of your daily papers of what Lord Haldane recently said in connection with the granting of voting rights to the women of England. He said that the day is not very distant when people in England would wonder at their refusal to grant the parliamentary rights to women just as they now wonder as to how people kept slaves in the past. I think that time would also soon come to India when we too would wonder as to how we could keep out women in ignorance.

CHARACTERISTICS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD

Remember that woman does not merely keep the hearth-fire of your homes burning, but she keeps also the beaconfire of national life aflame. It is she who keeps the soldier-heart in time of battle and the priest-heart at the time of peace (*Cheers*). The power of self-surrender and self-realization had been the typical characteristics of Indian womanhood. This dual capacity of the personal and impersonal in her relation to man had always marked the Indian women. In this institution, too, I find manifest that spirit of self-surrender, joyous self-surrender, and self-realization. These are the qualities that make the Indian women great and these are the qualities that I am glad to find in this Vidyalaya (*Loud Cheers*).

THE COMING WOMEN OF INDIA

To-day, we who dream dreams of the coming women of India have our hopes centred round institutions like this (*cheers*), institutions like that of Professor Karve at Poona, not the institutions that only slavishly imitate men's college but the institutions that would send forth to

the world women not merely brought up and fed in the dry pages of lifeless books but rather women trained in the beauties and necessities of life. These women would go forth not bearing the burden of dead knowledge but culture transmuted in the services of humanity (*Loud cheers*).

COMRADESHIP OF MEN AND WOMEN

The historic significance of this crowd gathered here to-day lies not in its number for I have addressed crowds five times larger than this ; but its significance lies in the presence of the very large number of women that are gathered here. Their presence here is the indication of the coming comradeship between men and women in India. The old partition between *Mardana* and *Zenana* is broken down for ever. It is in the comradeship of sexes that future India shall come out man and woman working hand in hand and supplementing each other (*Cheers*).

FAREWELL

Friends, to-morrow, again, I shall fare forth as a singing wanderer with my two bundles of hopes and dreams but never, never shall I forget this institution of yours which is destined to take its legitimate place in the history of the regeneration of India with the promise, the guarantee, almost the realization of the high ideal that it stands for (*Loud and prolonged cheers*).

ADDRESS TO THE MADRAS PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE.

The following is the full text of Mrs. Naidu's extempore Presidential address delivered at the Madras Provincial Conference held at Conjeeveram in May 1918 :

EVER since the beginning of time, wherever there has been a human assembly, there has been always a place of welcome for the wandering singer, because the function of the wandering singer has been thought in all ages to bear across the frontiers that divide geographical divisions that one message of human kinship that binds province to province, race to race, creed to creed, and makes the heart of all peoples beat together in the common hour of peril or of victory. If to-day in your midst, in this sacred and historic city, I have found welcome, it is not for any personal quality of mine, it is not for any personal worth or services I have rendered to any cause, but rather because to-day the heart of India feels that it wants the message of unity repeated, reiterated, proclaimed gloriously, triumphantly and finally beyond all possibility of doubt or division. I, standing here to-day in a large, important, perhaps, epoch-making political assembly, have none of those tributes which should go to determining your choice of one whose responsible function it is to guide your deliberations through these, the most pregnant and almost magically important hours. I represent not the political but the human element of India to-day in your midst. I come to the South bearing a message for you, not a spoken message, but a message that vibrated in

the deserts at Bijapur, a message of that new-born soul of India to consecrate the function and destiny of this new-born Indian spirit of the new Democracy for the regeneration and self-redemption of India. I ask you to forgive me if, in preference to selfish utterance born out of my own lonely communion with myself, I prefer the more vital, the more enduring, the more noble utterance born out of the instantaneous inspiration of a contact between you and me. You will not expect me at this moment to deal with the most important aspects of local politics, as is usual in your Provincial Conferences. The problems of yesterday are still with you, and probably my successor in the Presidential chair next year will deal with them at leisure.

But, to-day, neither you nor I have the leisure of mind to deal with what is Provincial, because our hearts are attuned to something that is not Provincial, nor National, nor International but human. What is the one impulse which beats the heart of the nation to-day, what is that one desire, the one agonizing prayer of the nation? It is the demand of freedom, the vision of freedom; and friends, who were dreaming of freedom and agonizing for freedom, have, during the last few months, passed the whole gamut of spiritual anguish, hope, despair, and suspense alternately, sometimes commingling in a paradox of combination. Ever since last August, an historic and prophetic announcement was made foreshadowing for India that freedom which, being her birthright, is esteemed to be a thing to be given. We have happily forgotten merely partial questions and local interests and proved that the heart of India is one with the destiny of a United India. Ever since that memorable pronouncement in August, we

have been waiting, hoping, working, breaking our hearts, and then reconstructing our hope over and over again. Close upon that announcement came the Secretary of State for India, and with his coming the united voice of India, attuned in diverse tunes, made the same demand in various Provinces. Then came that great unforgettable Assembly in Calcutta where the hope and desire of the United Nation was reiterated from the platform of the Indian National Congress. Pending the public declaration of a policy, we sent out our own ambassadors at the invitation of that, great body of democracy in England to speak, not to plead, but to assert our rights. His Excellency the Viceroy, sympathetic in heart, had promised to facilitate the passage of this embassy of the nation to England. These ambassadors of the nation, facing the perils of death, set out, or were on the very threshold of departure; and then in one great devastating moment came that unstatesmanlike, unchivalrous, unmanly and arrogant denial of passports to our chosen spokesmen before the British public. The words of that message from the War Cabinet destroyed for the moment utterly what faith we had in the justice, integrity, honour, and loyalty of the British pledges to India. Ungenerous words, unstatesmanlike words, words of insult, and words of tyranny that knows its power against unarmed people were the words that prevented the ambassadors of people from going to England. Immediately after that, by some tragic humour of Providence, or by some subtle inscrutable Divine Dispensation, came the message of the Premier of England to the Indian people saying, "You are the "bulwark of Asia's defence against oppression." On the heels of this appeal came the now historic War Conference held at Delhi.

What is India going to do? They were invited from North and South, Bengal and Bombay, and from the core and heart of Hindustan. But he was not a wise master of ceremonies that distributed the invitations. But those leaders, who are the core and heart of the Indian people, were not asked to represent India (cries of shame), and yet India, magnanimous, always loyal to her own pledge, said: "We go to the Conference; we who have been insulted, we whose social honour has been betrayed, we whose leaders have been outraged, we come to the Conference. What is it that you ask of us?" The answer came: "This is India's War. We want the blood of India; we want the gold of India; we want the soul of India; but of an India that must be silent, of an India that must be content to be merely dependent, giving the loyalty of a shackled people. Without you we are lost, and without you there is no bulwark of Asia's defence." What did the leaders of the long-suffering, noble, patient, and magnanimous India say? They said: "Though you have not kept your pledges to us, we are ready to keep our pledges to you, because we are true to ourselves and true to our own country. When you entered into a contract, unwritten and unspoken, with us that you were here to teach us the ways of Liberty, to show us the way to Freedom, you built your Empire. You took the Nation's gold; you took the Nation's brain; you broke the Nation's courage; you stamped on the Nation's honour and kept your pledges in that way; but we have kept our pledges in your peril. We have stood by you in your need; we have taxed ourselves to pay you; we have let our industries die, so that you might exploit our resources, and yet we say to you in your need we stand by

“you.” What is the psychology of this acceptance? I see in all the newspapers of India that India, in her loyal response to the clarion call of the Premier, in gracious gratitude to the Message of the King-Emperor, has proved once more her loyalty. Loyalty to whom? Loyalty to what? What has been the history of India? India conquered and reconquered, India politically dominated, broken, subject to race after race, dynasty after dynasty, India has always been true. She has been true to her own ideal of duty, no matter through what tragic channels that duty lay, no matter what sacrifice that duty entailed, no matter what personal loss, personal suffering, personal ignominy she had to suffer for the moment.

Was India true to her own vision? If we, as one people, can say: “Oh, Premier, we answer to your call! “Oh, Emperor, we bow before your message! Oh Viceroy, “Oh, Vice-gerent of the Imperial policies, we accept.” Let us also make it clear why we answer. It is demanded of us that we shall give our men, the blood of our blood, our gold, which makes for us our homes and which gives prosperity for the future, the very hope of our children. Why do we give all these? India takes part in this War, not because she is a Dependency of a Great Power fighting abroad, but because India recognizes that this is not a War of Germany or Great Britain, but it is a War of Spirit against the Force of Tyranny, no matter Teutonic, Saxon or Gaelic. That is the underlying psychology of our response to the call of the Empire, not that the Empire might be saved, not that the hearths and homes of India might be kept from German invasion, not that the honour of women should be safeguarded, not that the valour of our men should be tested, but rather because England’s need is

the world's opportunity, and India shares this opportunity of freeing the world for ever from the traditions of bureaucracy and autocracy, of political and spiritual tyranny. We are going to fight the tyranny, not only of the Hun that is coming to invade our frontiers, but with an age-long terror and degradation and tyranny within our own land, within our own selves, that have made India to-day the bond slave of the nation in the West, I do not know if this interpretation of mine of the psychology of India's response will be acceptable to you or not. I do not understand the expediency of political utterances. I only know that this is the hour when India must join in the great struggle for freedom, not only her own freedom, but the freedom of the spirit from the travails and trammels of material power and material tyranny.

What will be the political outcome of this response? There are those amongst us who say: "Don't accept, don't respond, make conditions, let England suffer, let the Allies be crushed in the contest. This is the hour when we shall make conditions, and the hour of peril shall be our way to victory." There are others, again, who say: "No, let us forget our domestic questions; let us forget our grievances; let us assume for the moment that we are not slaves; and let us not make any conditions." Shall we who hold such noble traditions of martial valour, of secular learning, of spiritual power, be content either to withhold our hands or go merely as camp followers of a battling power? No, rather would we fight, give the very flower of our manhood, so that our men may fight their way to victory. We make no conditions, because we are not shopkeepers (*Cheers*). We are children of Rishis, and ours has always been the religion of self-sacrifice. How

shall we bring about co-operation between the people who ask and the people who deny? We must convince our people; we must inspire them; we must give them hope. It is the poets of a nation that dream; it is the politicians of a nation that awaken the people; it is the soldiers of a nation that safeguard the frontiers and the nation's liberty. I say to you, young men, in whose hands that freedom lies, that this freedom is your own gift to yourself. For, have we forgotten that no nation can be free until the desire for freedom is so intense that it creates freedom from within? If we ask you to utilize the opportunity that has come to India, it is not because the King has asked you, not because the Premier has made you the bulwark of Asia's defence, but because the heart of "your nation says: "Oh! Youth of the Nation, you and "only you are to be the deliverers of Indian spirit, and "therefore without question, without condition, without "making this clause or that clause, enlist in thousands, so that England's need may be served incidentally and India's need ultimately." How is it going to be, we are so disunited? Even in this matter concerning the most vital issues, there are three parties. But the parting of the ways is indeed coming now, and believe me that, in all ages of Indian history, there has not been a moment more pregnant with destiny, nor a moment when the destiny lay so completely within our own choice. In days gone by, in ages past, fate chose; but to-day man chooses, man makes and man breaks. I feel that we are standing at the parting of the ways in India, when we shall part for ever to our destruction unless we unite together.

Friends, choose wisely and once for all. There is no going back at this moment. Unless you are wide awake

to-day to your own need, to your own strength, to your own weakness, to your own division, to your own possibility, and to the urgent need of unity, you have before you all the element of history in embryo, history that will repeat itself with all the horrors a hundred thousand times enhanced. To-day, Japan that despises you and exploits you, and to-morrow Germany who has learnt, indeed, your Samskrit slokas but not the meaning of their teaching, are the perils that confront you not in some day of the future, but that is within sight. I have heard it said by the literate and even more vehemently by the illiterate that it is desirable to have a change whether for the worse or for the better. But they forget that a change, if at all, will be a change of masters, a change from a tyranny which has limitations to a tyranny unknown, unmeasured, and intolerable to our civilization. The more I travel in my capacity as the wandering singer, the more I realize how little that simple word "Unity" is understood. In the North, I find the division of the Hindu-Muslim problem. In the South where, alas in the very shadows of temples where for centuries the prayers of man had gone forth for bringing about unity for all classes, I find division again, not between people of diverse races and creeds but between blood-brothers, between the children of one mother, followers of one creed, sharers of one destiny, neighbours of one street, who buy in the same market, whose marriages and funerals take place in the same street, whose tears and laughters commingle at dawn and at twilight. I find that bitterness worse than death, that division that separates class from class—that is the hatred and division between Brahmana and non-Brahmana. What is a frontier attack compared to this division? What is the battle between the Hun and

the Saxon compared to this civil war within our own streets? Tell me whether the destiny of India is not more critical to-day than the destiny of the world that is thrown into the battle pools of blood. It is for you to stand up to-day and say: "We are tired of these divisions, we are tired of those things that have made us slaves in the hands of a foreign Government. From to-day we consecrate our lives only to our own national regeneration."

This is the historic moment which will never return. This is the moment when you must combine the North with the South, the Brahmana with the non-Brahmana, the Hindu with the Mussalman, the Indian Christian with the rest of India. All these must unite, so that even in the inviolate borders of India there will not be any foreign invasion or internal dissension. We say to our Government: "Give freedom to our brothers in prison, take from our lips this deadly seal of silence worse than death. Give us the right to carry arms. Give us the right to tell you how the money taken from us shall be spent." Whether these things come to us or not to-day as gifts, they will give them to us as our natural right to-morrow. But the conditions are for you to prepare. The conditions are in your hands, not to be written in memorials and presented before H. E. the Viceroy and Parliament, but the Charter of your rights and liberties to be written with your own hand and in your own blood. It has to be written for ever and for ever on the imperishable walls of Time.

I appeal to the younger generation, as Mrs. Besant has said: "To Arms! To Arms! To Arms"! It is for the sake of liberty that India's army should be formed to-day, not for India's need; not for the need of Great Britain, not because we are loyal subjects of a foreign king

not because we are patriots dying for India, but because the law of liberty is the one Immutable Law, the one invincible instinct of humanity, and it is for the preservation, for the establishment and the safe-guarding of this Immutable Law of liberty, that India should respond to the Call of the Empire. When you are ready to form this great army for the defence of India, not a woman in the whole of India but will say: "My son, my brother, my husband! go forth, whether you come back either victorious or stretched dead upon your shield"—that is the spirit in which the women of India will send the men of India to fight. Though the bodies of their sons will die, though the bodies of women will die, the spirit of India will not die. Her sons will go forth to help the British armies to victory. Two thousand years hence, her sons will lead some other nation to victory. But how? Only when India remembers that her work alone is the standard of truth, not what others give to her, not what others have promised to her. For India, broken and fettered as she is to-day, has within herself that immortality of conviction that knows that, to-day trampled in the dust, she has within herself the power to recreate for herself and to be born again and again for the establishment of Indian Dharma, the Dharma of Indian freedom, to be secured only by the united love and sacrifice of her sons.

* * *

In concluding the proceedings, she said :—

After these three days that we have spent together, I feel that I belong now to the South so intimately and so indivisibly that henceforth your honour must be my honour, your peril my peril, your triumph my triumph, your destiny

my destiny. I came in your midst as a stranger, as I said, a wandering singer, a wandering singer that had brought to you that message of unity which is the only message to-day that may be uttered from the lip of man or woman. These three days together we spent as comrades, though sometimes in antagonism to each other, yet always in real and inseparable comradeship of spirit, because our ideals were the same. Each of us had a right to convert the other to the best mode of pilgrimage to the ultimate goal of self-realization which seemed best to us. The one thing that these three days have done for us is to prove that India is awake, that India's heart is alive, that the dead bones have been re-vitalized, that the time spirit has been re-kindled, and that immortal India of to-day shall legislate greatly, rightly, bravely, for the India of to-morrow. We have discussed many serious problems, but none of them of such grave, such urgent importance as that one question over which there seemed to be such bitter strife and division, and there too in the end we proved so triumphantly that the heart of India is indivisible when it comes to great issues. It was remarked that, in the course of my random presidential address, I had indulged in hyperbole within the province of a poet and put a high colour upon the divisions and separations, the distrust and disloyalties in our midst, that I have not been sufficiently just to the other side of the picture which I had drawn dark, and that I had failed to picture any of the equally underlying harmony between community and community, race and race in India. But I knew that, at the end of the Conference, no reparation from me would be necessary, that the answer would be forthcoming from the Conference itself, no matter how the outer differences may seem to

divide us: that we are ultimately one, we are intimately one, we are eternally one in all the great things that meant the honour and freedom of India. We can afford to seem divided, if that seeming division brings about ultimately a deeper reality of union. We do not want in India a monotony of ideal or method. We want rich and diverse unity, manifold, uni-hearted division. We want energies, aspirations and endeavours of every type of man and woman in India to be brought to a great fusion of unity which means richness and not monotony, because the needs of India are infinite, and so must the changes be infinite, no matter by which way the end is reached. But there are occasions when we must all not only seem but be united, forsaking our diverse ways of pilgrimage, treading the one way of pilgrimage, because the eyes of the world do not always judge correctly all the subtle unities, that are secret. Therefore, friends, standing before you to-day, I feel a thrill of pride to say that henceforth I am not only with you but of you, for, in this great city, I have seen once more the Vision Beautiful to which my life is dedicated. Often and often have they said to me: "Why have you come out of the ivory tower of dreams to the market place? Why have you deserted the pipes and flute of the poet to be the most strident trumpet of those who stand and call the nation to battle?" Because the function of a poet is not merely to be isolated in ivory towers of dreams set in a garden of roses, but his place is with the people; in the dust of the highways, in the difficulties of battle is the poet's destiny. The one reason why he is a poet is that in the hour of danger, in the hour of defeat and despair, the poet should say to the dreamer: "If you dream true, all difficulties, all illusions,

"all despair are but *Maya*: the one thing that matters is
 "hope. Here I stand before you with your higher dreams,
 "your invisible courage, your indomitable victories."
 Therefore, to-day in the hour of struggle, when in your
 hands it lies to win victory for India, I, a weak woman,
 have come out of my home. I, a dreamer of dreams, have
 come into the market place, and I say: "Go forth,
 comrades, to victory." When you are in despair, I shall
 remind you of the dreams of your youth when victory was
 the only reality. When you fail, I shall tell you:
 "Be true to your vision." When some terrible moment of
 temptation comes to you to be false to yourselves, I shall
 say: "Children of India, the one destiny of India has
 "always been, forsaking all else, only to be true, for Kings
 "have left their kingdoms, their thrones, and gone into
 "the desert and mountain caves seeking the truth; for
 "Lord Buddha left the kingdom of his temporary glory to
 "teach the law of compassion to human kind. It is for
 "this that great seekers of Truth have held all power and
 "material glory as less than dust." Shall we, in this great
 "Cathedral city, this sanctuary of ever-living memories
 of that great God of Destruction who is the only God of
 regeneration, of that Goddess of Power who is the one
 animating spirit of our lives, shall we, in this temple city
 so full of hallowed memories of Siva and His Consort, not
 consecrate our lives to those eternal verities for which they
 stood? The great God of the lotus eye, the great God of
 Destruction, what was He? He symbolizes to us destruction
 of bondage, the shattering of the fetters of our ignorance,
 the breaking of all barriers that divide community from
 community, race from race, creed from creed in this land.
 What does that great Goddess stand for, She whose

procession goes in torch-light in this great city? What else does She symbolise save that India is eternal, India is immortal, India is the Sakti of the World? In the ages gone by, it was She that kindled light among the nations that to-day are living, and we take up the challenge that has been thrown to us. We are not dead, we are children of Sakti, we are ever living; and not only by God's utterance we shall prove this immortal and invisible life but through this great patriotism of ours, not asking any man for any gift which is ours, we will restore to ourselves the inviolable inheritance of freedom which is our birthright, not merely a freedom, to be measured in terms of territorial number and authority, but the diviner thing which is incorruptible in principle and the spirit of the self-delivery from the bondage of ignorance and hatred. Let us, before we disperse to-day, dedicate our lives to the mission of the Sakti and prove through our unity, through our selfless endeavours for the Motherland, through all the manifold demands made upon us here, everywhere within our own boundaries, let us all vindicate beyond doubt to the world in the process of its regeneration, that we do not wait for the world to be re-born before India is re-born in our lives and souls. (*Loud cheers*)

OPENING OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

In opening the National School for Girls on the morning of the 10th July 1918 in Mylapore, Madras, Mrs. Naidu said :—

A little while ago, I was reading a book by an English author and one of the things that struck me was his description of a garden, a garden which was just merely being dug, with little holes to put in seeds. The writer said that the gardener felt that the real moment of his achievement lay in the digging of these holes, in all the work of manuring and the drudgery that was employed in the process of sowing and that to him in the moment when he clothes the soil the sowing of the seed was the moment of achievement rather than the season when the seeds would turn to blossoms and fruit, and so to-day I feel with the English writer, like the gardener whom he described that to-day is a moment of real achievement in a prophetic sense; for to-day we are sowing the seed, the drudgery, the pain, the struggle, the hope, the agony of the gardener that digs and sows, is in our midst to-day, but with faith that belongs to all those who are employed in the great process of building life, of sowing life, of training life, of fostering life, I feel—and I am sure you all feel with me that to-day is in reality the moment of our repaying because it is the moment of our sowing. I think that there is no Hindu mind to which this comes as a paradox, for we believe instinctively and it is a part of our spiritual inheritance to understand and to realize the continuity of

life, the unbroken continuity between the moment of sowing and the moment of reaping. If to-day we are sowing ideals, the seed is not alien, the seed that we sow is the seed that has been gathered from the fruitage of old ideals, so that in the new life re-born from the old, the future should be really an inheritance from the past. That exactly is what Mrs. Besant has told us to-day, that the ideal of the school life is to take the souls of young womanhood in the seed so that the flowering of Indian womanhood to-morrow shall be as fair, as pure, as lovely as the blossoming time of womanhood of yesterday but only with its added grace : to the perfume and the colour of the past she adds her richer perfume and colour that comes from added wealth given to the roots. To-morrow we want a type of womanhood that respects in all essentials and remains true to the tradition of yesterday and adequately copes with and fulfils the wider demands of the present—the simplicity of your life, the fidelity, the self-effacement that was the glory of the woman of yesterday to be enriched, deepened, and heightened by that comradeship which is the test and need of to-day ; and we are to make for ourselves a treasure incorruptible. To me these little faces, these little souls before me mean all that of to-morrow, and like the gardener in the book I have mentioned, I feel, too, that I see before me not merely the process of the day but the completed fruition of to-morrow, for faith belongs to the artist inevitably, faith belongs to the woman inevitably, faith belongs to every creator, and it is in the beginning that one finds the guarantee of fulfilment, and if my words seem to carry a note of hyperbole, it is because one's faith is always justified and no sowing that has been undertaken in a spirit of consecration goes to waste, but seasons mould

and shape and foster and bring to fruit the seed that has been put into the earth—the secret hidden seed—so that the rain and the dew and the labour of the gardener may in time bring the seed to blossom, bring the souls of children to national beauty, bring the womanhood in India to that height and splendour and self-fulfilment, so that every child to-day sitting before you mute and silent may stand in the future as symbol incarnate of Bharata Mata whom we worship with cries of Vande Mataram (*Cheers*).

INDIAN WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE

I

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu moved the following Resolution on "Women's Franchise" at the eighteenth session of the Bombay Provincial Conference held at Bijapur:—"This Conference welcomes the requisition of the ladies of Bombay inviting the support of this Conference for woman's franchise in India, and places on record its opinion that such a franchise should be given to women, but under suitable conditions, and recommends that this Resolution be forwarded to the Congress through the Provincial Congress Committee." In moving the resolution, Mrs. Naidu said:—

I happen to be here to place before you for your unanimous support a most important resolution of this most important Conference. The actual words of the original resolution on which this resolution is based, I need not repeat at this moment, but the sense of it is this:—That the Indian women—in this instance the leading women of Bombay—have sent a requisition—in this instance to the Bombay Provincial Conference—asking that the word 'man' should include, politically speaking, 'woman', in discussing the rights of citizenship—in discussing the political rights and franchises, when the Congress-League Scheme comes into existence. Now, with your permission, I would say a word or two as to how this requisition on the part of Indian women came to be placed before the Indian public. Last year the All-India Women's Deputation waited on His Excellency the Viceroy and on Mr. Montagu, and among other things, demanded

that women should have their rights politically recognized in the coming Reforms. Well, in the course of the conversation afterwards, that is in the private interview that was granted to some of us, it was the great Mr. Montagu who said to me: "Do you think that the men of India will allow such a thing, or will they oppose "it?" I, feeling that my countrymen were still true to their ancient traditions of chivalry and justice, answered in their name, without hesitation, that so far from objecting to the rights being granted to women, they would support them (*Cheers*). Then, at the All-India Congress Committee's meeting in Calcutta, a resolution demanding a very partial franchise was rather half-heartedly drawn up. It was too partial to please me. But taking the circumstances of the moment into thought I decided that it was not a psychological moment to oppose it. I, therefore, withdrew the resolution, meaning thereby that the women of India should not appeal to the chivalry of the men of India but to their sense of justice. Meanwhile, other women of India by the score—by the hundred,—felt awakened to their own responsibilities and to their own privileges in the great reconstruction to come. Their position is this, that so far from demanding the condescension of a partial franchise recommended by men, they are in a position to ask for the full franchise on suitable conditions, whatever the two words may mean. Now, therefore, it is my great privilege to put this resolution before you and to ask you, gentlemen, as responsible citizens, who are demanding large franchises for years, to consider the question of women's franchise from a national point of view. The question is whether in the reconstruction of the national life it will be possible for

you to have a rich national life unless and until it is shared and supported by women who are the soul of citizenship and the life of the nation? (*Hear, hear*). That really is the point at issue. I understand that the conservative instinct of mankind would consider the new doctrine of life or policy—a devastating one. But look at Europe, where there is the great tradition of comradeship between the sexes. In India, it is not more than a “Renaissance.” Those of us who are not so far denationalized as to be ashamed of our past, must realize with thrilling pride how far-reaching was the influence of woman in bringing about political and spiritual unity in ancient India. We are always talking of patriotism in the past and for the future, and we must surely recognize that essence of our ancient traditions which was that the woman was given her rightful place as a responsible comrade and co-sharer with man in the trial of his nation, in the victory of his nation, in the sacrifices of his nation and in upholding the honour and the salvation of his nation. (*Hear, hear*). Now-a-days we find that almost every day and almost from every platform resolutions are passed meaning to say: “We are ready to give the last drop of blood for the salvation of our country,” but when you say this, you must remember that you are only a part-possessor, only a co-trustee of that life-blood that you are ready to offer. When you are ready to have the citizen army, when you are ready to send your sons for the defence of the Empire, when you are ready to stake your life and your wealth and all that you hold dear for the freedom of India, you should remember that you are accepting half the responsibilities for India’s future in trust. When the Spartan soldier went to fight, it was his mother who said to him: “Come back victorious or touch

the shield." Remember that in all great national crises, it is the man that goes out, but it is the woman's hope and woman's prayer that nerves him—nerves his arm to become a successful soldier. (*Hear, hear*). I do not think that I need enter into any details of the analysis as to what franchise should there be for women. But I will say this that man ought to share with woman all his rights. He should remember the immutable principle that woman has equal rights with man. Her right is slumbering—is almost in a moribund condition; but it has to be revived. Man must recognize that he and woman come to the door of death to create a nation. Like the right of man, hers is also the right to see how her nation shall live, how her nation shall sacrifice and how her nation shall uphold its honour.

Remember that it is for the honour of the nation that the Indian womanhood day after day comes to the gate of death, so that the Indian people may be born a million times free (*Loud cheers*).

II

At the Bombay Special Congress on the 1st September 1918, Mrs. Naidu moved the following resolution:—
“ Woman possessing the same qualifications as are laid down for man in any part of the scheme shall not be disqualified on account of sex.” In moving the resolution she said:—

MEN of India—I shall not address the women of India to-day; to me has been entrusted a resolution which might seem somewhat controversial. Though it might seem to be premature, the demand made in the resolution I deem to be the primal right of womanhood. This resolution can be treated from the stand-point of national ideals. No matter in which way one deals with the question, I still claim that sex so far from being a disqualification to a primal right of franchise is a human right and not a monopoly of one sex only. I put it before you not from practical consideration, not from economic consideration, but rather from the standpoint of national ideals of India. We Indians have always boasted that we were followers of the Goddesses of our land. Our teachings always inculcated the worship of the mother even before the worship of the father. What is the psychology and interpretation of that inculcation, of that doctrine, of that practice. Woman makes the nation, on her worthiness or unworthiness, weakness or strength, ignorance or enlightenment, her cowardice or courage lies folded the destiny of her sons. Shall it be said by any law of biology, physiology, psychology or any ology that woman can go down into the valley of eternal shadow and be made irresponsible for the future of a country? Is it possible, is it rational

I ask you, that the duty of a woman ends with the physical agony that she endures for the sake of her sons? Are you not aware that in every Indian house, it is the woman that is the centre of life waiting for the dawn? She is the servant of the household, she is the daily sacrifice, every day of her life of her labours, of her love and devotion to the family. Then, being the servant of the family, being the high priestess of the home, being the true legislator of the destinies of India, is it logical I ask you, is it worthy of you to say that she shall face death with no courage to face life, that she shall sacrifice for the sustenance of the family within the wall of her home and yet be not afforded that primal right which is as much hers as it is yours, because she is co-responsible with you for the honour and prosperity of your country? It has been said that to give women franchise would be to rid them of feminine grace. Not long ago, I found myself in the noble, notwithstanding narrow, seclusion of an institution where a child is taken away from the mother at the age of seven and kept from the voice of the woman till the age of twenty-one but mine was the privilege of being admitted to that monastery where the noble guide of this institution quarrelled with me and said: "Why do you take away the glamour of womanhood by "labelling it and defining it?" On the other hand, our young men imbued with the ideals of modern thought say that women must be given franchise because they are comrades of men. But the truth lies in both things. A monastic youth on the banks of the Ganges told me that woman has been true, but if truth be abiding, if truth be fundamental, if truth is one of what a friend calls eternal verities, shall it be less eternal by being acknowledged

honestly, squarely, and frankly? I do not think that any male need have apprehension that to extend the horizon of woman's labours is to break all her power in the home. I do not think that there need be any apprehension that in granting franchise to Indian womanhood Indian womanhood will wrench the power belonging to man. Never, never, for we realize that men and women have separate goals and separate destinies and that just as a man can never fulfil the responsibility of a woman, a woman cannot fulfil the responsibility of man. Unless she fulfils the responsibility within her horizon and becomes worthy and strong and brave, there can be no fulness and completeness of national life. We ask for franchise, we ask for vote, not that we might interfere with you in your official functions, your civic duties, your public place and power, but rather that we might lay the foundation of national character in the souls of the children that we hold upon our laps and instil them with the ideas of nationality. We want the franchise for them that we might glorify the dirt, the degradation of civic life, that we might be able by our own implacable ideas of moral purity to cleanse our public life. We want the franchise to wield that power that says that our sons shall not be denationalized. We want the franchise to say that our education shall not be the imitation of unsuitable and alien things but rather that our nationality shall be for enlightening our national traditions and that our national characteristics shall be the outcome of our own needs and capacities. Gentlemen, will you not show your chivalry which is justice, your nobility which is gratitude by saying to them "You, who within the shelter of our homes are Goddesses, high priestesses, the inspirers of our faith, sustainers of our hopes, the flower

“of joy upon our breasts, O! mothers, O! sisters, O! wives,
“we have our feet set upon the path of freedom, we have
“our own vision, the distant vision of glory; light the
“torch in your form and then accompany us to that distant
“goal to be the inspiration of progress and the reward of
“all our hope.”—(*Cheers*).

III

Memorandum before the Joint Committee. The Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons to consider the Government of India Bill heard Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's evidence on Thursday the 7th August 1919.

The Chairman, alluding to a memorandum submitted by the witness, expressed to her the Committee's thanks, and said: "If I may be allowed to say so, it illuminates our prosaic literature with a poetic touch. He added that with the memorandum and the evidence already submitted by other witnesses, the Committee were clearly in possession of the case in respect of Indian women.

The witness made an eloquent appeal for the women of India.

NOT without a due sense of my great privilege do I venture to lay before this Committee, in briefest outline, some of the reasons on which the women of India base their claim to equal franchise in the Scheme of Reforms to inaugurate Responsible Self-Government for India.

I may observe that my sole title to be regarded as an All-India representative of my sex on a question of such far-reaching importance lies in the fact that I am intimately aware of every shade of orthodox and progressive opinion alike, throughout the country, and I am closely associated with all the larger public movements of the day, especially in relation to the vital and delicate problem of the Hindu-Muslim Unity.

There are two reasons why I desire to dwell for a moment on the ancient and historic Indian tradition of

woman's place and purpose in the civic and spiritual life of the nation, and to recall the versatile and illustrious record of her contribution to the National achievement by her wit and wisdom, her valour, devotion and self-sacrifice, as scholar and statesman, soldier, saint, queen of her own social kingdom and compassionate servant of suffering humanity.

Firstly : To refute the reiterated argument of the illiberal or uninstructed opponent of women's suffrage as being too premature or too novel and radical a departure from accepted custom likely to offend or alarm a sensitive and stationary prejudice.

Secondly : To demonstrate that the Indian woman is essentially conservative in her impulse and inspiration, and so far from demanding an alien standard of emancipation, she desires that her evolution should be no more than an ample and authentic efflorescence of an age-long ideal of dedicated service whose roots are deep hidden in the past.

I do not for one instant deny that the story of her progressive development has suffered severe interruption and shared in that general decline—I had almost said decadence—that befalls a nation with so continuous a chronicle of subjection to foreign rules but of recent years the woman of the Indian renaissance, largely owing to the stimulus of invigorating Western ideas and influences has once more vindicated herself as not wholly unworthy of her own high social and spiritual inheritance. And already she is beginning to recover her natural place and establish her prerogative as an integral part of the national life.

It is, indeed, a curious and the startling irony of fate that the trend of a doubtless conscientious, but over cautious official decision is to refuse her a formal legislative

sanction for a privilege which is already hers in spirit and substance, tacitly acknowledged and widely exercised ; for the power of the Indian woman is supreme and her influence incalculable in the inner life of her own people. I do not exaggerate when I assert that there is no summit to which she might not aspire or attain in any sphere of our national energy or enterprise unhampered save by the limitations of her own personal ambition and ability.

Wherein has her sex disqualified the Indian woman, or disinherited her, from the rich honours she has earned in equal emulation and comradeship with her brother in every field of intellectual or patriotic endeavour ?

In our Universities she has won brilliant distinction in the arts and sciences, medicine, law and oriental learning. She holds office in the Courts and Senates of Universities, like Bombay University, the Hindu University of Benares and the Women's University of Poona and the National University.

She has evinced her creative talent in literature and music she has proved her consummate tact and resource in administering vast properties and intricate affairs, and demonstrated beyond all question her marvellous capacity to organise and sustain great educational institutions and large philanthropic missions for social service. She has been pre-eminently associated with the political life of the country, uplifting the voice of her indignation against all measures of unjust and oppressive legislation, like the Partition of Bengal, the Press Act, the Defence of India Bill and the Rowlatt Bill, she has accorded her cordial support to all beneficent, social and economic measures, like Gokhale's Bill for free and compulsory education, the Civil Marriage Bill of Mr. Basu, the Inter-Caste Marriage

Bill of Mr. Patel and the Swadeshi Movement inaugurated by my friend and leader, Mahatma Gandhi, and all efforts to ameliorate the condition of the depressed and afflicted members of our Society.

Moreover, not only has she participated in the programmes of our great periodic National Assemblies, like the National Congress, the Muslim League, the Social Reform and Social Service Conferences but has not infrequently been called upon to guide their deliberations, direct their policies, harmonise their differences, and unite their ideals towards a common goal of self-realisation.

Where then lies the logic of their refusal of a franchise to Pandita Ramabai, or Swarna Kumari Ghosal? To Ramabai Ranade or Kamala Sathianadhan? To Kamini Sen or Shireenbai Cursetji? To Nagutai Joshi or Anasuya Sarabhai? To Abole Bose or Cornelia Sorabji? To Indira Devi or Sarala Devi? To Sarala Ray, Faiji Petal, Uma Nehru or Vidya Ramanbhai? To Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar of Mysore or Mrs. Sadasiva Aiyar of Madras?

And what of that group of women in the seclusion of the *Purdah*, whose culture and accomplishments rival the golden age of the Saracens? Sultan Jehan of Bhopal and Nazli Raffia of Janjira? Abru Begum, Tyaba Begum, Khujista Sultana Begum; Abadi Banu, the Iron-hearted mother of the Ali brothers: to the courageous young wife of the poet Hasrat Mohani; the late Suhaiwardja Begum, who from her sequestered corner set papers in Oriental Classics for the Calcutta University and Amina Hydari who won the Kaiser-i-Hind decoration for her selfless services in a time of tragic distress in the Hyderabad State?

But it is the *Purdah* which constitutes the chief weapon in the armoury of opposition against franchise for

Indian women. I readily concede that it might in its initial stages seriously inconvenience and complicate the electoral system, and perhaps even be attended with temporary danger of fraudulent votes.

Although it is no part of either my mandate or my mission to ask for any concession or preferential treatment for women, I am still constrained to say that I fail to understand, when the interests of small political minorities of men are safeguarded with a scrupulous care, why it might not be possible in course of time to extend a similar chivalrous consideration to the *Purdahnashin* in those local and limited areas where this custom is rigidly enforced, for I am sure that her vote would usually be exercised with intelligence and discretion and prove a valuable acquisition to the country.

Without discussing the merits or demerits of this old social custom, I am convinced that, like the other all time-honoured but already obsolete social observances and usages, the Purdah system can no longer remain immutable, but must readjust itself to the needs and demands of a wide-spread national re-awakening. And after all, the terrors of the polling booth would scarcely daunt the *Purdahnashin* who in the course of her religious pilgrimages habitually encounters immense multitudes and becomes no more than casual unit of a heterogeneous pilgrim-democracy.

What, however, of the unsequestered women of Malabar and Madras, the Maharashtra and Gujrat and the Central Provinces? Of the enlightened women of the Parsi, Sikh and Christian Communities, of the Arya Samaj of Punjab and the Brahma Samaj of Bengal? Whether the franchise be one of literacy or of property, their

inclusion would in no wise disturb or deflect the normal electoral arrangements.

In the name of the women of India, I make my appeal to the statesmen of a glorious country whose cherished freedom is broad-based upon the people's will. There is not one citadel of Hindu civilisation, or one centre of Islamic culture, where I have not scattered broadcast my message of India's duty and destiny among the free nations of the world. I have spoken to the youths in their academies, to the women in their walled gardens, to the merchants in the market place, to the peasants in the shade of their fig and banyan trees, but how shall my prophecy be realised and how shall my country take her pre-destined place worthily in the noble World Federation of liberated peoples, until the women of India are themselves free and enfranchised, and stand as the guardians of her national honour and the symbols of her national righteousness ?

THE ROWLATT BILLS AND SATYAGRAHA

A public meeting of the citizens of Madras was held on March 17, 1919 at the Beach opposite to the Presidency College, to urge on the Government to drop the Rowlatt Bills and to express its unqualified adherence to Mr. Gandhi's Satyagraha movement. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu moved the following Resolutions:--

(a) "That this public meeting of the citizens of Madras once again earnestly urges on H. E. the Viceroy and the Government of India that they should drop the Rowlatt Bills, at least at this stage inasmuch as they are unjust, subversive of the principle of liberty and justice and destructive of the elementary rights of individuals on which the safety of the community as a whole and the state itself is based."

(b) That this public meeting gratefully welcomes the happy news of the arrival of Mahatma Gandhi to-morrow and once again expresses its unqualified adherence to Mahatma Gandhi's Satyagraha movement and calls on all the people to support it.

In moving these Resolutions, she spoke as follows:—

CITIZENS of Madras,—You will wonder in what capacity and by what right I stand before you to-day to move the resolutions that the President of this evening has read out to you and also to interpret to you the meaning, the purpose, and the mission of what my honoured Guru, Mahatma Gandhi, has said to you (*Cheers*). Ever since, in far off Ahmedabad, in that little, thatched cottage where the selfless sage dwells, living the life of a self-chosen poverty, ever since the little Guru of the men and women came to decide that the only possible weapon to-day in the armoury for tyrannized India was not the weapon of the machine guns and swords but the immortal, element-

ary, and invincible weapon of all spiritual revolt against temporal iniquity and therefore we few men and women realizing that, always in the spirit, there has been a channel of spiritual revolt and spiritual power which is against the material weapon and the material power of other nations, we decided to dedicate our lives and all that our lives stand for in the way of our personal liberty and yea, according to the world's standards, of our personal honour and our personal happiness. Since then I found there have been misconceptions of all kinds that reached me from the far off quarters of India where my friends are scattered. They ask, "Why have you not made an All-India movement? Why have not the leaders in all parts of India been consulted? Why is there no organization, cut and dried, such as the All-India Congress Committee organization? Why has this not been carried on exactly on those mechanical lines of progression such as all constitutional and traditional political agitation is carried on," and they say to me, "Is it fair, is it right, that behind our backs, without our knowledge, you and your friends should have started this fire, this conflagration of the spirit of India? Is it right that while we politicians are using those acknowledged and accredited weapons of political agitation, while the traditional methods of appeal, of memorials, of protests, and of resolutions are still being carried on throughout the length and breadth of India, that this Satyagraha should have been launched upon our wondering and discomfited world?" The answer is simple, but it is final since it is comprehensive; for the Satyagraha movement is a thing of organic life which must of necessity grow and expand because it carries within itself the immortal functions of life and so the Satyagraha movement has

kindled its fire in the temple or ashrama where Mahatma Gandhi is the high priest or Guru. He has lighted the flame where the torches of the spirits of India must catch fire so that in the spiritual illumination of that national dedication to the cause of justice and liberty, India shall be served by her great army of spiritual warriors ready for death. That, gentlemen, is the meaning of Satyagraha. It has been said to me, and I am here as it were to accept the challenge and to answer it, and I shall answer it to your satisfaction. I am told that what you propose as the Satyagraha movement means the disruption of national life as constitutionally carried on. It means the disintegration of all political work, it means the placing of a dangerous instrument of power in the hands of all those who are unaccustomed to the discipline and the responsibility of power. I am told also that in disobeying laws, however unjust, we are creating a perilous and far-reaching tradition of evil, in teaching irreverence for constituted law and authority. We are told that in playing upon the spiritual instincts and emotions of an emotional people like the Indians, we are creating that which many generations might not effectually be able to ameliorate in the way of revolution. We are told that we are creating a precedent that will land in every kind of danger and disintegration, if not death, to us and to others of our tradition which will make what is called in English language (since it is so poor) passive resistance and in the tongues of our forefathers, Satyagraha. It will create a tradition of lawlessness, a tradition that will always use this resistance against every kind of authority that may not for the moment appeal to us. All these criticisms and these comments have but one answer. That logic, that law, is not the ultimate standard

of a nation's spiritual advancement. There are times in the history of nations, as of individuals, when the customary law of caution, of order, of reverence to constituted authority must fail before the inspiration and the impulse and the intuition of the moment's demand. Sirs, if logic, if mere reasoning, if the mere academic following of things to their logical conclusions were always the highest mode of achievement, would the French nation have been led to victory if the soldiers of France had never been guided by the tactics and strategy (and not authority) and by the historic vision of that hysteric woman Joan of Arc—"Follow me the vision of truth"? It was the thought of that vision of the destiny of France that vision of faith in the strategy of the French General that gave the victory to the French nation and created the heroine for the inspiration of the years to come. Take our own history. If always and at all times we had been guided by our traditional meekness, by our traditional acceptance of all that comes from above, whether of kings or of gods, had we to-day been alive as the Hindu nation, a nation keeping on against tremendous odds, by century after century of foreign domination, had we been to-day a living people, shall we give up Satyagraha, *i.e.*, (passive resistance) which we have adopted age after age against a law subversive of the tradition and the civilization and the spirit of the Indian people. No! Therefore when they say to us that Satyagraha is a new weapon translated into modern Indian tongues, they say something that is not true, for the great law of Satyagraha is the very instinctive law of self-defence against aggression and against tyranny that we Indians have followed, because Satyagraha is that form of historic resistance to outside devastating and disintegrating influences which has kept the

life and spirit of Indian people to-day. Laws were made and they were obeyed age after age and century after century, while those laws were justly made even by an alien Government for the protection and well-being of a subject people. But can you think, you descendants of Brahminical sires, you descendants of those who were conquered by the Islamic spirit, can you remember a single instance in your own history when the law being unjust and subversive of your spiritual traditions, of that honour which is higher to you than life, is there a single instance when you have not resisted as a people? Do not you remember that when in Rajputana where honour was considered greater than life, what did the women of Rajputana do when their honour was threatened? They went in their hundreds, like brides, in the funeral pyre, so that the honour of the Rajput race might be inviolate. And what women could do, a handful of Rajput women could do, for the honour which was the ideal of their race, surely must be to you the lesson or inspiration; for to-day you are threatened not merely in your material interests, you are threatened not merely in your temporal interests, but you are threatened with a legislation which implies and which must imply the climax of all degradation that you have been enduring in the past and which they have bestowed on you as the crowning insult of insults, the crowning tyranny of tyrannies, and which will make you unable to lift your head because, you, in accepting, in acquiescing in that unjust tyranny will have lost your primeval right to be called men, men of honour, to whom their self-respect is greater than the favour of kings. Therefore, friends, the Satyagraha has been started, but it does not for one single instance arrogate to itself a function that brings it into conflict with

other and older and more familiar, and more (so-called) constitutional—I will say traditional—forms of protest and agitation. It does not arrogate to itself a superiority from the merely expedient, merely temporary political standpoint. For, what has been the history of Indian politics? For generations, it has been faced with a new set of problems, a new set of laws, it has had to get accustomed to a new set of tyrannies from a new set of laws, age after age. But there is something in life that is greater than politics; for politics in its very nature must be transient, must be determined and limited by circumstances either local or world-wide. Politics are temporary and transient problems of to-day which make obsolete similar problems of yesterday and in their turn give place to wider, more difficult and more complex problems of to-morrow. But more than the politics of a race are the ideals of a race, the rights, the privileges, the duties, and responsibilities of a race. There are laws which are man-made. Laws in their very nature, being man-made like politics, changed from age to age according to circumstances and environments. But there is law and there is justice, sometimes, and my lawyer friends will pardon a mere ignoramus for making such an assertion. In the name of justice, its antonym, blind injustice, is done which the heart of man cannot endure. For justice is primordial, justice is deep-rooted in the very life of man, not to be determined by one race or another, not to be translated in the terms of one language or another, nor to be measured by the superiority of one conquering race over another. Law is that which a governing race may make the voice of one people that is clear in itself, each implying a certain responsibility to the other, each carrying within itself a

certain function of steadfast and faithful duty towards the other. But in India the whole history of our country has been a series, of compromises between the conquering people and the conquered race whereby the conquered people have perforce acquiesced for the peace and artificial security of the state, because it took for granted the good faith of the conquering race and they would in return for the acquiescence in law, in themselves unjust, and of a merely expedient kind they have accepted from the other party to the treaty their good faith and good intention for the legislation of the land. Such laws I need not to-day enumerate to you. All of us have instances in our mind of the laws in recent times in which we acquiesced with burning hearts and indignation, indeed acquiesced because they seemed necessary as temporary measures, or so at least our rulers told us. But when you come to a legislation which in its very nature is universally counted to be subversive against all laws of God and subversive of all human rights [of] man whether he be of the Slav-nationality of which we had never heard before or small, poor, down-trodden nationality which we all share, we are called upon to follow, to give loyalty at least in this measure to Government which is disloyal to the pact made (cheers) to urge its own ideals, the very traditions which made the British nation great. Englishmen in their heart of hearts are ashamed of all form of tyranny, for remember that the great boast of the British people has been this, that England is a land of liberty and in England the exiles of liberty from other lands have found shelter and were honoured. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Kuropatkin these are honoured exiles of liberty, the revolutionaries of their own land, they were honoured by the kings of that constitutional monarchy. The poets

of England, Swinburne, Landor, Shelley, Byron, Milton, to go back in anti-climax of greatness, have all written in honour of those who, deserving the exclusion of politics in their own land, were given a seat of honour by the kings and by statesmen in England. And how can it be said that there is one law of honour for those who love liberty and fly to England from Italy or Russia and only the present laws of degradation for those who in India say, "May I India, for your liberty give my life and "for your honour let me drop this my frame." This, friends, is exactly what is happening to-day. In the Viceroy's Council, Sir William Vincent and the other great men whose coffers have been filled these many years from the wealth of India, boast that England went to war in this great world-wide War because of her chivalry towards a weak neutral nation, that England would be paramount in this great League of Nations that is to determine the exact place and purpose, the exact balance of power, of freedom, of prestige which go to belong to any of the nations of the world. When it comes to India, it says, "My dependency, our Allies are the "Belgians whom we have championed, the Colonies beyond "the seas we hold as comrades of our blood, America has "our blood, our kin, our friends and our colleagues in this "Great War of freedom. But you sent your sons to "France, sent the blood of your blood to Flanders, the soul "of your souls in the life-giving stream into the deadly "deserts of Arabia and for your reward take this stigma, "this brand of dishonour of the fallen, unable to rise "because you are unarmed." This is the brand of the man who cannot rise up and say, "I have my place in the "League of Nations, my voice must raise the echo of "music in that great centre of harmony that you call the

“Peace Conference.” But no. The vocabularies of freedom have been re-edited by liberal men. The vocabularies of liberty have been printed in a limited edition for circulation only among those who belong to one colour, creed of the world. And yet loyalty is in that dictionary that is printed for slaves like us. Contentment is another word. Loyalty, contentment, and gratitude are the assets of a conquered nation, while power, honour, freedom, prestige are rights of a nation that holds your heart under its heel. Not to us belong the weapons of Europe, the swords forged into the death of man. We children of a great spiritual tradition of sacrifice, have one weapon left only, not machine guns that mow down thousands from far, not bayonets that tear open the entrails of a small race, we have only the weapon of suffering, the weapon of sacrifice, the weapon of dauntless self-determination which means to most of us death in some form or other. That is the only weapon in the armoury of the world’s weapons left to us. It is that weapon alone which will lead us to victory, for to each race is given its own form of triumph, its own form of battle, its own vision, its own liberty, its own privilege to conquer and die. To us is given the great privilege of dying. We say we watch the agony of our fellow men, we share the destiny of sacrifice of our brothers. It all means suffering and death to us. That is the weapon of Satyagraha to which Mahatma Gandhi bids you come. For he says we will follow the truth fearlessly. We all know that truth is most illusive and most beckoning and dauntlessly beckons layers of the human mind in the path of truth, in the path that we shall follow. It means that at every step we may be called upon to test the sincerity of our conviction, the glory of our invincible courage. It

means that we shall be called upon to give up not merely the lands that our fathers have left us, the gold that we have gained by our labours, more than this it is possible, it is likely that we shall be called upon to lose some of those we love best, our children, our mothers, our wives, our brothers, and yet the individual suffering, the individual sacrifice must be less than it is in your eyes if your renunciation of all fame, of all gain, of all love, of all liberty, means for the generations to come a legacy of liberty which you shall have earned for your suffering and sacrifice (*Cheers*). Let constitutional agitation follow the traditional channels. Let rhetoric upon rhetoric and memorials of protest flow to the wide sea that brings up the waves of *Bills* which answers nothing. Let there be this logical, reasonable statesmanship. Let there be the old, gentle, courteous, reasonable, and ambassadorial powers of negotiation given to our ambassadors of liberty. We are not ambassadors. We are not for the moment at least mere statesmen. We are soldiers of a great spiritual army. The standard of that army is the wrath born of sacrifice.

We are told that this law is to be confined to criminals. So far as it is urged in that very preposterous and monstrous declaration, brings within the folds of its proclamation the most innocent child of our household, it has dwindled and dwindled for reasons of statesmanship probably for reasons born of ambassadorial negotiations, may be of expediency—I do not know not being in the secrets of the Imperial Council and Councillors.

It says that the law will apply in its final stage to criminals and to areas where anarchy is rife or has been rife, where the soil though barren might still perhaps yield the vital seeds of anarchy within the soil. But what is

anarchy except the gift of Europe to India, disrupted by the European Government? Where was anarchy in the traditions of India of sacrifice? But anarchy is the expression of Western people driven and goaded to desperation beyond the limits of human endurance and if to-day here and there be anarchy in this land, is it not that a Government being anarchical to its own traditions of liberty brought anarchy to the heart of liberty and justice more than life (*Cheers*). Secret legislation must result in secret revolution (*Laughter*). Injustice must bring disloyalty to the hand that destroys what is finer and diviner than a man can conceive. Anarchy in Bengal and in Maharashtra! Why not? If the legitimate hope of youth be driven under unto a living grave, if the legitimate and good instinct for progress and liberty, that honourable and necessary instinct of man for freedom within his own land be not accepted and honoured as a right as proper and honourable, but is chastised, persecuted and driven underground what is the result? Miasma and Malaria are the results of stagnant waters that have no channels to flow. But running water is always sweet. The rivers of life become the sanctuaries of all men's hopes. If the Ganga had been still and the Jumna had been stagnant, how do these two divine rivers that flow through the spiritual civilization of our land stay to us as the symbols of progress in all divine achievements and attempts? Even so the life of man flows and should flow unhampered with the Ganga and Jumna sweet always, shining always, carrying on its broad breast hopes and fears, the prayers and desires of man. But our hopes, our fears, our struggles, our demands at unity and the divine things for which every land and every race has been honoured, have been put into a living grave and

heaped up with stones and stones of tyranny but waters can flow underground. Here and there where there is no depth one gets stagnation but there are times, there are places in the world where there are secret waters flowing and flowing in the darkness and one day they burst the bond of secrecy and find somehow the predestined seas of their achievement. So to-day all our hopes are hidden underground, all our aspirations are driven underground that have been covered up and buried in graves that extend miles and miles. It is said that life has ceased within us and that our hopes are dead within us. Rather it means that all the impulses have been submerged and have at last come together to a point of unity and somehow will burst their bonds and flow into their predestined ocean of liberation. That is why we say that when all things fail in India, that silent faith which is born of the spirit of courageous sacrifice will not fail. If men say that they prefer the familiar and the safer paths of their traditional methods, we say "Brothers, good cheer to you. Follow the ways of your conviction." If there be those in our midst who say that we have the conviction of the truth, we have that courage of the truth but we are fettered hand and foot by fetters not forged by Government but by our loved ones whose love depends upon our freedom and ability to serve them, to them we say, "You too are of our army and serve us in your own place. Do not share with us in the result of your conviction and courage but stand aside and do your duty in your place. Give to us the benediction of your support, the prayers that will sustain us in our labour. If we fail, do not condemn the failure but rather praise us when we have in our failure raised a great spiritual army of men and women that count life less than their honour so that the

“star of your freedom may rise.” It is not every man and every woman that is called to this great army of workers. It is not the destiny to suffer death. When I say death, I do not mean the death of the body which brings disintegration and putrefaction of flesh in three days’ time. I mean in that widespread and profound sense of the disintegration of worldly life which might follow you to the very end; for, remember that the standard of the world and of the spirit are diverse things. Men according to worldly ideas judge you by the houses you have built, by the gold in your coffers, by the titles showered upon you, but those who judge success by the endeavour of man know that man is God and every effort of his to fulfil that God-head within him is the true way of Satyagraha of which Mahatma Gandhi speaks. If, as I say, in the following of Satyagraha we choose deliberately to destroy those laws which we think in their very nature are the children of tyranny and oppression, is there any in your midst so narrow and conventional as to pay reverence to man-made authority or so cowardly in his consistency who will dare to say to us “You are infringing our moral laws.”? There are laws that are co-eval with the life of man and co-eval with the birth of man’s conscience, which belong to no age and to no race, but is equally the inheritance of man to be safeguarded, enriched and handed down from generation to generation, radiant and insistent. Other laws are man-made, the offspring of expediency, of temporary necessities, of emergencies, and sometimes of that “might” which we have not been able to resist. If in the pursuit of a battle against a profound and far-reaching threat of tyranny, not for one year or two years or even the acknowledged three years of its legislative powers

which means death to every national idea of self-respect and progress in your heart, if we break these laws we are not criminals, we are not doing what is illegitimate, but we are exercising that self-determination of which the Peace Conference has said so much. If we are determined, then, at all costs, we will win freedom for ourselves. We will not leave to the generation yet unborn a legacy of shame because we have failed to be strong and because we cannot endure that our children's children should rise up and say, "Oh! traitors to your past, Oh! traitors to our future, for the sake of a little personal security and comfort did you pre-ordain shame to us, did you go back upon the great tradition that your forefathers left to you in trust for us"; because we cannot endure the stigma of dishonour in the future, the stigma of shame to-day, that we followers of Satyagraha, the spiritual soldiers of truth ask you if you people come and fight side by side with us with that sword that is of the spirit, well and good, but if you cannot come with us in that great battle of pilgrimage, if you cannot share with us in that work, stand aside, not in mockery of us, not in opposition to us. Who are you that cannot accept our truth and yet make mockery of our conviction? Stand aside from the pilgrimage of the soldiers of truth. But if you share with us in the vision of that liberty which is your birthright, even though you cannot share with us the sufferings of our pilgrimage, cheer us in our way, give us your benediction, and bid us be of good cheer, because we fight for your and your children's children and that honour which is India's and shall be India's, if we and this generation die to achieve freedom (*Cheers*).

THE REFORMS AND THE ROWLATT BILLS

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu made the following speech at Ahmedabad on March 25, 1919 :—

I am ill and yet why am I standing before you? Why have our hearts been stirred to the inmost depths? Why don't we get refreshing sleep? It is because we are face to face with a hideous nightmare and the trouble is that unless it is laid at rest, you and I are done for in perpetuity (*Cheers*). What has become of the Congress-League Scheme? Where are the vaunted Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Proposals? They have receded into the background to make room for the Rowlatt Bills, better known as the Black Bills (*Cheers*). We looked forward to receiving responsible positions at the conclusion of the War, now that besides giving unmistakable proofs of Hindu-Moslem *entente*, we proved our fitness for Self-Government by acquitting ourselves so worthily in the War. The visit of Mr. Montagu to India, his sentimental journey through the length and breadth of the land in the company of Lord Chelmsford, and their expressions of sympathy bore no fruit, for in one hand they held the sword and in the other a cup of poison (*Cheers*). They seemed to say, "Here is bread for you, but before you reach out for it, you must drink this cup of poison to the dregs." (*Shame*). Bear with me, as long as Indians have rectitude and strength in them, as long as they have any sense of self-respect, they will stoutly refuse to empty the cup of poison (*cheers*), saying, "Take away that bread. It is

“repugnant to our mind in that it is mixed with poison.”
 (*Renewed cheers*).

REMEDY FOR POISON

There is one remedy for poison or physical force, and it is known as Satyagraha (*Cheers*). Someone told me “Why are you following Mahatma Gandbi in “a nerveless campaign?” He forgets that people had lost faith in the efficiency of constitutional agitations. (*Cheers*). If the Black Bill had any substratum of justice in them, why did the non-official members vote against them? The only misfortune is that the hearts of officials do not beat true to the united voice of the people (*Shame*). Now that the Rowlatt Bills are passed into law, there are two ways of bringing about their abolition, ready at hand; rebellion or penance. It is not our nature to precipitate a struggle like the European War. We take our stand on righteousness that exalteth a nation. We do not believe that machine-guns will add a cubit to our greatness. We will not set fire to cornfields, magnificent bungalows or children. Let Europe hug these delusions. India will never swerve from the path of rectitude (*Renewed cheers*). We must perceive truth and follow it as a religious duty. To speak truth is good, but to live truth is better. Let truth guide us in all our doings—even in our dealings with our enemies. We have to make use of this weapon in our dealings with one who holds a sword in one hand and a cup of poison in the other. We have to hold fast to Dharma. The Germans missed the path of rectitude and cast internal law governing warfare to the winds—we know now, with what results, India took up arms against Germany to vindicate her loyalty to truth and to the British Raj in the well-founded conviction that she would have her reward. We

are sorely disappointed to find that instead of loyalty begetting loyalty, the official classes have seen fit to mistrust our intentions (*Shame*). Never mind. We are not going to submit to the Black Bills which deprive us of everything we hold dear in life, sever the family-bond in twain, and dash all delight out of existence. We will never submit to what makes helots of us all. The Satyagrahi contingents will spring to Satyagraha battle in order to protect our prestige against gratuitous invasion. Now that the Black Bills have become the law of the land, we never can tell when the sword will fall over our devoted heads. It is better to swell the ranks of Satyagrahis and to know no fear than meekly to submit to the Black Bills and to rush into danger. Mahatma Gandhi, who slights the blandishments of wealth or honours, who is indifferent to the smiles of the Viceroy or to the fear of death, is constrained to employ this weapon for these very reasons. Join those who dare. Those who cannot need not hide their diminished heads in shame, since their spontaneous sympathy with the movement will be no small satisfaction to us (*Cheers*).

HER EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND AND ITS MORAL.

When I was in England last, the War was on and the English mothers were sending out their sons to battle-fields out of sheer love of their country. Even farmers who had never before wielded a sword responded to the call to arms. Once when a youth was lingering behind and was standing before his old mother in her cottage, the valiant lady exclaimed, "Why do you hide yourself when your friends and relations have all joined the colours?" Shrewdly suspecting that his love for her was at the back of his mind, the mother pretended to go out amarketing

and addressed the following note to her home-sick boy :
 " You ought to join the battle for your country. You
 " won't see me again in the flesh for I am swallowing
 " poison. Quit yourself as man now that your love for me
 " has ceased to hinder you from doing your foremost duty."
 Here you are, my beloved Aryan sisters ! Show the same
 strength of character to induce your husbands and sons to
 join the Satyagraha movement. Their strength will be as
 the strength of ten because their endeavours will have been
 blessed by you. The fast suggested by Mahatma Gandhi
 is twice blessed. It will enable you to realize the priva-
 tions to which many men and beasts are at present con-
 demned and will thus be an impetus to religious senti-
 ment. It will likewise teach you self-denial born of
 voluntary penance. Opportunity for vindicating our
 national greatness by means of Satyagraha should not be
 missed.

THE VERDICT OF HAFIZ.

Sings Hafiz in one of his inimitable poems : ' The
 sea is swayed by a terrific storm. Our barge is tossed to
 and fro by the swelling waves. But alas ! What concep-
 tion, can they on the shore, have of our agonies ?' True it is
 that the wearer only knows where the shoe pinches. Those
 of us who have been aroused from dogmatic slumber by
 unique love of truth will cheerfully undergo incarceration,
 if necessary, and will return thanks to the Lord even in a
 jail, praying to Him to awaken the somnolent masses to a
 realization of truth. Nor is Satyagraha meant for the
 Hindus alone. Let me remind my Moslem brothers of the
 significant story of Imam Hussain, who was kept without
 water for three days for refusal to bow his head down.
 When estimable friends asked him to yield, Imam Hussain

said. "I hold life cheap when truth is at stake. Never shall I submit to coercion" (*Cheers*). From the depths of my soul I believe that the birth of the Messiah spoken of in the Bhagawad Gita is discernible in the stout heart of Mahatma Gandhi.

THE ETHICS OF SATYAGRAHA

Mrs. Naidu delivered a second address at Ahmedabad on March 26, 1919, to elucidate the ethics of the Satyagraha movement.

SHE characterized the forthcoming procession of Satyagrahis on April 6 as a symbol of national humiliation when the united prayer from the far-flung Provinces of India would go forth to the Almighty to deliver them from life-destroying Black Bills and from the danger to liberty they threatened. They erred who took Satyagraha to mean intimidation of the Government, for intimidation and violence were foreign to the essential nature of Satyagraha, which aimed at the vindication of truth, for the protection of national honour. Satyagraha was as old as the Ramavatar. It was to keep the ~~Vow~~ of truth that Rama went into exile for fourteen years. Kings had come and gone after Rama and their names had been long consigned to the limbo of oblivion. Rama is still a household word—a name to conjure with, simply because his whole life was spent in the vindication of truth. Look at Sita. She was prepared to be swallowed up in the bowels of the earth to prove her fidelity to Rama? The whole history of ancient India was replete with instances of the exaltation of Dharma at the cost of life and limb. India weeps bitter tears at the present time for her men are manaced and her press is muzzled. No conqueror had till now ventured to pounce upon her prestige, her Dharma, her integrity, and her patriotic zeal.

THE TASK BEFORE US.

Continuing, Mrs. Naidu said:—

As children of the Mother Ind, our manifest duty is to practise penance to save her fair face from stain intended to be attached by the Black Bills. We will follow in the foot-prints of our Dharma-Raja. We will reproduce the iron will of Arjuna, but will never allow any one to blacken our name and fame. Why should we not denounce those who remain deaf to the call of Truth as the offspring not of mighty Rishis, but of servile humanity? I believe that we should faint not if a thousand persons are arrayed against us and should even lay down our lives for the sake of truth. Time was when the dead were raised from their graves by a breath. It is idle to allege that the race of Sri Krishna, Prophet Muhammad and Lord Buddha is extinct, or that opportunities are lacking to-day to re-enact those heroic feats. Far from it. Death comes but once to all. The bitterness of death does not exist for those who dedicate their lives to honour and truth. Will death fail to reach those who are inwardly convinced of the utility of Satyagraha to bring about the abrogation of the Black Bills but who have not the heart of grace openly to avow it? Shame on those who, knowing the duty that lies nearest to them, continue to sit on the fence! (*Shame*). One thing is clear to those who love truth, who love their country, and who feel for the land of their birth. I put it to my sisters who give birth to heroes: "What is your duty? Here is Devi Kasturibai who remained with her young daughters by the side of Mahatma Gandhi when he unfurled the banner of Satyagraha in South Africa (*Cheers*). We want daughters for the true service of the Motherland (*Cheers*). Let me assure the ladies of the

Motherland that, without their whole-hearted co-operation, Satyagrahis will fight with half their strength. With the unbending spirit of a Harischandra we require the moral support of a Chandramati. The Government of India have their eyes shut. They cannot see our grief but they cannot be deaf to our cries.

It is but natural that all of you cannot join the Satyagraha movement, but certainly you can give it your silent sympathy. In the halcyon days of the Rajput regime, the Rajput ladies flung themselves into fire to protect their honour. Even so did the Moslem heroes rush to arms. I exhort you to take a vow to defend your offspring and your honour as worthily as possible.

SATYAGRAHA

Presiding over a Satyagraha Meeting at Bombay in April 1919, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu spoke as follows:—

FRIENDS, to-night you have heard from three different speakers almost identical views on this Rowlatt Legislation. In no measured terms and yet with no exaggeration have they defined for you afresh the iniquity of the legislation and your clear and inevitable duty towards yourselves and your country, and your children's children unborn, that you should, even at the risk of your lives, destroy finally, beyond all hope of revival, this law that is not merely a threat but an accomplished piece of tyranny that in a day of doom might lay the whole of the Indian nation low. One of the speakers has told you that your great duty lies not in achieving deliverance for yourselves through violence, but to transmute that which is wrong in the Government into truth for yourselves by your own conviction, your courage, the consecration of your lives to that purpose. You all know how truth prevails in the end. Do you not remember the martyrdom of the Imam Hussain of old? When Azad, King of Egypt, usurper of the Caliphate, said to Imam Hussain, "Bow down in homage to me and "kiss my hand," this follower of the Truth of Islam said, "You tyrant, you liar, you usurper, I who hold the "truth in my hand will not bend my head to you in "homage." Then persecution followed, so that in futile rage Azad ordered that all the waters were to be closed for the thirsting lips of Hussain. Three days and three

nights in agony this man thirsted and thirsted. The emissaries of Azad came and said, "Hussain, here is water for you if you bend your head in homage to this tyrant." His friends, his followers, heart-broken with the anguish of his thirst, said, "Hussain, bend your head in homage, and kiss his hand and live." And Hussain said, "I who carry the truth in my hand, in my heart, will die in this body so that the truth of Islam might live." And in the words of our great compatriot Muhammad Ali (*Cheers*) interned, who said "Each time a martyr for truth dies for the sake of the truth, his religion is reborn into immortality," therefore, with us also, friends, if we have the truth within us, we, children of the Sastras, we, children of the Koran, if we have the truth within us, if we are spiritually the descendants of Harischandra and of Imam Hussain, we shall die so that truth may live.

DEDICATION TO TRUTH

Our friend Mr. Jamnadas has explained to you Mahatma Gandhi's (*cheers*) message to the people of India that next Sunday might be observed as a day of fast and sorrow. I have been asked by cynical politicians whether the politics of India have degenerated into the sentiment of superstition and of old-fashioned religious rites. What? Have there not been in progressive Europe days of intercession, days of prayer, days when men of science and men of literature, the workmen and the noblemen, bent their heads together in the Churches of their country to pray for the success of their arms? Shall we not, therefore, sons and daughters of religion, dedicated to the truth, shall we not observe a great day in our land, not in a spirit of wanting the destruction of our enemies but in a spirit of dedication to destroy ourselves, so that our death might be

the immutable seed of liberty if necessary, but nothing less than liberty being the goal of our fasting and our prayer? What one man, one Lord Buddha, with his view, with his vision of compassion for humanity did to create a lovely world-religion, so shall we, burning with indignation against the injustice and wickedness of the legislation, not do to create the great world-ideal of democracy? Shall we, one hundred men, one thousand men, or ten thousand men, not have the strength, not have the courage, not have that implacable devotion to the truth, so that the hand of the enemy might be stayed, so that the evil in the heart of the enemy might be transmuted into right, so that the sword of our spirit might triumph over all evil, which an alien and understanding Government might wish to bestow on us? Not, therefore, in violence, not in anger, not in revenge, but like true children of the East, patient in courage, enduring to the end, forgiving to the end, therefore triumphant in the end, let us form the great army of the spirit, and as the spirit of Harischandra that won in the end persecution after persecution, trial after trial of his work, so we too in our generation will prove to the world that the spirit endures (*cheers*), that the spirit is immortal, and that we are worthy to be the ancestors of posterity, because we are the true stewards and guardians of the truth (*Prolonged cheers.*)

ADDRESS TO SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following address as President of the second All-India Social Service Conference held at Delhi in the Congress Pandal on the 28th December, 1918.

MY friends, my countrymen, my sisters, a few weeks ago when I had scarcely come back from that great valley of shadows, where the hand of Providence had directed me, I was asked whether I would consent to the honour of presiding over the deliberations of the Social Service Conference in Delhi; and weak as I was, forbidden by the law of man and almost that sacred law of God that says "Thou shalt not commit suicide", I said, fortunately, my first thinksgiving shall be a publicly-called duty which shall be for the service of humanity. Therefore, I stand before you to-day in this great city where so many Conferences are gathered together to interpret the voices, the wishes of the country about the destinies of the country as determined by several departments of life and activity. It seems to me that social service is older than any political consciousness of man. Therefore, as the primitive, primeval, uncivilised creature, as a woman I feel it my duty to give my first services to this social service, to the fundamental, vital aspects of human progress and I, therefore, stand before you to-day. What is social service? What do we mean by social service? What are the fundamental principles and aspects of social service? To-day I will deal with the principles of service as an integral and historic part in the evolution of national life.

INDIAN CIVILISATION

What is the history of Indian civilisation? What has linked age after age, generation after generation, spiritual continuity of evolution with so varied, so diverse, so continuous, so unbroken by invasions and conquests? What is the outcome of all our spiritual philosophies? What was the embodiment of the great rules that have found expression in our land? What does the name of Lord Buddha stand for, excepting compassion transmuted into service? What is the name of Chaitanya excepting that it is an incarnate love of man made manifest in the world? Why to-day in our midst there is the name of our friend and leader, Mahatma Gandhi (cheers) save that the man lives only for the service of his brother and is for the only channel of service which is death. Then death is the destiny through which man must serve his brothers' need. Friends, we are talking in this great city to-day of self-determination, of our political creeds; we are occupied with the voices and fire of political faith in our own destiny. We are occupied with our right to choose for ourselves, how we shall evolve, how we shall be as we should be, the equal of every nation in this world. I am also among the humble workers in the field of politics in this land, but I say to you that it is my conviction, considered conviction, that no political evolution is possible till the intelligible right of equality of man is recognised. And after 33 years' indifference or ignorance this political association, called the Indian National Congress, has understood and accepted that principle of equality and the day before yesterday we witnessed the spectacle of the real children of the soil given welcome in the deliberations of the nation. That was the principle of social service

practically applied to political life. More than a score of years, almost two score of years ago, the Kisan Sabha was welcomed in the most lovely terms of political speeches. Why is therefore, to be a resolution to-day in our political gathering that all classes should have an equal right to attend, to speak and to represent their needs? Was it not India that first accepted this immemorial franchise of humanity, was it not India that first taught it to the world, was it not India that taught the law of equality, the law of human responsibility and the great noble creed that the stronger shall serve the weaker and kings shall watch the needs of the poor (Hear, hear).

PRACTICAL ADVICE

You may ask me why in spite of all this rhetoric I give you no practical advice. Is it for people like me to offer practical advice? It is for the workers to work out the details according to the vastly varying needs and opportunities of their own localities. And then of province to province the needs are different, the social consciousness is different, the social systems are varied and the opportunities or limitations of service may differ. But the principle is unifying, it is the focussing element in the diverse needs of a continent that is vast and varied as life itself. Therefore, to-day I will not speak of the practical ways in which your consciousness of social service might find expression and achievement, rather I would ask you to consider that the first step towards the achievement, the practical expression of this great ideal of social service comes only when you remember that each one of you within your heart has recognised firmly, unflinchingly, with a courage that will not fail, that you are your brother's keeper, there is no superior or inferior in the human

calendar of experiences, that all men suffer and rejoice alike and that the suffering of humanity is the one passport of life that is necessary (hear, hear). We say we shall help the depressed classes, we say we shall help the people where famine has laid waste, we say we shall give relief where plague has devastated the very source of social system, we say we will form bands of volunteers to keep order where there are great crowds we will regulate, perfect and ameliorate the conditions so different; we say we shall do many things and all these things among the objects of our service are so many different manifestations of our acceptance and the fulfilment of the great principle of service.

VARYING CONDITIONS OF SOCIAL SERVICE

Now I do not want for one single moment to legislate to you. We in the Punjab find the same kind of expression as my friends in Madras. But the problems are different in Madras with the great Dravidian life where in the very shadow of the ancient gods one hears the sound of the clash of will against will, interest against interest, of caste against caste, the clash of disunion and hatred. There the problems of social service become quite different—problems demanding immediate solution. When you go towards the land watered by the five great rivers on whose banks history has been made, there the social service must of necessity take a different form. When we come to the land of the mystic race in Bengal, the problem there, as you all know, must needs be different. There the demands of social service do not speak in the same terrible voice as they do in the South but there the soil that gave birth to the past generation gives death to the present generation and there social service manifests itself in the scenes of

suffering and death and in ameliorating famine and pestilence that are inborn in the weak.

SOCIAL SERVICE NOT PHILANTHROPY

Now, because, vast and varied, as I say, are the needs of suffering humanity or the opportunities of achievement in social service, I need not therefore, say to you "Organize yourself as best as you can and as best as you should" so that the demands within your own territories may be slain by the armies of your united service (Hear, hear). But I say to you "Do not for one single instance arrogate to yourself deeds of philanthropy."

THE INSULT OF PHILANTHROPY

I have known some of the finest minds and spirits in Europe to offer the insult of philanthropy, which they call social service, to suffering humanity. To offer relief to the poor in the spirit of philanthropy is to offer them that insult which is worse than death, for the rich have their riches, the beautiful have their beauty, the poets have their genius but the poor have only their pride. In offering social service do it in a spirit of humility which alone can make that service acceptable to the dying, the suffering and which alone makes the poor accept from your hands the cup of water which brings them back to life. Friends, this is one point on which I wish to lay special stress. I in the course of my life, have often been obliged to work with those who finding that the channel of service open have worked indeed, have served indeed and I ventured to be their comrade in that scene because I felt that charity was there, though love there had become a mechanical duty instead of being a spontaneous feeling that it should be. Some years ago when in a night the river floods came to my beautiful city of Hyderabad in Deccan, not in Sindh

(laughter), thousands upon thousands were swept away, homes were destroyed. Then I recognized with shame within myself that though death was upon them, service was upon them, the poor men stood side by side refusing help from the rich but sharing in one another's poverty. They refused with scorn the help that they gave to them, that kind of social service offered to them by those who felt that the suffering of those men and women was because they had no clothes upon their backs, no bread to eat. They offered a loaf of bread, a change of clothes but no man, no woman said to any one "Come and share with me to-day the bread that I eat, the cloth that I wear." They said "Take this money, take this food, give me your name, where do you live?" No one said "My sister, my daughter what matters this dirt and what matters this filth? I am here to help you." Nobody said that.

GIVE OUT OF YOUR ABUNDANCE

It was organised philanthropy by men and women who gave out of their abundance. Now that phrase brings me to a beautiful phrase in the letter written by our great national poet, Sir Rabindranath Tagore (Cheers). He said in his letter, that was read just now, that we must learn to give out of our abundance. Now this seems as a contradiction to what I said. But what I mean is this: "Give out of your abundance, not of that superfluous abundance of your material wealth, not the superfluous leisure of your idle time, not the superfluous sympathy that you can spare, because you have no need to use it for self-gain and self-interest, but of that abundance within yourself which is love itself." That is the abundance of which Sir Rabindranath Tagore has spoken.

SPIRIT OF DEDICATION

Let me say to you that if you form social organisations over the whole of the country, for working for the relief of the suffering, the destitute, let it be in a spirit of dedication of that abundance, for without that abundance, that vital love within you, your work is not worth anything.

What we need to-day is the recognition that no national life is possible in our midst until every class of suffering has reached some kind of help. Indeed I would say the primary part of our programme should be a dedication to the uplifting of the masses. I do not mean masses in the sense in which the word is used, but literally it means within our land millions upon millions. Millions of men and women are hungry for work. I would not care so much merely for the hunger of the body, I would not care so much for the ignorance only of the mind; I would not care so much for their suffering, where only suffering is measured by material needs, but the tragedy of our national life lies in this that the principle of self-respect has been denied to our people and the most tragic part of the whole thing is that they are not even conscious of that. Friends, the basis of our social service must be this, that apart from those that take food to the famine-stricken or the missionary that takes books of Algebra and Arithmetic to the masses, for those are after all secondary needs, I want missionaries that would go from door to door taking the torch of self-respect and saying to every one "Here from this torch of self-respect light that little hut in which you live, that hut, that dirty, that filthy airless hut that is your prison."

SOCIAL SERVICE—A PART OF LIFE

In whatever way, in whatever channel in whatever opportunity it gives you to carry the torch to the dark

houses, those prisons in which the poor and suffering dwell, take that torch with you ; do not take charity but love. Do not take your idleness but out of the abundance of the crowded hours in which you cannot spare a single moment, create moment, create leisure. It is greater than filling your names on the pages of history. How will a school-master, you ask, serve humanity at 4 o'clock if time has passed ahead ? How will a statesman after sitting in the council weary and tired serve his fellow men ? How can all these people do social service ? I say to you that social service is not a thing separate from your life. It is not like a council where men gather, it is not the mosque where many go on Fridays to pray and not the temple where they gather at the proper time. Social service is that which is always with you, it is a thing which you carry with you, when the opportunities are there, when the will is there, and every moment of your life you are awake are all the moments of social service in your life ; for like religion it is that which is within you and not that which is outside you. It is a part of your daily life, it is the enthusiastic dedication of yourself to the service of humanity which alone makes you a man.

THE CITADEL OF INDIAN CONSCIOUSNESS

Friends, to-day we are gathered together to hear different people, different workers, their experiences and their ideals of social service. They are all men earnest and busy, but who give out of their abundance, that abundance of the faith within them that makes them sacrifice all things so that the needs of humanity might be served. From them you will be able to gather details, practical details, and how such social service might find and has found in the different provinces of India practical

expression bringing amelioration to thousands of suffering men and women. But before I ask at the end those earnest men who have suffered, who have sacrificed their wealth, their time when they had not time and given with a spirit of dedication that service which is love, before I ask them to place before you their experiences, their ideals, their thoughts on social service, I want you in this great city of Delhi to represent the historic past of this city, this city which has been from time immemorial not merely the political, but the spiritual capital of India. Practically how many Delhis have been and have died, how many dynasties, how many races have ruled and fallen, being forgotten! But Delhi stands historically to the heart of India as the centre and citadel of the national consciousness, whether it be a Hindu King who ruled, or a Moghul Emperor who ruled or even to-day when a foreign representative of a foreign rule sits in your Imperial City which still remains the citadel of Indian consciousness (hear, hear).

CONCLUSION

We are here, Delhi cannot die. Kings have died and have no more than broken tombs but the ideal of India, that spiritual ideal of service and sacrifice is focussed to you to-day from the broken temples, from the broken fortresses where the heroes have fought and died to vindicate the truth within them. And what was the truth, my friends, of which the city is not a grave but a temple? It is the truth of national consciousness of India, that Dharma, which is the ideal of Indian honour (cheers) and that Indian honour which can never be fulfilled in the least, till each one of you in a spirit of dedication becomes not merely the message but also the fulfilment of that national honour (Loud and prolonged applause).

THE KHILAFAT QUESTION

A largely attended meeting was held at the Kingsway Hall, London on April 22, 1920, under the presidentship of Mr. George Lansbury, at which the Indian Khilafat Delegation put in a vigorous plea for the Indian Muslim case regarding the Khilafat. Mrs. Naidu spoke as follows:—

FR I E N D S,—it is not a speech that you are going to hear from me to-day, it is the message of the spirit of India, that challenge of the spirit of India, the prophecy of the spirit of India, all these things focussed together in one statement, and that is the indivisible destiny of the Indian people in life or in death.

Mr. Mohammad Ali has spoken to you of the one invincible assent of the Indian people, their determination to die in defence of their national sentiments. But I am not ready to die, because I think it requires an infinitely higher courage to live. I refuse to let Europe think that we have only the courage of despair. We have the courage of the right and the just on our side, and we must prevail, even though that victory be measured in terms higher than Imperialistic Europe can realise or appreciate. For our victory—for we refuse to think of anything less than victory—might indeed mean death of a kind to us, but it shall also mean a legacy of stainless pride left to the unborn generations in whose defence we, an indivisible people, lay our challenge to the peace of Europe that does not understand.

I am not a Muslim, I am the descendant of centuries upon centuries of pure Brahminic blood. Brahmins are

supposed by European historians to be the hereditary enemies of the Muslims. For once the deductions of historians are wrong. For once history has proved miraculous in joining together what civilisations and religions might be supposed to divide for ever. For we to-day, Hindus and Muslims, after centuries upon centuries of conflict, hatred, division, enmities, are at last reconciled in an invincible harmony and unity, welded together in the flame of a common national name, aspiring together to the stars in one flame of national patriotism and aspiration and hope.

Though we are asking to-day that the religious sentiment of the Muslims be respected in the decision about the Turkish Empire, it is not the demand of a slave people for concessions or of people asking reward and recompense for mere commercial alliances. We do not ask for rewards for our magnanimity towards you in your time of crisis, we do not ask for recompense because we stayed our hands when you lay in peril of annihilation. No, we ask but that thing which is our human birthright; justice; only justice, refusing with the haughtiness of a brave people to accept anything but justice, or what might in your definitions be termed generous reward. What right have you or any people on this earth to determine the fate of any race because it has lost against you in the mere incidents of battle results? What is it that you want to destroy? You want to destroy that which stands to-day as the only living symbol of that democracy towards which you are now striving. For remember that what you dream to-day was not merely dreamt but fulfilled fourteen hundred years ago, when a lonely dreamer of the desert, communing with the stars, first realised the brotherhood of man, the right

of every individual to freedom and equality. That camel-driver in the desert was the only true begetter of human democracy, such as you are blindly groping towards in modern times.

HONOUR OF DEMOCRATIC ISLAM

You talk of destroying the Turkish Empire. I do not care for mere words, Turkish or European or Egyptian; I care for the honour of democratic Islam; I care for the honour of that great religion that has added dynamic power to human progress. I care for that all-conquering faith that marched into barbarous Europe bearing the light of learning to human progress. I care for that all-conquering faith that marched into barbarous Europe bearing the light of learning to human civilisations (omitted through applause) . . . the light of achievement, as one . . . said speaking of the march of this lovely civilisation, *** that it went on civilising from Persia's shrines to Catholic Spain, from (applause) . . . and thence it came in a caravan of victory across the Indus valley, and coming to conquer stayed to succour and love the children of my India, the homeland of my name. Live and let live. Keep your Empire if you can. Let the Turkish Empire settle its own destiny.

Who are you to say that this unit of the Ottoman Empire shall be isolated and that part of the Ottoman Empire shall be devastated? Let the Muslims settle their own quarrels! Leave them to live or die! Leave them to dispose their Khalifa from Constantinople. If he be unworthy to be a successor of the great Prophet, let them say this man is not worthy! We shall go back to the time when our Khalifas were indeed chosen by the democratic vote of a whole people. Let them say we shall depose this king and put that beggar from the street upon

the throne of the Khilafat, because he is the true symbol of the great king! Is it for a Christian nation to dictate as to who should be the symbol of the Islam of the Muslims of the world? Is it for a Welshman from his little Celtic parish to say who shall or who shall not be it? My friend and comrade of many years, Mr. Hussain, has told you with that authority that is born of sincere conviction that the day you set your seal and sign upon an agreement that destroys the integrity of the Ottoman Empire you have set the sign and seal of your own disintegration, for we shall indeed prove that our deed is not less than our word. Having said that our connection with Britain depends upon this critical supreme issue, we shall stand pledged to fulfil our word.

Friends, you do not know what intensity of religious feeling can mean. When the Armistice was signed, when the representatives of the Viceroy in India held a great reception to receive the congratulations of Indians upon that great occasion, in one Muslim city—praise be to the courage of the women of that city—they wrote and said: "It is an outrage upon our religious feeling that we Muslim women should be asked to go and take part in the rejoicings of the Allies that have outraged the feelings of Turkey." Although lowly women, women behind the veil, who did not know politics, who have never measured themselves against any commercial or worldly standards, they had only that divine quality of humanity, loyalty to an ideal: and for the sake of their ideal they risked official favour and the future of their sons and husbands. Shall the men of India be less than their sisters?

WHAT INDIAN WOMEN SHALL DO?

In speaking to-day I speak in many capacities; as

myself, as a Hindu, as an Indian, but, most of all, believe me, and not for the first time in my life, as the voice of the Muslim women of India. And the Muslim women of India say that we who have borne sons, through our own agony have the right to determine how our sons shall live or die. Better death chivalrous and noble and loyalty to the great world of Islam than live bearing the ban of traitor, coward, fool; and that is what the men of India will be Hindus and Muslims alike, if they fail to fulfil the pledge they have made in the hour of their supreme emotion. If they draw back, we the women, will not draw back. We shall know how to die, partly in loyalty to an ideal, partly in shame for the lost manhood of our sons. But I have no fear. India, new India, India remembering the glory of the past, India eager to hand down glory to the future—India will stand true to the pledge she has made to herself and the world. Let the Allies at San Remo play their chess upon the political chess-board of the world. There is something greater than the political chess-boards; there is something bigger than human bonds to be moved by the autocracy of a three-fold treacherous people. I do not stop to pick and choose language politely tonight. It would be treachery, indeed three-fold treachery to the world. India will not be a party to that treachery. Let San Remo be, if it choose, the beacon-fire, the bonfire of the peace of the world; but we shall keep alive the torch of our own faith, our own patriotism, and when the bonfires have died down and the world is in ashes we shall rekindle the world by our truth, our courage, and our devotion.

THE PUNJAB TRAGEDY

At the Kingsway Hall, London, on June 3, 1920 Mrs. Naidu made the following speech on the tragedy of the Punjab. This speech was the subject of an animated debate in the Commons and a heated correspondence between Mr. Montagu and Mrs. Naidu.

MY compatriots, I do not speak to you to-night, but for you Englishmen and Englishwomen, I speak to you to-day as standing arraigned at the bar because of the blood guiltiness of those who have committed murder in my country. I need not go into detail about these incredible atrocities that have been committed. My friends, Mr. Patel and Mr. Horniman, have already given you in outline and in essence the nature of that horrible, most horrible, thrice horrible deed, done in the name of British justice. But I am going to speak to you as a woman about the wrongs committed against my sisters. Englishmen, you who pride yourselves upon your chivalry, you who hold more precious than all your Imperial treasures the honour and the chastity of your women, will you sit still and leave unavenged the dishonour, and the insult, and the agony inflicted upon the veiled women of the Punjab?

One of the speakers has said that Lord Chelmsford refused to draw the veil from the ugly face of realities; but his minions, his martial authorities rent the veil from the faces of the women of the Punjab. Not only were the men mown down as if they were grass that is born to

wither, but they tore asunder the cherished purdah, that innermost privacy of the chaste womanhood of India. If you look into the pages of the Report drawn up by my own compatriots you will find in it that women who had never been seen or heard by a stranger, women whose faces had never been touched even by the curious sun or the moon, were dragged into the market place. Englishmen and Englishwomen, my sisters were stripped naked; they were flogged; they were outraged; and yet you dare to talk of the auction of souls. The auction of souls was the auction of your British souls, your British democracy betrayed and dishonoured, for no dishonour clings to the martyrs who suffered, but to the tyrants who inflicted the tyranny and pain.

I ask you one question only. Would you hold your Empire by a dishonour on the womanhood of another race or would you rather lose your Empire out of chivalry for the honour and chastity of another nation? That is the question that was asked many centuries ago in your own Scriptures—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" You deserve no Empire. You to-day have lost your soul; you to-day have the stain of blood-guiltiness upon you; you to-day are in the position of the arraigned. What is your plea for reprieve? What is your plea for pardon? What is your place to-day among the honourable nations of a free world? No nation that rules by tyranny is free; It is the slave of its own despotism.

One of the minions of Martial Law said to defenceless women, from whom all their men folk up to seven and eight years old had been taken: "Swine, if I shoot you what will you do?" I say in reply: "Swine, if you shoot

us we shall live! You can kill our bodies but our souls go free!" Cry shame upon tyranny! Peace for the martyrs in some generation to come! An opportunity to wash out your blood-guiltiness by the tears of your own women martyred like ours!

MR. MONTAGU AND MRS. NAIDU

I

The Kingsway Hall speech was the subject of an acute correspondence between Mr. Montagu and Mrs. Naidu. A member of the House of Commons spoke in insulting tones of Mrs. Naidu regarding her charges against Martial Law authorities about outrages on women. Mr. Montagu hastily wrote to Mrs. Naidu, accusing her of making untrue statements and challenged her to quote her authority or publicly withdraw her statements. Mrs. Naidu gave a crushing reply. Her letter which is dated 12th July, 1920 St. James' Place, is as follows :—

I am in receipt of the letters of the 9th and 10th instant, sent me by your Secretary at your direction.

I notice that the statements contained in the first letter are considerably modified in the second. While the first categorically denies the existence of any evidence published by the Congress Sub-Committee to justify the remarks made in my Kingsway Hall speech to which you refer, the second, on the contrary, admits that there is such evidence, but that the outrages were the work of the Police and not of Martial Law Authorities.

I am surprised that you should attempt to make such a fine distinction, the materiality of which is not obvious, when the Police were an integral part of the Martial Law machinery, and admittedly were serving the purposes of "Martial Law Authorities," inasmuch as these outrages

were perpetrated by them to procure evidence for the Martial Law Tribunals.

In any case, if you turn to my speech itself, the report of which is not entirely accurate, you will note that there are only two instances of outrage upon women which I have specifically attributed to Martial Law Authorities. These remarks were based upon several statements made by these women themselves, which read thus :—

Statement 581, page 866, made by twenty-three women.

We were called from our houses or wherever we were and collected near the school. We were asked to remove our veils. We were abused and harassed to give out the name of Bahi Mool Singh as having lectured against the Government. This incident occurred at the end of *Baishakh* last in the morning in Mr. Bosworth Smith's presence. He spat at us, and said many bad things. He beat some of us with sticks. We were made to stand in rows and to hold our ears. He abused us also, saying, 'Flies, what can you do if I shoot you?'

Passage from Statement 582, page 867.

. . . . While the men were at the bungalow, he rode to our village, taking back with him all the women who met him on the way carrying food for their men to the bungalow. Reaching the village, he went round the lanes and ordered all women to come out of their houses, himself forcing them out with sticks. He made us all stand near the village *Daira*. The women folded their hands before him. He beat some with his stick and spat at them and used the foulest and most unmentionable language. He hit me twice and spat in my face. He forcibly uncovered the faces of all the women, brushing aside the veils with his own stick.

He repeatedly called us she-asses, witches, flies and swine, and said: 'You were in the same beds with your husbands; why did you not prevent them from going out to do mischief? Now your skirts will be looked into by the village constables.' He gave me a kick also, and ordered us to undergo the torture of holding our ears by passing our arms round the legs while being bent double.

This treatment was meted out to us in the absence of our men, who were away at the bungalow.

This statement was corroborated by eight other women who made similar statements.

Passage from Statement 585, made by MAI CABAN, p. 869.

On the 5th of *Baishakh* bullets were fired into our village. The village people ran away hither and thither. One European who was on horseback called some old women together and told them that whatever he had done (firing) was done well. The old women did not give any reply. He then abused them and beat them with a stick. He then asked other women to stand in a row. Those who had veiled their faces were forced to remove their veils. They, too, were beaten with sticks.

From Statement 125, page 177.

. . . . I am a *purdah nashin*, I never appear in public, not even before the servants. I was, however, called down from my house. I went with a *purdah* (veil). I was peremptorily ordered to take off my *purdah*. I was frightened and removed the *purdah*. I was then asked who assaulted Miss. Sahib. They threatened me that unless I named the assailant I would be given over to the soldiers.

Need I remind you that the *purdah* is as sacred to the Indian women as is her veil to the Catholic nun, and forcibly to unveil an Indian woman constitutes in itself a gross outrage?

The other instances of outrage to which I drew attention in my speech were not specifically attributed to any special individual. My charges, however, were based on Statement 147, page 194, which, as you are aware, is of too indecent a nature to be quoted here or from the public platform.

I would further refer you to Statements 130 and 131, which deal with the conduct of soldiers and not of the police.

I am deeply grieved to discover that until now you were not cognisant of the statements embodied in the Congress evidence concerning such outrages upon Indian women; and I trust that you are causing an exhaustive and impartial inquiry to be made into such cases.

II

YOUR Secretary's letter of August 24, enclosing at your direction the paraphrase of the Government of India's telegram has only just reached me on my return from the country, or I should have answered it earlier.

I note that it has also been communicated to the Press, but apparently without being accompanied by the previous correspondence between us, which is essential to a proper understanding of the whole matter.

I can hardly believe that the Government of India's telegram is seriously put forward as a refutation of charges of the gravest kind, based on the statements of witnesses whose evidence has been tested by cross-examination, and is published on the authority of a Committee consisting of distinguished and widely respected men, who are all members of the English Bar, one of whom has filled a high judicial office, and two of whom hold leading positions as practising lawyers in their respective Provinces; while the integrity of our friend Mr. Gandhi and his scrupulous care in such matters are as well-known to you as to me.

If that is so, are we asked to accept a bare denial put forward by the Deputy Commissioner—an interested party—covered and confused by entirely irrelevant allegations, made obviously with a hope to discredit the unfortunate victims of conduct the revolting brutality of which cannot be qualified by the character of those subjected to it?

I am ashamed to think that a British official should suppose that such an atrocious charge could be lightly disposed of by such a callous and contemptible method as the suggestion that the people concerned are too degraded to have any claim on human credulity.

May I remind you that specific charges have been made of gross outrage on several women? I refer you to statement 147 of the Congress Committee's evidence. There is nothing in the Government of India's telegram which disposes of those charges.

The remark that "The women stood in a public lane adjoining the Kotwali, or police station, where no public officer would dare to treat them indecently," is preposterous in view of the terrorised condition of the populace throughout the period of martial law, and the acknowledged facts regarding every kind of outrage inflicted on individuals of all classes in public.

It is, moreover, a monstrous misrepresentation to say that "It is common knowledge in India that low class women embroider their complaints in this fashion." I am proud to believe that the most fallen Indian woman would recoil from the humiliation of being forced, except under dire necessity, to relate the story of such an odious outrage.

The further suggestion that such statements had been made from motives of revenge is not only unworthy and incredible, but is actually discredited by the Government of India's admission that no complaints were made at the time, and the fact that those charges only came to light where investigators whom they had no cause to fear were at work some months later.

I cannot conceive what relevance the final paragraph of the Government of India's telegram has to these charges, but it is interesting to learn that a judicial tribunal was in receipt of confidential reports concerning the persons whom it tried.

However satisfactory so futile and dishonest an

attempt to deal with grave charges might seem to General Dyer's friends and admirers inside and out of Parliament, I prefer to cherish a belief that it will not be so easily accepted by the public in this country, and it is certain that Indians who are chiefly interested in this question could not possibly accept unsupported denials either by officials or by the Government of India, whose record in regard to the sufferings of the people of the Punjab has deprived it of all title to their confidence in matters of this kind.

As for me, I shall be prepared to disbelieve those charges only when they have been conclusively disproved by a proper judicial inquiry. Am I to infer that you do not propose to direct the Government of India to hold such an inquiry? I fully understood that the term "special inquiry" in your letter of July 10 implied something more than a mere reference to the Deputy Commissioner.

May I also draw your attention to the other charges equally grave made against a British officer by a very large number of women, and set out in detail in my letter to you of July 12. The Government of India's telegram does not deal with those at all, and I should be glad to learn what steps have been taken to ensure a thorough impartial investigation.

SPEECH AT THE AHMEDABAD CONGRESS

In supporting Mr. Gandhi's challenging resolution calling upon the country to prepare for civil disobedience, Mrs. Naidu spoke as follows at the Ahmedabad Congress in December, 1921 :—

CITIZENS of the India of which we dream to-day, but which we shall achieve to-morrow, you have heard representatives of all the great religions of India to-day. You have heard the Moslem, the Hindu and the Sikh. You have heard the men and the women speak. I speak not as representing any religion, any province, any sex to-day, but arrogant as it might seem, in all humility, I say, I speak as the Spirit of Free India. (Hear, hear). Therefore, I stand up to offer my support to this great resolution which has been placed before you not in the manner of resolutions of 36 years' experience of resolutions from the platform of the National Congress, but which has been thundered out to you with the voice of a prophet from the mountain top of vision and of hope. (Cheers). I am not one who cares for Governments or authorities. I care only for principles and ideals. I am not one who panders to expediencies. I acknowledge and follow only the wisdom of the ever-living Truth. Therefore, if I stand before you to speak, it is because I am the voice of your own heart, the very innermost secret surging voice of your own conscience, your own aspirations, your own hopes, your own certainty.

A CHALLENGE

What does this resolution say? What does it mean? What challenge does it throw? What does it affirm?

What does it deny? It denies the right of the most powerful Government on earth to trample on the heart and soul of a living nation. What does it affirm? It affirms, in the words of Lokmanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, that "liberty is our birth-right," and we shall have liberty to-day. What is the challenge thrown to the Government? It says, as Mahatama Gandhi so wonderfully put it, that the door is open. March with us to that destined goal that we see before us to-day when you and your children, O Rulers of Britain, might eclipse side by side with us in friendship and comradeship! But unless you realise that it is not by the might of the sword but by the invincible, slender, fragile, silken cord of love that nations can be bound together, you have no place in our midst.

BUILDING UP EDIFICE OF FREEDOM

And what is the answer to repression? The answer is that those dozens of delicately nurtured women who, having sent their sons, husbands, and fathers to prison, have come to-day to take their place to carry on the torch in the words of Deshbandhu Chitta Ranjan Das, to be the pilgrims on the road and to build up the edifice of your freedom with their corpse if death be necessary. As soon might you tell the sun not to rise at dawn as to say to India: "Don't move towards your destined freedom"—as soon might you say to the Ganges, "cease to flow"—as to say to the sacred spirit of Indian woman-hood, "don't flow towards the sea of Liberty." You might as well say to the earth, "cease to flower in the spring," and to the stars in the sky at midnight, "don't shine," as to say to the young ones amongst us, "don't join the volunteer corps." Do I not know what the younger generation can endure, what it can achieve? During those dreadful few days in

Bombay when it seemed that the whole of our work was to be cast in ruins—who was it that saved the situation?—Who, not only the fast of the saint within his cell but the endurance, the courage, the sacrifice of my young volunteers—who stood, night and day fearlessly, bloodshed around them, death around them, disaster around them, but true to their post, the symbol of the Indian victory? Therefore I do not share the fear of Shree Shankaracharya nor of any one else who thinks that India will give her divided support to this proposition. There is no division in India to-day, no caste, no tradition of caste.—No tyranny of caste can keep the untouchables from being the comrade, and the equals of the twice-born Brahmin in their march to freedom. (hear hear). Therefore, in the name of the young men of India, the young women of India, the old men and the old women of India, the oldest men and the oldest women of India, I pledge the lives, the souls and all of every Indian to this great cause and say: "In this great land, may there be peace" because we win only through peace. (Continued applause).

AHMEDABAD STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

The following is the full text of the inspiring address Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered as President of the Students' Conference at Ahmedabad in December 1922 :—

MY young comrades, if some fairy god-mother of destiny were to say to me " Yet in time, now or in the future, which is the one supreme wish of your heart, what is the one supreme honour you covet, what would be the crowning glory of all your achievement—choose." Do you know what I would choose without hesitation, without doubt in my mind? For my opportunity I would choose to mould the mind of the young generation. For the supremest honour of my life I should ask for the love of the young generation. For the crowning glory and achievement of my life I should like it written on my epitaph—" She loved the young generation; she trusted the young generation; she worked with the young generation; she won freedom side by side with the young generation of Indians for India." That is the secret desire of my heart. So you can understand that if I stand before you to-day your chosen President, it seems to me as if the fairy god-mother were already, without my asking for it, almost without my knowing it, conferring upon me the boon of boons. Ever since I could speak articulately, not the language as one finds the language in the dictionaries of the world, but the language of the heart of youth and the imagination of youth, no matter in what tongue and in what country, my one thought has been always for the freedom of India; and my earliest service in that direction was the companionship of students always.

SWEET MEMORIES

My first entry into public life was as a speaker in the colleges, the chosen guest of the students of the cities of India. To speak from larger platforms to larger audiences came much later but never brought to me the thrill that I still remember of those little audiences in attentively listening to me with avid faces and those burning eyes looking into the future and demanding an answer from the Time-spirit. To-day I stand amongst you once more, representatives of the spirit of India. You have come from North and South, East and West and the central heart of India,—you who represent many races to-day, many creeds to-day, many sects to-day, all times of civilisation, all kinds of traditions, all kinds of conflicts, and yet united by the one burning desire to serve your country, to sever her from bondage, to enthrone her among the stars,—you who have come together at that call of the nation,—you who have made a response to the voice that has trumpeted forth, saying “Stand forth, you, young generation, and break the shackles of your mother.” What is the message that I can deliver to you? What is the strength that can be mine that will guide you aright to-day on the difficult pilgrimage towards freedom? Those of you who were here the other day must be remembering with a thrill the words that I read from Deshbandu Chitta Ranjan Das’ message in which he speaks of the students. There he says in words that are written in fire :—“ Let me not forget the students. They are the inspiration of the movemnt. They are the torch-bearers on the path to freedom. They are the pilgrims on the road to liberty. If theirs has been the sacrifice, then victory is their due.” This is the message which the chosen President of the

National Congress wrote for the students in whom he has faith, in whom his generation has faith. And I, representing his generation, deliver to you the message of his generation and mine, asking that you will fulfil the pledges that we have made to the world, because you and you alone are not only the heroes of all our greatness but the fulfillers, the completers of all our imperfections, all our shortcomings, all our weaknesses. You are to wipe out the stains upon our generation. You are to blot out with your prayers, with your sacrifice, all the stains, the scourges, the follies, the back slidings, the curse of our generation. This is the message that I bring you to-day.

INDIA'S CALL ON YOU

You want to know what India demands of you. Turn over the pages of the history of the nations that have found freedom, and you will find in page after glorious page, not the record only of battles fought and won on the open fields and under the stars; no, the most inspiring pages are not there. But the inspiring pages come where name after name of young men in their serried ranks fill up the gaps as soldiers fall, the young serried ranks that urge into their trenches and with the cry of victory win the liberties of nations. You are in that position to-day. Greece in her glorious days could show no more radiant page of achievement. Rome with all her imperial purple has not a passage more glowing than you can show to-day to the world. Nay, the history of your country, the history of such supreme sacrifice, such glorious achievement can show no page more lovely with sacrifice, more burning with the fire of prophetic zeal than you to-day in whose hands the writing and the illuminating of the history of Empire lies. The call to students came last

year, but the call came with a rather hesitating voice because still the nation was not aware of its own peril. Nor was it so imminently and urgently aware of its need, its power, its great unity, its strength to sacrifice, its power to endure, its capacity to hurl back to an imperious bureaucracy the challenge of an invincible hope and an invincible resolve. To-day the call is not of an answering voice, the call is rising not from the mountain tops, but from the secret valleys of your own hearts and souls. If the voice of Mahatma Gandhi speaks to you, he is but the flute-call of your own hearts. He is not the Sri Krishna. He is the flute of Sri Krishna that is within your own hearts and souls. So, my young comrades, your duty to-day is clear before you. Sacrifice! Sacrifice! Sacrifice!!!

THE "NATION'S" SOUL AT PERIL.

One year ago I did not believe in the wisdom of young men turning their backs upon their colleges, shutting the pages of their text books, denying to themselves the inviolable right and privilege of knowledge and culture. But to-day after the agony of nearly one year's experience of the bitter need of India, the bitter peril of India, I stand up to say, though it hurts me still so to feel, that the young generation must turn its back upon the colleges, must deny to itself its own inalienable heritage of the right to learn, the right to know, the right that enriches the mind and the spirit with the garnered treasures of ages. I none the less say that freedom is worthy of even so valuable a sacrifice. Why shall men barter all their wealth to buy one pearl of great price? Shall men sell their lands and kingdoms to satisfy one passionate whim of theirs, and yet the youth of the nation not offer itself up in a flaming sacrifice for the

sake of the freedom of India? In 1914 when the great battle-cloud broke over Europe, when the sky of August was stained blood-red with the menace of war, when the boom of the thundering cannon roared in the great cities of Europe, did I not see young man after man in their hundreds of thousands pouring out of their colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, from the London Colleges and the Welsh Colleges and the Scottish Colleges and the Manchester Colleges and marching to the music of their own brave youths to victory or to doom? Is to-day so different from that day that needed the sacrifice of the youth of Europe for the sake of Europe's peace? Is not our plight more tragic? Is not our need more terrible? Is not our case more vitally urgent? Is not our peril the peril not merely of lands that may be lost, of lives that may be lost, but of the nation's soul, the nation's honour, the nation's right to live among the living nations of the world? Therefore, I ask you, my young friends, you who are to-day the representatives of hundreds and thousands of young men and women all over India, pour forth in your uncounted numbers. Pour forth to battle, not to the battle of those that wade across seas of blood towards victory, but the battle of those who wade only across the blood of their own hearts—not the blood of their enemies' hearts.

PURIFY AND SACRIFICE SELF

The difference between our warfare and the warfare of Europe, the warfare of the West, the accepted warfare of the world, is this, that whilst nations of another land win their victory slaying their enemies we win our victory by slaying only our sins. It is the great battle of self-purification. It is the great battle of self-sacrifice. It is the great battle of self-devotion. If in the years to come

when the Swaraj flag flies over our own national assemblies, in the summing up of the achievement of the great battle for liberty we count up the gains and the losses and among the losses irreparable, incalculable though they may be, we find that the youth of India has perforce to remain ignorant, bereft of that knowledge, that wide culture, that noble learning that is the inheritance of the young generations of the world, shall we have time to bemoan that ignorance? Shall we have time to lament that loss? Or shall we not say "Set against this loss, this lack, irreparable, incalculable though it is, the one thing which is worth while having, the one thing for which the young generations have not sacrificed their all for nothing. There is on the one hand a few years of sacrifice, on the other, the imperishable legacy of freedom to a land set free for ever by the sacrifice of the young generation.

THE ARMY OF FREEDOM

I want you all to realize that to-day you are the recruits in the great army of freedom. You are the new soldiers in the army of peace. I want you to understand the implications of that remark. I want you to realize in all its manifold bearings, in all the terrible responsibilities the meaning of that word. What does it mean to be a volunteer? What does it mean to be a non-co-operating student? What does it mean to-day to sign that pledge which you heard proclaimed yesterday in tones, solemn and moving from the lips of the apostle of freedom? It means this, my young friends, not merely that you will learn to parade and drill and fall into line and salute your superiors and have ranks in the army and march singing national songs. These are the details, the outer trappings, the true symbols that count for nothing. But to be a

soldier in the army that Mahatma Gandhi leads is to be re-born pure and flawless in the flame of sacrifice. It means the cleansing out of every secret sin from the secret recess of your hearts. It means the purging of every fibre of yours from every evil thought, passion and desire that still might be lurking unsuspected in the crevices of your being. It means that you pledge yourselves not only to the world that can see the outer things and judge you, but it means that you pledge yourselves to your Self, to the being seated in the midst of you, that you will abstain in thought and word, desire and deed, from every low, evil, vicious, cancerous, leprous sin. That is what I want to impress upon you. That is what I want you to realize. It means the discipline of perfection, the discipline of the mind, the heart, the senses, the desire; not merely the obeying of the orders of that captain that is in every man's heart and is called conscience by many tongues. It means that you will learn so to conquer yourself, your selfish desires, your selfish needs, your selfish pride, that you will endure, without retaliation, without resentment, all the indignity, humiliation, suffering, losses, penalties,—if necessary, floggings and torturings and death—for the sake of the cause to which you are pledged to-day.

MEANING OF SWARAJ

That is really the message I have for you. If you have understood what the pledge stands for, if you have understood why the hand-spun and hand-made outer symbol, that is your garment, is the true symbol of your inward regeneration, if you have understood that you cannot ask for freedom for yourself, if within one single heart amongst you there still remains that shrinking from your neighbour because he is not born like yourselves within the

mantle of the four-fold caste—if you have understood all these things, you have understood the meaning and the purpose of Swaraj. But if you have still within you the feeling that there are barriers between Hindu and Hindu within his own caste, between Hindu and Mussalman, between Mussalman and Parsee, between Parsee and Christian, if we still define ourselves in terms of sects and provinces and castes and divisions, there is no Swaraj for us; there is no Swaraj for the young generation. Therefore, my purpose to-day is to make clear to you the meaning of that great pledge. But the young generation does not need my interpretation of the gospel of freedom. I want you, therefore—I know you will—therefore, to join in your hundreds and thousands and become yourselves the young apostles of your own deliverance. There should be no peril that is too great for you to face, no difficulty too difficult for you to overcome, no death too terrible for you to master, no destiny too exalted for you to achieve.

LAST APPEAL

But my young friends, my young comrades, Oh pilgrims on the road to freedom, as said the other pilgrim who is in the half-way house to freedom in the prisons of Bengal, I charge you, “remember the sacred duty that will bow these young shoulders, the terrible burden that will bow those young heads. But though your backs be broken and your heads be bowed, I charge you, let your hearts be never bowed or burdened. For, no matter how heavy the burden, let your own courage be the torch in your hand; no matter how steep the path, let your own hope be the pilgrim's staff in your hand; no matter how far the goal, let your young strength give you wings to

reach the goal. When the goal is reached and you stand high up on the peaks and look back across the difficult way you have come, comrades, remember : let there be nothing that you see on the road you left behind save your own follies and weaknesses and sins and nothing of value, nothing of abiding worth or beauty ; take it all with you for the enriching of the temple, that is the temple of liberty. March with me to the temple of liberty. I carry the standard in my hands. Comrades, march with me till we reach the goal." (Vociferous cheers).

THE BARDOLI PROGRAMME

Mrs. Sarojini and Mr. C. F. Andrews addressed on February 15, 1922 a mass meeting convened by the District Congress Council and Madras Presidency Khilafat Committee on the Marina. There was a huge audience present. Mr. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar presided and in a short speech introduced the lecturers to the audience. Mrs. Sarojini who followed said :—

YOU see it is quite obvious why I must crave your indulgence if my usually audible voice fails to reach the outermost edges of this vast audience. But my voice is capricious like a woman herself and change its mind very often and towards the end of the meeting becomes very clear but whether my voice be hoarse or clear, audible or inaudible, I want you to believe that the message I bring to you is always clear, always unchanging, not capricious but immutable, and it is the message which Mahatma Gandhi, fasting in Bardoli has sent to his compatriots all over the country. Like Mr. Andrews I also have a train to catch, like Mr. Andrews I also have a message to deliver but unlike Mr. Andrews I am not swayed or inspired by a double inspiration. One single heart is the devotion of my life and my life is applied to the service of my leader Mahatma Gandhi. It is only by an accident that I am passing through Madras. I am so ignorant of geography that I did not know when I came to Mangalore that Mangalore was in a neighbouring but not a rival province to that heart-broken and tragic Malabar. I did not know until I was assured that Madras was quite

a possible journey to go to Bombay from Mangalore. So it is the Gods of chance have blown me hither like the sea-wind the sands that blow across your face in the evening but I hope that unlike the sea-weeds and the sea-sands you will not try to blow away from your minds the message that my words contain—that same message that Mr. Andrews has given you in his touching, and earnest fashion, the message of Unity, unity to-day, unity to-morrow, unity always, as the one imperishable foundation of that Swaraj of which you and I dream with such longing heart.

As the President reminded you, I have come from the Karnataka but I paused for a few days in that tragic city where both Hindus and Musalmans are suffering to-day with all poignance, the suffering that I have not the courage to put into words. Like Mr. Andrews I have seen the tragedy, the horror, the terror and the misfortune that has befallen Malabar. The fanatical men goaded by manifold circumstances to madness beyond their control committed outrages and crimes upon the Hindu people. To-day it is the women of these poor fanatics, dead or imprisoned or in hiding who are the victims of a dual terrorism, first by the reprisals on the part of the angered Hindu population on one hand and on the other subject to the incalculable brutality of those minions of Martial Law to whom the honour of womanhood is not sacred nor the innocence of childhood its own safeguard against their brutality and bestiality. I have seen in Malabar with mine eyes one young woman with nine bayonet wounds, not healed, upon her body (cries of shame, shame). I have seen the photograph of a little child of nine who was hacked down by the soldiers kept there to maintain law

and order. Her left arm was hacked off and there are bruises upon the back of her neck. I saw a woman in that little Mopla centre where these frail, forlorn refugees have found temporary shelter who has lost her sight, and many more too who are yet bearing the sufferings which they have endured, the shames which they may not reveal, the sorrows that they could not endure, knowing not whither to turn for help, knowing not whether they are friend or foe, at every turn. These are the things that I have seen in Calicut. Think of the unspeakable horrors which are awaiting revelation, and awaiting succour and solace in these affected areas where a paternal Government presumably keeps its Martial Law to maintain and safeguard the interest of an afflicted population but which if the truth were known, if the truth were placed in broad light ought to be one more stain, black and indelible, upon the already darkened record of a paternal Government keeping law and order, not by the moral force that Mahatma Gandhi preaches but by that resource of the tyrant who knows he is in the wrong—brute force from end to end—brute force always unrelieved by a single grain of pity or compassion for the sufferings it inflicts.

When I came to Madras full of the horror which my eyes had seen and my heart endured—all the sufferings of my sisters, I found one more suffering yet to bear and to me far more intolerable, far more poignant because far more intimately affecting my inmost life and thought. It was the suffering of Mahatma Gandhi making penance for the sins of his followers. When I read of his fast, I who was a good deal associated with his mournful victories in the past, during the period of the Bombay riots, I

know how that frail body and that invincible heart endures the pangs of hunger. He is weaker than the weakest child in your midst. At the last time his fast ended, when he had that great feast of reconciliation where all communities for the moment preparing for bitter conflict came together to the temple of this high priest, we my daughter and I, could say how his invincible heart none the less could not keep his frail limbs from trembling with uttermost hunger and weakness and yet once again of his own free will he endures the agony of that penance because like Christ before him he knows that he alone can make atonement for the sins of his people. Do you think that the body of the crucified Christ with nails driven through his hands and feet and the sword that was slashed through his side endured the bitter pain ?

What is the message that comes to us from Bardoli that has become the alter of the supreme and unalterable sacrifice ? What is the message to which each heart must respond, if indeed there be in the hearts around me one spark of manhood, one spark of humanity, one spark of patriotism, one spark of honour or of shame ? The lesson comes to us that our saint doing penance is also a statesman with that vision and that courage which the history of the world has not hitherto revealed. There you usually camouflage all your statesmanship by covering the mistake with the audacity of denials but we in India who are with our different traditions, who are with our different ends, who are with our different ideals need a statesmanship that does not stoop to defend its own errors but victoriously confesses its limitations and transmutes its errors into actions of ultimate victory. That is the meaning of the

Bardoli utterances. It is wise of the Working Committee indeed, and the sitting of the Working committee is no more than the flute of Sri Krishna straining forth a mandate to the people—the mandate of deliverance. The President said and rightly said that it required immense courage for Mahatma Gandhi to disappoint the thousands upon thousands of eager workers who think of the magic or mantra of Civil Disobedience not in the least realising all the implications of Civil Disobedience. But I think that so far from being what many feared, the damping of the enthusiasm of the workers, if the workers are animated not merely by hysterical excitement but have at heart the progress and peace of the country, the workers will only redouble their courage and be re-inspired—not merely morally inspired but doubly inspired to efforts surpassing all possible dreams to-day. What does the Bardoli mandate say—that we are to cease all controversial and aggressive preparation for Civil Disobedience, that we are to stop picketing and rightly to stop picketing because I believe we are yet undisciplined to realise that unconsciously in our enthusiasm we would resort to that moral coercion which by its very nature and result is immoral to the core. We are then told that we are not to court imprisonment and rightly so for there are few in this vast audience as there are few even among the leaders of Non-Co-operation who have understood the full responsibility of that mandate. It has become something like a national cinema show to those courting arrest. Many dressed picturesquely, said farewells theatrically, drove with all the consciousness of professional beauties and cinema stars and play the gallant and say, “Behold ! I am a patriot. I am courting

imprisonment" and incidentally that notoriety, that blow of trumpet and beat of drums that make it worth while to suffer for a little while. We want to annihilate from the moment every touch of hysteria, of excitements that bar our own enthusiasm, that have at bottom insincerity which is the first thing we must abolish from our programme. What the Bardoli Edict gives us is not merely the opportunity but enjoins upon us as a duty the abolishing of all these dangerous elements out of the movement. But the most important are two points.

The first is represented by the great Swadeshi movement which so few of our leaders have been able to appreciate or interpret to the masses whom they profess to lead. Many men and many women who do not have the key—the magic-key—to Mahatma Gandhi's mind do believe that behind his wonderful simplicity and sincerity there must be some double motive that he is too worldly-wise to reveal. They believe that Swadeshi is a political expedient, some double edged weapon that you could hurl by the twisting of your arm and so destroy materially or politically some Power that is inimical to you. That conception of Swadeshi is the most erroneous, the most devastating and the most demoralising of all conceptions, for Mahatma Gandhi is incapable of initiating any beliefs that have for their life blood hatred and destruction, no matter however inimical the Powers might be to us. But Swadeshi means feeding the poor home. It means feeding all those millions upon millions of starving men and women whose liberty, whose lives, you have bought away unconsciously or consciously for a mess of pottage and a hand's breadth of fine cloth that is nevertheless the very sign-manual of your shame. If you

have a common heart, a common mind, a common ear and common eyes watching your neighbours, you must know as you make your journeys to your villages that your poor brothers are starving and he who knows India must realise how Mahatma Gandhi has spoken to us charging us with the crime of murder because we have murdered not merely the bodies of our brothers but sent the souls of their women to the market of the grain cities where besides merchandise of gram and pieces of silk there is played that tragic merchandise of a woman's honour for the sake of daily bread. I want you to realise what Mahatma Gandhi said—that during the famine of Khulna Bengali women used to go out clothed only in the darkness of a compassionate night to drown themselves in wells and rivers because they had not upon them even two threads of cloth together to cover their modesty and they could not go out even to beg bread for their dying children. I wonder how any lesson could be more poignant, how any man or any woman need any lesson more terrible to bring to them the consciousness of their duty to Swadeshi as an economic necessity for the country because remember that the country that having all the granaries that go to feed the world but could not feed itself, having great fields to clothe the nations of the world and yet sent their women, in fact, to their death—that country surely cannot claim Swaraj. Any case for Swaraj implies of necessity the elementary needs to be fulfilled. There, men and women shall be fit to clothe themselves before they seek political freedom and claim their rights among the other nations of the world.

But even more necessary, even more profoundly affecting the welfare, the very life of the country is that

great message that has come to us—that great command to which we must respond—always establishing unity between other sections in India whether they be Hindus or Mussalmans. Especially in the south of India there is more bitter division than between the Hindus and Mussalmans living in the United Provinces.

I know there is a proverb which says "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread." I have all the audacity of my folly, I do not need the suffrage of any man or woman in this world to hold my head high and I take the fullest consequence of my foolhardy daring in arraigning the people of this great Presidency. Swaraj! You talk of Swaraj and yet I have seen in Malabar those lowest of the low, according to you, who have to cry out saying, "Warning! I come, I come" even as the lepers in mediæval Europe used to ring a bell saying, "unclean, unclean, unclean." In Mangalore there was a conference for the untouchables. Hundreds of women smelling of the stench of unwashed clothes and unwashed bodies—because they were too poor to wash either body or clothes—they came, but the men were afraid to come because they thought they would be persecuted by those who called themselves superior; and more tragic, more ironic than all things there, there was a fringe of men and women outside who were afraid to come in because they were placed lower than the Panchama and even more, disinherited from all the human rights to which they were entitled. It took great persuasion to say "Brothers and Sisters, come. The Panchama shall no more persecute you while I am here than the Brahmin shall persecute the Panchama." With these problems at your doors why do you talk of Civil Disobedience? Who has given you the permission to claim your right of Civil

Disobedience. It is only given to those individuals or communities or provinces that have fulfilled the greatest law of life and that is to love your neighbour as yourself.

But I am coming to the more urgent, the more crucial, the more widely discussed of all differences in your city. There is on every side thundering like waves upon the shore the question and the conflict of the Brahmin, against the Non-Brahmin, the Non-Brahmin against the Brahmin. I do not know whether to claim the Brahminhood of my birth or the Non-Brahminhood on my marriage. I rejoice that in myself I combine, even emphasised, and symbolise the unity of the Brahmin and the Non-Brahmin and therefore I have the right to speak. Friends, what is this conflict between men moulded by the same earth and lighted by the same heaven and fed from the same harvest, suffering the same humiliations and enduring the same martyrdom, sharing the same home and looking for the same destiny? Is it not possible on the eve of Swaraj when that Swaraj is bought with the price of the martyrdom of many leaders, may be, even as we speak, the supreme martyrdom of the supreme leader of the country—aye, can we not pause on the very eve of Swaraj and say to ourselves what is the difference, what is this conflict? Can we not come to some understanding amongst ourselves—Brahmin and Non-Brahmin—even as in that memorable and unforgettable session of the Lucknow Congress in 1916 the chosen representatives of the Hindus and the Mussalmans, made a historic compact that is to-day the very foundation of their harmonious cooperation? It was said that the Hindus gave too much to the Mussalmans but let the Hindus give all to the Mussalmans, I do say—all the liberties that Hindu statesmanship

and magnanimity can give. We realise that though in a free India, in an India that desires to be free, there should be no need of the safeguarding of minorities, none the less it was the duty of the Hindus to give to the Mussalmans all that they wanted of help for the safeguarding of their interest without a time limit, for that natural time limit would come automatically once the Mussalmans realise that they need have no fear of their Hindu brothers. Why cannot the Brahmin and Non-Brahmin problem be solved in that same wise, practical and magnanimous fashion? It is true that the Brahmins are in the minority but in this case it is not the numbers that count. The Brahmins are educated, they are privileged because their intellectual traditions have given them the opportunity and the scope hitherto. Surely those who have fulfilled the great unity would not grudge for one single moment anything to the Non-Brahmin brothers so long as the Non-Brahmin brothers accept the hand of fellowship without fear or reserve, without secret suspicion—of the hand offered by their Brahmin comrades. I am not, as you all know and I am very proud to say, a politician at all. If I were a politician I should not be able to speak like this. I should use phrases so round-about, so discreet with the meaning so cleverly hidden that you would not know at all what I mean. But my training has not been in that subtle fashion. Therefore as to the practical fulfilment of that Bardoli Edict I should suggest in Madras Presidency where the acutest, the most urgent problems are the problems of the differences between the Brahmin and the Non-Brahmin—that both should sink their mutual suspicion and hatred realising that after all their destiny and the destiny of all Indians are the same. Therefore their endeavours

should be the same. I would also suggest, though here I tread on delicate grounds on which my feet are not familiar—I should suggest whether it be Swaraj Government or whether unfortunately for the time being it be still a foreign Government a full-fledged nation should place no restriction on permissive social legislation that may be needed for many communities chaffing under the iron traditions that bind them down and keep them from the free ways of progress. That is what I would suggest, that is what I would say has to be the special contribution of the Madras Presidency to the social and political evolution of Swaraj. Friends, every province has its own peculiar difficulties, its unique tragedies and disintegrations and you have here neither the life of the Punjab nor the life of Bengal to give up the authentic standards of your life and its needs. You alone know your heart's fluttering; you alone know the fields that give the whole of your own wants; and the Edict of Bardoli is this: that first within your home have unity and make your provincial unity an abiding gift to the rest of India.

My friends, I said a moment ago that even as we speak to-day the supremest of martyrdom, I, for weeks and weeks and weeks even since the great session of the Congress at Ahmedabad, have been hearing sinister rumours that my friend Mahatma Gandhi is to be deported like Zaghul Pasha. Let us hope that he and Zaghul Pasha will pick dates together from the same palm trees if necessary. If Gandhi must be deported--and let us hope that the consolidation of the two great apostles might be the foundation of a great Pan-Asiatic Alliance—(Cheers), I do not know how the decision of Bardoli might affect panic-stricken legislation but we all know the panic-stricken are

mad. Show them heaven's light, show them the ways to safety and they are yet convinced that it is a phantom. I do not know even after reading the wisdom of the *Westminster Gazette* and the great statesmanlike utterance of Lord Curzon whether even the wisdom, the magnanimity and the magnificence of the statesmanship of the Bardoli decision will bring solace, will bring comfort to those frightened, those terror-stricken, those ignorant, those cowardly legislators at Whitehall. I do not know, I do not care. Because I believe that if India is to be free, even if Mahatma Gandhi were to lie dead at this second, were his frail limbs to be the offering to the final fire and his ashes cast with benedictive eulogies into the sea—none the less like Sri Krishna he would be re-born again and again and again in the heart of every Indian (cheers, loud and prolonged) for the re-establishment of the national righteousness. That is my message to you. Be of good cheer, be strong in adversity, be victorious over the forces of death, realise that we are now writing for the first time in human history a new chapter of human achievement. Remember that all the four greatest figures on the world's stage, each attaining in his own fashion the great and tragic drama and remember—for he is not one of the four—Zaghlul Pasha in Egypt, Mushtapha Kemal in Angora and DeValera in Ireland—all are men who have tried to conquer by the sword while yet the sword of victory, their penultimate victory is still dyed in the blood of enemies. These three believing in violence, believing in the force of the sword have none the less bowed their head and paid homage to the strength that transcends the power of the sword and wins its victory not by dyeing the sword in the blood of its enemies but by that glorious driving power

that sent Christ to the Cross, Lord Buddha to the forest and Mahatma Gandhi to the penance, so that he might cleanse the sins of his countrymen. Let us whatever should befall us be true soldiers of peace, whether our general be in front ranks to guide us or not—no matter, we have the great Gita which he has given us even as Sri Krishna gave his Gita to Arjuna on the field of battle and even as Sri Krishna inspired Arjuna, whether be he in Bardoli or be he not in Bardoli—he has his heart enshrined in every child's frail body—no matter his Gita remains the same, Remember! Oh, Arjuna! that the true Yoga is wisdom in action.

THE TRIAL OF MAHATMA GANDHI

Mrs. Naidu was present at the Court when Mahatma Gandhi was tried and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Describing the scene of the great trial, in the "Bombay Chronicle", Mrs. Naidu wrote in March 1922:—

A convict and a criminal in the eyes of the Law! Nevertheless the entire Court rose in an act of spontaneous homage when Mahatma Gandhi entered—a frail, serene, indomitable figure in a coarse and scanty loin-cloth, accompanied by his devoted disciple and fellow-prisoner, Shankerlal Banker.

"So you are seated near me to give me your support in case I break down," he jested, with that happy laugh of his which seems to hold all the undimmed radiance of the world's childhood in its depths. And looking round at the hosts of familiar faces of men and women who had travelled far to offer him a token of their love, he added, "This is like a family gathering and not a law-court."

A thrill of mingled fear, pride, hope and anguish ran through the crowded hall when the Judge took his seat—an admirable Judge deserving of our praise alike for his brave and resolute sense of duty, his flawless courtesy, his just perception of a unique occasion and his fine tribute to a unique personality.

The strange trial proceeded and as I listened to the immortal words that flowed with prophetic fervour from the lips of my beloved master, my thoughts sped across the centuries to a different land and different age when a similar drama was enacted and another divine and gentle teacher

was crucified, for spreading a kindred gospel with a kindred courage. I realised now that the lowly Jesus of Nazareth, cradled in a manner furnished the only true parallel in history to this sweet invincible apostle of Indian liberty who loved humanity with surpassing compassion and to use his own beautiful phrase, "approached the poor with the mind of the poor."

The most epic event of modern times ended quickly.

The pent-up emotion of the people burst in a storm of sorrow as a long slow procession moved towards him in a mournful pilgrimage of farewell, clinging to the hands that had toiled so incessantly, bowing over the feet that had journeyed so continuously in the service of his country.

In the midst of all this poignant scene of many voiced and myriad hearted grief he stood, untroubled, in all his transcendent simplicity, the embodied symbol of the Indian Nation—its living sacrifice and sacrament in one.

They might take him to the utmost ends of the earth but his destination remains unchanged in the hearts of his people who are both the heirs and the stewards of his matchless dreams and his matchless deeds.

SPEECH AT COLOMBO

Early in October 1922 Mrs. Naidu went to Ceylon for a holiday. Her visit which was intended to be private and for the benefit of her health developed into a week of crowded public engagements. She motored through the whole island and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. She lectured to crowded audiences in Colombo, Galle, and Jaffna on the message of Mahatma Gandhi and the achievements of Non-Co-operation. At the great public meeting in Colombo on the 7th October, the President of the Ceylon National Congress Mr. H. J. C. Perera, K. C., presided Mrs. Naidu spoke on the Indian Renaissance to an audience spell bound by her eloquence :—

PRESIDENT, people of Ceylon, my Indian brothers:
As I came to Ceylon I thought I was coming as a stranger to a strange land. I have been ill, as you know, and when my doctor once said to me: "When you are able to go for a change, you must go to a place where no one knows you and where you know nobody." I at once said "I think Ceylon will be the right place for me, because nobody knows me there." But my ignorance, which extends to many subjects, extended apparently to the omniscience of the Ceylonese people, because, when quite humbly I arrived in Colombo, it was to be greeted with the information that Colombo was waiting to welcome what was called the "Singing Bird of India." But no one realised perhaps that the singing bird had a broken wing and a broken voice, and now and then the sorrow of a broken heart. That sorrow is not personal, not individual;

it is the heritage of my people to-day. Only the other day before I came here I wrote to my friend Mrs. Kasthuribhai Gandhi, who was going to see my master in his prison, to tell my Bapu that is, my father, that anywhere, living or dead, I shall bear his message in my heart; and when the people of Ceylon wished me to speak to them I felt that I must deliver to the people of Ceylon the great message of deliverance that Mahatma Gandhi is preaching in India to-day.

THAT "FRAIL ASCETIC"

as Srinivasa Sastri called him, that little almost naked man, that little fragile figure that could be crushed between the thumb and the finger of a burly Englishman, he languishes indeed in prison to day (cries of Shame); but all the walls of a prison, nay all the walls of a tomb, cannot silence that imperishable voice of liberty. And so to-day, if I have chosen for my subject the "Indian Renaissance," I must needs speak of him who has been the first apostle and the prophet and the martyr of that Indian Renaissance (Applause). As your President rightly said, you, in this island of beauty, are undergoing your trial by fire. You too are in the crucible, you too are being tested so that your dross shall be purged from your pure gold, and therefore it is meet that you people of Ceylon should hear from me, the least, the lowliest, but most loyal follower of Gandhi, the message that Gandhi was born to deliver to the world and make it full of peace.

What is the Renaissance? What does that word Renaissance imply? What does it connote? What are the profound and far-reaching implications of that far-reaching word? It means literally a re-birth: a re birth through agony, through sacrifice, through martyrdom: to

be born anew in your own pain even as in the body you are born in your mother's pain. That is the meaning of Renaissance, whether in far-off Greece, or in Egypt or in India or in Ceylon. We all know the history of the Congress movement in India. We all know how the

STIRRINGS OF A NEW LIFE

more than one generation ago, moved the quickening soul of our fathers to articulate aspirations; we know how they considered that constitutional demands, academic demands moulded and guided by European systems of political work, how they believed, that these were the efficacious methods for India. Name after name of patriot after patriot, comes back to our minds, men and women whom we honour for the great labours they have left behind, for the many sacrifices they have made. But all of them of the older Congress were but like John the Baptist before the advent of Christ; they have been the herald of a new birth; they prepared for the feet of the messenger who has walked upon the mountains of agony and dived deep into the valleys of humiliation. But the older Congress with its great rhetoricians, its statesmen, its great scholars, versed in the manifold literatures of Europe, who could point a moral and adorn a tale in the language of the Romans and the Franks, they were the workers of yesterday. They did their work greatly and adequately, suited to their generation and their opportunity. But the times progressed, a younger generation came face to face with problems more tragic in their issues, more urgent in their need of immediate solution. The Government, an alien Government, but alien in this, that it represents an alien system, but in which our own kith-and-kin have part and-lot, this alien Government threw down and throws down day after day a

challenge to the self-respect of the Indian people ; and for many years the Indian people did not know how to respond to the

INSOLENCE OF THAT CHALLENGE.

They continued in the old ways—resolutions, memorials, deputations, private consultations, speeches everywhere from public platforms, but the day for these academic methods of politics were fast dying and the new generation were not quite sure how to proceed. Then they realised that quietly, in the background, a new method was evolving.

Destiny, kindly to the younger generation, had been preparing for them a great leader—that great leader, who was only a few years ago unknown, practically unknown excepting as a rebel from South Africa, a mad man who tried to fight the might of a great Government with a handful of men. But by and by they said : “ Yes, this man was great in a little sphere ; in a little locally limited area, his ideas could bear fruit.” He came back to India and some of us, my friend Gopal Krishna Gokhale amongst them, recognised the possibilities that lay within that little man, known as Mohandas Kharamchand Gandhi. But when this little man came to India and when he was asked to take part in the academic politics of that time—1915, 1916 and 1917, he with that humble smile of his which has all the wisdom of the ages in it, disclaimed the privileges, as he said, of guiding the destinies of a people or sharing in the counsels of the leaders ; for he came to learn, he said, from this country, not to teach. He came back from his long exile and he felt he must go sharp and straight to the hearts of the people and find out from them what were their needs, what were their sorrows, what were their limitations, what were their capacities, and the little man

from Africa said to himself : " Surely, surely in this great India there must be men,

THERE MUST BE HEROES."

Gokhale had said of him that he had been able to mould heroes of common clay in South Africa ; but here was a man who came back after moulding heroes of common clay and looked to find heroes in a heroic land but found nothing but down-trodden men ; and he said to himself, " This down-trodden clay that once stood for the manhood of India I will refashion it into the image of manhood again." (Cheers). And so with that true prophetic vision of the apostle, he took the clay that was most down-trodden under the ruthless heel of the ages, and by footsteps that were not always alien but belonging to the indigenous tyrants of the soil ; and he said to himself, the Congress stands academically, for an academic word called freedom, but until we break that academic convention of the Congress there can be no reality in the national life. And so he who might have been carried on the heads of kings, took nuts himself, shared the poverty and the misery of the poorest of his brethren, shared in their agony, shared in the dire stricken poverty of their daily life and endured daily misery travelling in the death traps in which the poor are herded day after day on their journeys, their pilgrimages and their goings hither and thither in their search for bread. He went to the villages and saw in the land, which the old historians of China and Greece called the " paradise and the granary of the world," the

SKELETONS OF LIVING MEN AND WOMEN

who had become even lower than the brutes ; he saw the waters of the great rivers ; he saw the land where the harvests were golden and red to be reaped for the children

across the seas while the children of the land are stricken with famine. He went to the hovels of the poor and saw the children on the laps of their mothers dying, dying of thirst and hunger because in these hovels there was no money to buy milk, and in the breasts of the famine stricken mothers there was no milk to nourish the lives that had come into being.

He went to Puri, he went to Bengal, he went to Ahmedabad, and everywhere the famine stricken conditions seemed to be worse, and when the women tottering with dying children in their arms came to bow before his feet, he said to them; "Sisters, the river flows before you, why do you come to me in rags full of stench and dirt?" And they said to him: "Mahatma, Pitha, the river flows beneath our feet, but if we wash these rags to cleanse them how shall we cover our modesty till the rags be dry." He went further into the stricken areas and there, every day he heard the tales of women stealing out veiled only in the darkness of the night and drowning their misery in the rivers and wells, because they dare not issue forth from their hovels by day. There was not even a dirty rag to cover them. Then he came to Southern India and he found what was

WORSE THAN FAMINE, WORSE THAN DEATH

—he found the Untouchables. Truly, as Bishop Heber, said "Every prospect pleases but only man is vile," for nothing can be viler than this, that man should disinherit his own kith-and-kin and put them beyond the pale of human rights and privileges. Then this man said: "The nation asks for freedom, one-fifth of the nation is worse than brute beasts." He said "In Malabar, a man stands forty yards away, saying 'I come, I come,' even as in the

Middle Ages of Europe the leper with his bell came saying "Unclean, unclean." Then he considered the problem that is to me,—and all the workers of India and my Indian brothers here will acknowledge with me, that it is so,—the most important factor for gaining any possible liberty or Swaraj in India, and that is the Hindu Moslem unity. (Applause). Thus having got into the heart of these problems he set about finding the solutions. What was the poverty of India due to? Why were the little children dying in the laps of their mothers? Why were the women of the villages taking into the markets of the world, where many precious things are sold, nothing is more precious than what the woman sells for bread—her chastity. He asked himself "What is the solution for this? How shall India be free if there is poverty and there is also that untouchability in India?" He asked himself; "Have men and women been so denationalized that they cannot think in their own language, and suffer their agony in their own tongue, and pray for their deliverance in their own language; how shall India have Swaraj?" He said to himself: "If after this century and a half of alien rule, India has become so utterly degraded as to have forgotten its own languages, its own religion, its own traditions, its own self-respect, how could India be free?" And then with that wisdom of the prophets of all ages he looked at the Indian problem as a whole, not separated into watertight compartments of communities, of races, classes and religions, literate and illiterate, good and bad, the titled and the fallen. No; he regarded India as an entity, as one human unit, whose destiny it was to contribute to the world culture and world-achievement. And he knew that this India must be cast into the

crucible of remorseless discipline. He knew that only by suffering, by sacrifice, that the Indian people could be re-born. And as

GOD WORKS IN DIVERSE WAYS

to further the dreams of his prophets and shape the prayer of his devotees and make them true, to India also came the great opportunity that made her one. Never before 1919 could the people of India truly say that the Indian Renaissance was there. No; there were indications, there were faint vague stirrings of a new life to come; but the new life only came in 1919. When the Rowlatt Act, of which you all know, that black and infamous Act came to India for the further mortification and humiliation of the people, then this little frail man, this little shrimp of a man, this little beggar of a man, this little insignificant creature that could be brushed aside like a mosquito, stood by and lifted his little finger and said to India: "Arise and win your deliverance by your own suffering." And he said: "I come to bring peace to the world: I come not to divide but I come to unite. I come to bring peace, but a peace at such a price that it may be that one generation must be trampled to the earth before the next generation can be born again free." People were ready all through the villages of India. From the great cities of India, and the palaces of India, to the hovels of India, and the bazars of India, and the Colleges of India, and even to the very grave-yards of India, ran the cry: "This is the hour of our deliverance; let us arise; we who were dead, let us live even if to live we must die in the body;" that day of humiliation is also the day of preparation for the dedication, fixed throughout India. At the flicker of one man's eyelashes arose

THE ANSWER TO THE CHALLENGE

of the bureaucracy. You know what happened in the Punjab. I went to the Punjab only the other day ; I went to Jallianwalla Bagh as a pilgrim to the place of martyrdom ; and when I, who had fought the battles of the Punjab in England, went to visit Jallianwalla Bagh, I began to feel that every man, woman and child should make a pilgrimage there because after three years, still the soil there holds the secret of the martyrdom written in living blood and the epic of that martyrdom issues red from under that earth. You look upon the walls of Jallianwalla Bagh and you find the blood that issued from the neck of a bride who was shot while leaning from the windows to help the men to escape. You see there, in the bullet-ridden walls, a heritage inspiring us to shame and teaching us that in every city of India Jallianwalla Bagh may be repeated a hundred thousand times. I went to the Crawling Lane in Amritsar where men born to stand erect were made to crawl like reptiles on their bellies because it was the caprice of a blood-thirsty general. Yes, from things like this, it is, that the living generation of India draws its strength. From this suffering comes their strength, from this agony comes courage, from this humiliation comes that power to achieve, which has made men and women who have lived like princes all through their lives join the battle like private soldiers of the rank and file. And if men like Motilal Nehru and women like his delicate wife on whom the winds of heaven have never blown too hard, have joined, then it is this kind of agony that brings the wave of the renaissance to India. After the Punjab incidents you ought to know with what dramatic rapidity and with what dramatic colourful complexity all things happened.

You know during the War when the fate of England was in the balance, England said: "Come to our aid," and though the Moslems of India felt their hearts torn that they had to fight Turkey, the Moslems said: "Ensure us the sanctity and safety of our Holy Places and we give our lives." Even Lord Curzon acknowledged it was the Sikhs that won the victory for England. And what happened in the Guru-ka-bagh when the brothers and the sons of those men whose blood is mingled with the blood of European soldiers in Flanders and France were beaten, bayoneted,

WHIPPED, DEGRADED, SPAT UPON,

trampled because they loved the sanctity of their own shrines. (Cries of shame). The Moslems who had given so liberally, to-day their leaders are in prison, young man after young man is shut up between four walls; but the spirit of Islam that was generous enough to fight even against its own kindred can never die, (applause)—and when the men have gone to prison the Moslems of India are led by an old woman of nearly 80 years of age, the mother of the great Ali Brothers. (Loud applause). The Sikhs, the martial Sikhs, the Akalis, their women and children whose clan carried the sword always across their breasts, they too have come to the crucible; they know what they have given to the War; they know the young widows and the orphans for whom the sun will never shine again; they know the reward that has been theirs for their magnanimous sacrifice of the lives of their sons and brothers and husbands; but for them also the day of sacrifice has given the strength to endure. To every section of the people has come the strength to endure because, what was divided by centuries long ago are welded together by common suffering; and by the force of the welding power,

the things that united most were those which were supposed to be most irreconcilable. That power was the genius of Mahatma Gandhi. "I come with a new message to the world only because you Indians have forgotten your own traditions." It was the message that came to Ceylon where Sanghamitra brought the Bo-tree, which is an emblem of peace. Mahatma Gandhi said: "In India there shall be no man or woman or community that shall be excluded from the promises and the reality of that freedom when it comes. I lead an army to battle but my soldiers are drawn from every rank and race, not by the measure of their chest, not by their height and the strength of their arm but the feeblest and the oldest and the lowliest and the most illiterate may come and be the chief among my soldiers for my only standard of measurement is a devoted heart and the power to sacrifice and be true." (Cheers). And so Mahatma Gandhi, finding as all generals must find, a plan for his campaign made out a great plan of battle for his people. He does not fight as your President has reminded you with swords and guns; there are no drummers to the fore, no wounded to be carried, no ambulances at the back, there are no base hospitals, no titles and honours afterwards, there are no great parades and banquets, but there is a great campaign and he says "My soldiers, I expect obedience from you, discipline from you, and

THERE ARE FOUR COMMANDMENTS

that you must fulfil if you will be worthy of the Swaraj to which I will lead you."

The first, he said, was "You must be re-born, and how will you be re-born? From what will you be re-born? You must be re-born out of the degradation of your

poverty; be self-sufficient, be self-reliant. How will you be self-sufficient and self-reliant, while in your country you are so helpless. Your industries, famed throughout the world, are dead; for every measure of cloth that covers you from your bridals to your funerals, you depend upon the foreign loom. You stupid, you blind, you foolish, you suicidal, you murderous people, you take from your own soil that which is meant to be the heritage of your children and you send it across the sea and mortgage the future and the honour of your posterity." Therefore, he said: A nation that would be free, a nation that would be fit for the Renaissance of its country, must be economically free; in every home there must be food. While one child dies in India, because it starves, the whole nation is degraded and stained with shame." He therefore said: "In every home the spinning-wheel." "Till every woman in this country can have bread in her hand for her children the men cannot win deliverance for the country." You have all heard Mahatma Gandhi ridiculed because he said that the spinning-wheel will bring Swaraj to India. I, who am but the mouth-piece of Mahatma Gandhi know in my heart of hearts that the spinning-wheel will make India free; the hand that spins the cotton that grows in the Indian soil, spins the web of destiny for India and the hand that weaves the threads, the decayed fingers of the woman, weaves the fabric of liberty for the wearing of the nation. Therefore the first condition of the Indian Renaissance is Khaddar, of which Mahatma Gandhi speaks. People have said to me that Khaddar is coarse cloth: "You, Mrs. Naidu, so artistic, are you going to wear Khaddar?" I have worn Khaddar, (Cheers). For every inch spun of this stuff (pointing to her saree) there is

THE BENEDICTION OF A WOMAN

who knows that her hands are buying bread for her little children. You all have heard of Dacca silks, and the embroidery of Moorshidabad. Who hears of them to-day? In your Ceylon as in India the fine ladies go to Japan and France for their chiffon and silks, to Italy for their lace, to Coventry for ribbons, but for every yard of ribbon, for every yard of foreign silk and French chiffon, some woman sold her honour in the market place because the rich women of the country had sold them into that degradation and shame. Therefore, I believe that the spinning-wheel is the redemption of the womanhood of India. Even to-day the women behind the *Purdah*, who cannot go out as their Hindu sisters do, have blessed the spinning-wheel because it has saved them from the reproach that they are idlers hanging on the one solitary wage earner. To-day the Muslim women of India, behind their *Purdahs*, in their homes, and the middle classes, are economically independent and no man dares say to them "You are dependant upon my charity." The next plank of the Renaissance of India is the removal of untouchability that does not I know apply to a place like Ceylon; it does not apply to the Moslem community that has

THE TRUEST DEMOCRACY THAT HAS EVER BEEN EVOLVED by the civilizations of the world; but we Hindus have to learn from a little Island like Ceylon; we Hindus have to learn from a small community like the Mussalmans what the meaning of brotherhood can be, not in its academic definition, but in its actual and practical reality. The third plank then in this programme of Renaissance is to me, as I said, the chiefest thing—the Hindu-Moslem Unity. And that is a Unity, which is far more living and

real and deep-rooted a thing than many like to believe it. They said that whilst the Khalifat question remains unsettled it will remain, but directly they hear that the Treaty of Sevres has been reversed and that Mustapha Kemal Pasha is victorious, you will find that the Mussalmans will desert you.

But if any man in India will accept the challenge I give the challenge to every man from the Viceroy downwards; I challenge them to disprove the reality of this great fundamental Hindu-Moslem Unity (Cheers). They and we, the Hindus and Mussalmans across in India, the Parsees in India, every Englishman in India belongs to India, and share the common heritage of India, but as children of the soil, as comrades, companions, equals, trusting one another, loyal to one another, no one superior, no one inferior in a great democracy of liberty (Cheers).

My friends I have told you in briefest outline the campaign of Mahatma Gandhi; he has said "We will have Non-Co-operation for the motto of our banner of struggle." But what does Non-Co-operation mean? Nobody has misunderstood and misinterpreted that great word more than some of Mahatma Gandhi's own followers. Believe me, I who have lived so close to the heart of Mahatmaji, that I have become like as earth that is perfumed by

LIVING IN THE VICINITY OF THE ROSE.

I can tell you that as the Non Co operation movement is not a movement of hatred or race bitterness, it has in it nothing of revenge. It is a movement of purification that extends to every single section of life inwards and outwards—Non-Co-operation with what is evil within, in your domestic systems, in your social systems, in your indigenous systems and in your alien Government. It

does not mean bitterness against the Englishman, it means no bitterness against any man whether he be foreigner or of our own people but certainly it stands for Non-Co-operation against every sin and folly, tyranny and injustice, whether perpetrated by Indians or the foreigner in our land (loud applause).

That is the Indian Renaissance, based on the equality of every race, which urges on every community, the absolute co-partnership in responsibility and sacrifice of man and woman together. We, in India, are proud of saying that in our *Shastras* women had a very high and unique place, but I look onwards towards to-morrow; let the dead past bury its dead; we are the children of to-morrow and the to-morrow of India will be built on the equal sacrifice and courage and vision and devotion of men and women alike in this great movement in which I have the privilege to share. To-day throughout the length and breadth of India you will hear the mingled pairs of men and women in prayer alike. In the United Provinces, in the courageous campaign of the Punjab, in the powerful campaign of the South of India, in the lyric campaign of Bengal, you will find there are true pilgrimages of men and women going hand in hand towards the common shrine. Not long ago when my great friend Dr. Jagadis Chandra Bose was opening his great institution and I was listening to his lecture on the unity between human life and plant life, my attention was all the time fixed upon the picture above his head. It was a space that had to be crossed before the ultimate shrine could be reached. There was a man with a sword; there was a woman with a flute; and to me who loved symbols everywhere it seemed to me that the courage of the man had to be sustained

and inspired by the music of the flute the woman carried. It was this

COMRADESHIP OF VISION AND COURAGE,

this comradeship of inspiration and achievement, that Mahatma Gandhi has brought into life to-day. He says: "Not by the blood of friend or foe shall the new page of our history be stained, though the old tradition was the tradition of bloodshed even in the epic ages of India. Though Mustapha Kemal Pasha wins by the sword in Angora, though Poland fights with the sword, and Ireland with the sabre, India shall fight with weapons not forged by human hands, but struck and beaten and shaped on the divine anvils of heaven, and the name of the sword shall be Courage, the name of the shield shall be Devotion, the name of the victory shall be Sacrifice, and the reward Freedom. (Loud and prolonged applause).

You people of Ceylon are in the throes of your own Renaissance. I wrote to a famous leader in India yesterday. "Come to Ceylon and behold the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi in action." I came at a moment to Ceylon when the heart of the united Ceylonese people were athrill with the action of the chosen leaders of the country. You are the harvest. My master is in prison, his hands are idle for the moment, but the harvest is here; the winds of destiny have blown the seeds from his hand across the seas to your Island of spice and palm. And so let me give you one message from my master, from my leader, from my teacher, from my saint: "Even as Asoka sent his great Mission of Peace here and while Lord Buddha was forgotten in India, you in Ceylon kept alive the great tradition of the Middle Way of Enlightenment, so too let me, who come here from India from the soil where the seed was

sown in return for the branch of the Bo-Tree which Sanghamitra brought to Ceylon take back an ear of the corn of your unity to my people and say: "Behold they return the debt of Lord Buddha's time in the time of Mahatma Gandhi who was preaching for liberty." (Prolonged applause).

ADDRESS TO COLOMBO TAMIL UNION

The members of the Tamil Union Colombo, entertained Mrs. Sarojini Naidu at an evening party on the 8th October, 1922, at their grounds. Mrs. Naidu made the following speech:—

FRIENDS, I think the speaker made one slight slip of the tongue, and that was when he called me the guest of the evening. I am rather the ghost of the evening—(laughter)—because all day long my tongue has been going at such a rate, speaking to so many communities, that when I stand before you to acknowledge, with gratitude, your cordial welcome of me, I begin to feel like a disembodied spirit, though in a very substantial frame. (Laughter.) You will hardly believe that a person supposed to be almost in the last stages of heart disease could have addressed six meetings in the course of a few hours; but nothing is so true in life as its paradoxes, and I am a living example of what I call a paradox and my enemies call a fraud (Laughter). This morning I spoke to the general public of Galle, and that public was composed of every community in what I call the "Ultima Thule" of Asia. Then I went and spoke to the Mussalmans on the "Ideals of Islam." Then I went to Mahinda College and interpreted for the Young Buddhists, what I consider to be a message parallel to that of Mahatma Gandhi—the teaching of the Lord Buddha. (Hear, hear, and applause). And then being a good Hindu, though so many people doubt, eating with Christians, Mussalmans and Europeans, I could still be a

good Hindu, I was taken in procession to the Saivite temple by the tamil community, and I reminded the Tamilians of the great compliment that was paid to the Tamil race by the greatest Indian that was born in India in modern ages. I told them of what Mahatma Gandhi is so fond of saying, that the salvation of India must come through the Tamil race (Applause). He spoke in a tone, since blazoned, of the Tamil people because in his great Satyagraha movement in South Africa it was the men and women of the Tamil race that proved themselves of the stubborn stuff of martyrdom; and one of the greatest martyrs of that great struggle for life and liberty was a Tamil woman for whose memory both Mahatma Gandhi and his wife for ever lay a garland of sweet tender regard. Therefore, my friends, I, who have been asked to give a message to you, will give you only the message of my master. I find coming to Ceylon that, though a little strip of sea divides the people of Ceylon from the people of India, yet there is something greater than that bridge that Rama built to rescue Sita binding the people of Bharatadesa—the ideal of Swaraj that my master has preached for you and for me alike. (Applause). In this great ideal of liberty, I think that the people of the Tamil race settled in Ceylon can make their invaluable contribution. I think always that the people settled in a country that is not their immemorial heritage always brings to that country a new gift, and is burdened with a new responsibility. Even as Mussalmans coming to India brought to the mystic speculative mind of the Hindu race the great dynamic quality of action and practical reality accepted in all its manifold aspects, so do I think the Tamil people finding shelter, finding hospitality, building homes, and rearing families in this

beautiful island must give to the Sinhalese race a new gift, a new vision, and share with them the heritage of Indian wisdom that is theirs. (Hear, hear and applause.) That I think is the true function of the Tamil people in the Ceylonese country. What is this vision, what is this gift, what is the legacy that the Tamilian race can give to the children of the Sinhalese? It is the revival of that greatest of all gifts that came to this Island with Mahinda and Sangamitra, the great gift of peace and compassion for suffering humanity for the harmonising of life that binds together with invisible bonds every creed and every race. And wherever there is man or woman that lives and suffers there is my mission of service, there is my privilege to be lowliest among the servitors of humanity (Cheers). Friends, I have not come here to speak to you, and yet whenever I feel that I must keep silence for many reasons, there is yet the power within me that says: Now break the silence and speak. What is that spirit in me? It is only the time-spirit that makes me say to you what I say to the people in my country, as I say to the people of Europe: "Remember that the modern civilisation has been tested and we stand amidst the chaos of its ruins. We have to rebuild to-morrow, but with worthier materials than we built yesterday. Let it not be said in the history of that great reconstruction that the people of the Tamil race were lacking, that they did not help to build stone upon stone and cement it with the blood of their hearts, because only through sacrifice can we realise the dream of the nations of the world. (Applause).

SPEECH AT COLOMBO LAW COLLEGE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu spoke at the Law College, Colombo, on the morning of the 9th October. In the unavoidable absence of Sir Anton Bertram, Chief Justice, who was expected to take the Chair, Mr. E. W. Jayawardene, the President of the Law Students' Union, presided over the meeting she said :—

MR. Acting President, and my young friends : I know that the students of the Law College, everywhere, are proverbially the most lawless of young men, (laughter) and Ceylon is no exception. (Renewed laughter). The Medical College runs it very close, and sometimes here and there surpasses it. (Cheers from Medical students). But when one sees that the Medical students are as lawless as the Law students, one only says what is superfluous, because all that unrepressed vitality is the sign-manual of their youth.

*Continuing, Mrs. Naidu said :—*What exactly I will say to you I do not know. I never give good advice to young people because young people are always born so much wiser than their parents. (Laughter). Rather, when I come in contact with the fountain springs of youth, I say to myself : “ Here is one more opportunity for the jaded spirit of the passing generation to refresh its hopes, renew its illusions, re-strengthen its dreams, and re-nerve its own heart to action. When I come amongst the young, even amongst the lawless young, (laughter) I know that I come in the spirit of a disciple rather than as a teacher. Do not flatter yourselves because I call you the teachers, and

myself, the disciple. Remember always the responsibility that is entailed in belonging to the generation of teachers. This morning before I came here I made a pilgrimage to a little temple where the young generation is growing up to teach the law of the Buddhist people; there, where the young Buddhist monks learn the great law of the middle way, the rule of justice, I went to prepare my spirit so that it may adequately be in touch with yours. Remember, that we of the passing generation, a generation on whom the shades of night are already falling, have made our mistakes.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRESENT GENERATION

I am going to-day to do the unacademic thing; I am going to do the unconventional thing; I am going to do the improper thing, when I tell you that it is your generation that must be prepared to become school masters and hold over us the rod of discipline, so that we may return to the paths of righteousness. My young friends, I wonder if you realise how you are the heirs of the ages, inheritors not of one culture and one tradition only, but of all the cultures and traditions of the world to-day. Do you realise your wealth; do you realise the terrible responsibility of that wealth? Do you realise that each of you is answerable to the ages that have gone; you are a link between yesterday that never dies and the to-morrow that is not yet born.

Therefore, you stand to-day on the threshold of a new era, not only of a new individual life but of a great new national life.

It is a mistake of young men that directly one mentions the word "national," to define it in terms of narrow politics. Politics are less than the Time Spirit. Politics

are nothing. They are as the things one brushes away. When the future generation judges the national inheritance, the national contribution of this generation, it will not ask : " What did your trumpety politicians do ? " They will ask : " What have you left as an enduring part of your experience ? What has been the immortal outcome that will be like a torch for the feet of the generation that succeeds you ? " Ask yourselves " How are we fulfilling our trust ? " You are thinking only of to-day : but I am speaking of to-morrow, and to-morrow must be the child of to-day. Ask yourselves " Are we slaves ? " You may say, of course. " We have got no political opportunity. I am not talking of that slavery. It is the least of the manifold slaveries in which we are bound. The slaveries that crush us, trample us in the dust are the slaveries within our own souls, and unless we are free from that triple prison of our own falsehood, weakness and cowardice, we are not fit to be the fathers of to-morrow. I want you to ask yourselves in your generation what it is that you are going to give to-morrow, better than what yesterday has given to you to-day ?

YOUTH ALWAYS IN REVOLT.

I know we think of our fathers' faults as wise we grow, and quite rightly so. It is not an act of irreverence. It is the natural law of evolution. The law of nature, the law of progress, the law of growth is that each generation must change and alter from the preceding generation and expand the vision left by the older generation and rectify its mistakes. I have travelled a great deal as you know in the cities of India and also in the cities of Europe. By some masonic sign one never could divine, I always found myself gravitating to where the young generations gathered

together, whether in Colleges or in discussion rooms or in their rebellion. Wherever young energy found its expression, I found my heart palpitating and saying: "There is life here, there is hope for to-morrow." Of course, in different countries the conditions are different and the expression is found in different fashions. But it is only the fashion of the utterance and of the achievement that is different. The ideals are essentially the same, everywhere youth is in revolt, everywhere youth should be in revolt. But remember that revolt implies discipline behind it—a logical, stern, terrible, implacable discipline which alone makes the rebellion of the young great and not foolish. Worse than being a criminal is to be a fool. I would rather that the young generation were capable of great crimes greatly conceived than of folly that could be shamed by ridicule. So therefore remember that what you need is that your central ideal must be the ideal of that discipline, which alone can transform your rebellion against the past generation—the passing generation—into an act of triumphant justification of your own angle of vision, as it is called, of your own powers and capacities of expression.

DISCIPLINE—CONTINUOUS CONSCIENCE OF THE YOUNG

Now, what is discipline? I just now said that you were lawless young men. It is true. (Laughter). But what is law? Law after all is but a very relative term. Law in one land may be quite lawlessness in another. These things are relative. They alter and change according to the evolution of the different races. I am talking of something imperishable, something that is not dependent on race, or age or civilisation. It is, what, for want of a better word, one might call the continuous conscience of the young. It is a link that binds the

young generations all over the world. The young say: "The world is full of injustice. I must be the avenger of that injustice." The young say: "What are these rules and conventions? What are these hide bound traditions? I must break down the barriers." They say: "What is this narrow division between race and race. I must create universal brotherhood." Yes, that is the duty of every young generation, and I should be ashamed of any young man who does not feel in himself the power to be many Napoleons, many Alexanders. (Cheers). I want every young man to feel that he had the power to be greater than any Napoleon and Alexander. I want him to feel that he has the power within his own young untarnished soul to be a Buddha and a Gandhi. (Hear, hear). That is your responsibility, that is your duty. You must be the lights that go out with the flaming sword to destroy evil. There can be no condoning of your weakness. For the avenger of injustice there can be no allowance for his follies. You are the knights who must be without fear or reproach on your shield and buckler. On your sword there must be no stain of your own folly and your own sin. I have come to you to learn. But what are you going to teach me? I have learnt under the great masters of my generation and yet I am not content. I have lived in the shadow of the great radiance that has been emanated into the modern world; and yet I feel that that radiance is not all-sufficing because it lacks the birth of your generation. What are you going to do to surpass the age that has produced Mahatma Gandhi? I tell you that my generation has been weak and blind. A foolish generation has none the less that divine rod of the master held over the hidden springs, and the springs have gushed

forth the living waters so that you might drink. In your turn will you give for reward a richer legacy of more vital waters to the generations that will come after you ?

ASSIMILATION OF KNOWLEDGE INTO LIFE

Ask yourselves, you young Law students : " What is it that you are studying in your college to-day ? " As Law Students, Medical Students, Students of Arts and Sciences, are you studying, in your class-rooms, only text-books ? Are you going to learn the law so that it might be a channel of livelihood ? Are you learning medicine so that the sick bodies of humanity may be kneaded into bread for your mouth ? Are you learning the Arts and Sciences merely for a little pittance so that you may crush the souls of little children on their hard benches ? No, you are learning these things for a greater purpose. Knowledge by itself is of no account, unless knowledge be assimilated into the greatness of life. (Applause). Who cares for Mathematics if the Mathematician be a narrow fool ? Who cares for the greatest poet on earth if his heart cannot throb with every anguish of the human soul ? Who cares for the great lawyer if his knowledge of the law is not dedicated to the upholding of the right alone ? (Cheers). What is the use of the physician unless he be a healer of the soul as well as a healer of the body ? (Applause).

There are ideals bigger than we know behind every action of our life. Everything we do, every step we take, every function of our daily life is no more than a symbol of sacrament.

You are like the unfolding buds of the lotus in the great pool of life, and every petal of your soul represents one great attribute of the divine ; and you are the lotuses unfolding, so that the winds of the world may carry the

sweetness of your golden hearts across to suffering humanity. You are the lotuses opening so that the bees may go and gather the honey and store into the honey combs of time, so that the younger generations who may not even know your name may be nourished to the sweet things you have evolved from your innermost hearts. (Loud applause). That is what you are for.

BEAUTY HAS ITS RESPONSIBILITY

Citizens of to-morrow, fathers of to-morrow, I want you to make the history of this beautiful island, as nature has written her story upon its leaves and mountains and streams. (Applause). I have travelled in many beautiful lands of which the poets have sung. My own land is full of myriad beauties. But I do not know of any land so complete with so many types of beauty, as this beautiful land of Ceylon. (Cheers). But beauty has a responsibility. Like every other kind of heritage, beauty has a responsibility. Man stains the handiwork of nature by his own unworthiness. The streams that gush from the mountains, whose pellucid draughts are meant for the thirsty are oftentimes stained by blood. The mountains upon which the ascetics and the sages of our land sat, even as Christ on the Mount of Olives, those mountains have often in the centuries been the pathways of invading enemies who have come to destroy. Your beautiful trees that yield fruit and shade, your harvests, your beautiful green fields—all these things from time to time—have been desecrated because man has not known how to cherish that beauty that God has given as a heritage to them. But I want you in Ceylon to say to yourselves: "We are a little island, we are a little sanctuary where all creeds and races of the world might find recon-

ciliation and harmony." (Cheers.) Although the Mussalman and the Christian are fighting together in Europe, though all the races of the world might out of their greed be battling with one another for the sake of a little more land, for the sake of a little more power, for the sake of a little more treasure gained by destroying the smaller nations, I want you to say that in this Island of Ceylon the follower of Him who preached the Sermon on the Mount in far-off Palestine, shall be the brother of Him who taught the middle way, and that the followers of Christ and the followers of Buddha are the brothers and members and representatives of every little section of humanity that has found shelter and succour in your own land. (Applause). I want you to say to the Mussalmans of Ceylon, the descendants of those who came across the seas with their trade and their merchandise: "We are brothers of a common heritage, followers of the same truth and the arts, and the same ideals and traditions of liberty." (Loud applause). I don't want any of you to say; "Look back to the forty millions across the seas." (Loud laughter). But look straight and join with the Sinhalese, the children of the soil, to make a common culture. I do not want the Sinhalese to say: "We come from the North of India." (Laughter). It is nothing to be proud of. What you do in the land where you were born, where your fathers were born, where your sons will be born—that alone is the authentic standard of your worth and your passport to that great liberty which is the right of the commonwealth of humanity. (Loud applause).

*In conclusion, Mrs. Naidu said:—*Therefore learn the law, the law of the Buddha, that is the law of the mid-

dle way. Look neither to the right nor to the left, go straight towards your destiny, holding in your hands the sword of your own courage and armoured with the great power of your youth, the audacity of your dreams, the invincible radiance of your own hope; and then, Oh Lawless generation, you will be the law-givers of the world. (Loud and prolonged applause).

ADDRESS TO CEYLON MUSLIMS

In response to an invitation from the Zahira Muslim Association, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu addressed an open air gathering of about four thousand people on the lawn opposite the Maradana Mosque, on the afternoon of the 9th October, 1922. The subject of the discourse was "The New World of Islam." The Hon. Mr. N. D. H. Abdul Cader presided. Mrs. Naidu, rising amidst ringing cheers, said :—

PRESIDENT, Members of the Zahira Muslim Association, my Mussalman brothers and my non-Mussalman brothers : When I was asked to deliver a little informal address to a little gathering of College students, I ought to have realised that the subject is of so much importance that of necessity a generation not of students but of men connected with the vital affairs of to-day must be interested and drawn towards hearing what I or any man or woman might have to say about the new world of Islam. I took the title, or rather my son suggested to me, when I was being pressed for a little, this title of a book that I have not read. But I do not need to read any book on Islam, when day after day unfolds page after page of the living history, proving that the new world of Islam is in truth descended from that older and greater world of Islam that gave democracy to the world.

I see before me a large number of non-Muslim people and I always rejoice when I find non-Muslims in a Muslim gathering, (Applause) for this reason, that there is so much misconception in the heart alike of the Christian, of the Hindu, of the Buddhist, of the Parsee, about the true

ideals of the youngest and the greatest of the world religions. I advisedly say the greatest as well as the youngest of the world religions, not with a view to disparaging my own religion or the religion of the Christians or the Buddhist, but I mean greatest in this one sense that it has brought to the modern world the true gift of democracy. For, the trend of civilisation to-day, the sum-total of the world's aspirations to-day is to reconstruct the new world towards the brotherhood that was preached on a desert by a camel driver more than thirteen hundred years ago. (Applause.)

THE GIFT OF ISLAM—DEMOCRACY

I hardly think it is necessary to talk of a new world of Islam because Islam itself belongs to the new world. Centuries ago when my forefathers were evolving great philosophies and sending to the younger nations of the world the message of enlightenment, Arabia was still uncultured. Arabia was still nothing, but a desert of wild hordes. Whilst the great Buddhist message of *nirvana* was being enunciated from under the Bo-Tree of Buddha Gaya and Sarnath, there was no conception what the word democracy meant. Even when the Christ was crucified on the Cross by the unbelievers, the ideal of brotherhood was not accepted. It was challenged. It was trampled in the dust. Thus it was necessary that the camel-driver from Arabia should give to the world in its ultimate form the most perfect definition of brotherhood, of the Republic, of the equality of all men, of all classes, of all ranks. (Applause).

THE CAMEL-DRIVER AND HIS MESSAGE.

Why was it that a camel-driver tending his animals in the desert was able to give to the world a message of hope ?

Why? Because the world, surfeited with the corruptions of the other great religions, the tyrannies of the priesthoods of the other great religions, sought deliverance from the bondage and the tyrannies that were at once an infamy and an insult to the faith. And then God, who moves in His mysterious ways to re-deliver age after age His people from the bondage of preceding ages, sent to the heart of a simple man in the desert a revelation of the one God that alone is great, and a revelation and a conviction that all creatures that are made by Him are brothers bound together by an indivisible kinship. That is the real message of Islam and to-day if we quote a title from an American writer and speak of the new world of Islam, it is merely to bring back to the world that has forgotten the message that came to them that while there is one heart that seeks an ideal, there is one mind that seeks to follow logically to its ultimate issues the ideal of brotherhood, then Islam and the flag of Islam must always reign. (Applause).

CONTRIBUTION OF ISLAM TO WORLD CULTURE.

I was speaking to the Muslim Association in Galle yesterday and it was such a baby audience that you can pack it into a corner of this vast audience; but then in that small audience there were many Christians, Hindus and Buddhists who had come with a wrong conception of the Islamic faith; but I trust that they went back realizing how they had wronged this great democratic religion and I trust that they went back realizing how much of what the Western world calls modern, calls new, was nothing but a harvest of the seed that was sown in the oasis of the desert of Arabia. (Applause). I wonder how many of the Christian ladies here to-day realize that the first status of

honour, the first status of legal right and responsibility was conferred on women by the Islamic Faith? How many of my own co-religionists, how many of the Buddhist people, how many of the Christian communities understand that 1,300 years ago a Prophet arose and said: "Chattel! be thou human and stand upright and face the sun." This is a very different conception from what the Missionary writers give of the position of Islam womanhood. How many realise that the civilisation of modern Europe is the outcome of that torch of learning that was carried across the seas by the Saracens and the Moors to Spain!

ARAB INFLUENCE ON PERSIA

How many reading the great literature of Persia, claiming kinship with the Aryan Persians, realise that beautiful as was the literature of Persia long ago, it was the Arabic forces that gave vitality to that degenerate though beautiful race! I do not speak with any sense of insult when I say degenerate, but all the races that revel merely in lulling beauty must grow effeminate and degenerate unless they reinforce their temperament and their spirit by the virility that is born of a true and strenuous life.

I was saying yesterday, and it loses nothing in the repetition, that when the Arabs went with the gifts of this great new religion to Persia, the Persians in their silks and satins and their gold and ivory and their sherbets cooled by the mountain snows and the blossoms plucked from their perennial gardens, said: "Are these people, drinking the milk of the camel, and eating the flesh of the alligator, going to defy the throne of Persia." And there was no greater term of contempt coming from the luxurious

Persians to the desert-men in their black blankets who lived on the flesh of the alligator and drank the milk of the camel but yet gave to the world its noblest conception of human destiny and human life.

TORCH OF ISLAM IN GOTHIC SPAIN

When you read the history of Spain, not, as I said yesterday, written from the pen of a Muslim but from the pen of Christian missionaries, you realise how much of the arts and sciences that Europe teaches to India, and to Ceylon to-day came from the genius of the Arab. Have you realised how some of the greatest architecture the men from many parts of the world go to see and claim as beautiful beyond doubt, was the architecture of the Saracens of Spain? The Alhambra of Spain that stands even to-day peerless, even than the Taj Mahal in comparison, was the outcome of the genius of the Arab. The Universities of Cordova and Granada still offer the type of perfect learning and of perfect scholarship to the Universities of France and Germany and Italy. (Applause) In the history of the literature and the culture of the time, when the women of the Christian places were still *purdahised* as your women have become to-day, when they were kept behind veils upon veils of ignorance, when their only purpose was to breed children, give food and be the hand-maid of man, it was the literature of Moorish Spain that gave name after name of women, who were philosophers, poets, mathematicians, astronomers. And even were they great preachers of the great tenets of the religion. But when you say this to a half-enlightened audience in Europe or anywhere, they say: "Oh! you are prejudiced. You are so imbued with the Islamic spirit that you always see a rose-coloured vision and a golden mist when you

think of Islam." But it is not a fancy. It is not an illusion. It is recorded in letters of gold in the history of the later Middle-Ages. A friend of mine, a poet of Hyderabad, has beautifully summed up the march of this great culture of the world when he said : "From Persia's modern shrines to Gothic Spain they carried this torch." (Applause)

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu continued : that long ago when a child she used to hear of a "sick man of Europe," and not understanding politics at that early age she wondered how any man could be sick for so long and yet live. (Laughter). Later she began to realise that Sultan Abdul Hamid was not a sick man, but a man who made other nations sick. (Laughter). He was a great man, but the Christian nations of Europe could not endure the Flag of Islam in that mentality of the Christian people of the time. That age had gone. The sick man had gone. But the descendants of the sick man were there, wholesome, healthy, and unbending ; and never would the martyrdom of the young Turks for the freedom of their country be in vain.

MUSLIM DEGENERACY

Mrs. Naidu then referred to the culture and the learning of the ancient Mussalmans and their genius and, in conclusion, she said :

You are the heirs of a great heritage. What are you doing, Mussalmans, to hold aloft the banner of your Prophet who came to bring brotherhood? And yet you stand divided from other communities in the places you live in. (Cries of Shame). He came to teach compassion but you have begun to wall yourself round with barriers that are a menace and an insult and a lie to what your Prophet came to preach. You carried in a litter the torch of learning to the cities of Europe, and yet to-day

your people are sunk in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Is it for this that the Prophet was born? Is it for this that the Holy Shrines are there reminding you of the great men and saints of your great religion? Therefore, you who would re-construct the new world of Islam, you must adhere to that world-wide ideal that was preached by the Prophet of God. He preached in his day, in his fashion, as the Lord Buddha preached in his day and in his fashion, and as Christ preached in his day and in his fashion, and as to-day a man not claiming divinity, not claiming apostleship, not arrogating to himself the greatness of an apostle or prophet, preaches peace through self-suffering, harmony through unity, through faith exalted by self-sacrifice and your own creed uplifted to the stars by the vitality and the nobility of your own races and your own co-religionists. That is what you have to do.

MUSLIMS TO LEAD IN WORLD RECONSTRUCTION

It is true that the Mussalman can never look only to his territorial position. He can never say and should never say: "Only here is my home." For the Hindu, yes. For the Sinhalese, yes. But never for the Mussalman. It is his duty to direct his vision, now in danger of growing too insular, too narrow, too selfish, too self-satisfied, across the geographical and mental barriers to his own province and island, and say that no race can live unto itself or die unto itself. He must exist side by side with the others and direct his vitality, his sympathy, his help, his understanding to that larger vision to which the eyes of the entire Muslim people are directed. I believe that with this great vision of nationalism before us we are in the throes of our agony, struggling for national freedom, and we might so

easily forget that our nation is not all. As an English-woman shot by the German, when dying, said "Patriotism is not enough". Patriotism often is no more than the seed which brings destruction to other nations. What you want is a bigger thing than patriotism. Bigger than a nation is a commonwealth of the world and higher than even a national ideal is an international vision that binds up every race, every culture and every creed. Yours is that wise and great portion to direct your eye in your island of the Buddhists, Christians and Hindus, even as your brothers in India have directed the eye of the conservative and mystical Hindu population, to something that is beyond the Himalayas and the seas. (Applause). Your contribution must always be dynamic, must always be to give vitality to dreams. Yours must be the sword that is forged in the fire and your sword must be the sword of the living fire and your armour and weapon must be the armour and weapon of courage and the power to endure. Yours is the privilege, yours is the duty of leading in this great battle of world re-construction.

It is for your womanhood to say to the world: "Behold! we gave in our Prophet's day to the women of the world that status which helped them not to be counted with your cattle, with your flocks, your horses and your cooking pots. I am she who co-partnered with you to the glory of God. I am she of the race of Bibi whose dowry was the spinning-wheel and the grinding stone."

You must teach simplicity. You must teach austerity. You must teach charity. You must teach sacrifice. Above all things you must teach peace. The very salutation that every Mussalman gives to a brother is that salutation, that peace which comes from fulfilling the will

of God. And you, my Muslim brothers, who are the followers of the Prophet will then and then alone earn the right to turn towards Mecca and say: "We praise Thee all-compassionate Master of life, of time, of fate, Lord of the labouring winds and seas.....Thou art the goal for which we long. Thou art the silence whose name is known from star to star.....Thou art the burden of our peace.....Thou it is who guides us, transmutes our weakness into power, our bondage into victory. We are the creatures of Thy might. We are the shadows of Thy light, the vision of Thy primal dream." (Applause).

TRIVANDRUM SPEECH

As the Trivandrum Aryachalai Hall, where Mrs. Sarojini delivered the following speech on Sunday, October 18, 1922, had become dark owing to heavy rains and as the immense crowd who thronged around the hall for want of space inside had obstructed the light from every aperture of the hall, the audience cried for light. As soon as Mrs. Sarojini ascended the platform she said:—

FRIENDS, your cry for light, light, light, reminds me of the great German poet who said "more light, more light." It reminds me of the holy message that I have come to deliver to you summed up in one great word, "more light" for the people of my country (hear, hear and cheers). I have come as one in your midst not to seek honour at your hands. Not for a single moment did I suppose that, coming quietly, and, as I thought, to arrange and restore light, did I expect that I should have the opportunity and privilege to deliver to the people of this city the great immortal message that it is my special charge to carry from city to city, from village to village, from deserts to mountain-tops and from the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas to the lowest plains (cheers). The message such as I have to give you, not my own, but as the mouth piece of that great man, my master (hear, hear) whose heart languishes in the high prison-walls, whose deed, whose word, whose glory, whose compassion, whose sacrifice, whose love has gone up, unrepressed and irrepressible by the might of the English nation—whether of God or of man or devil upon this earth (hear,

hear). I have lately come here on a double pilgrimage, from Ceylon, where, as we read, the message of Buddha, still lives among the promiscuous remains of that royal city. I have come also after fulfilling my religious duty at Rameswaram where Rama celebrated his victory of the deliverance of the ideal of Indian womanhood, Sita, from the clutches of Ravana; and to-day with the benediction of the double pilgrimage to the temple where Rama made his offering to the great God and the lost City of Anuradhapura where every full moon night chastens the bodies of men and women, who pay their offerings to the temple of Him who was the precursor of my master, I must feel a special responsibility in speaking to you and ask God to touch my lips with fire so that I might deliver aright to you, what he, that is reincarnate Buddha, says to a suffering people. When I see this surging wave of enthusiasm, when I see your devotion for the word of Mahatma Gandhi, breaking around me in peals of passionate admiration and applause, I say to myself—need I go to the temple of Kanniakumari? I see the waves of the amazing ocean break around me here and surge amid waves of many hearts and many souls ready to acknowledge that great word that has gone forth, of love, and sacrifice, of austerity, of suffering, of redemption through penance, for deliverance through that great power of which words form the embodied symbol. Smaller than myself, so frail that his body trembles like the leaf in the Bo-tree, so solemn, so indomitable that even the greatest among men fail to reach, even as the brave explorers have failed to reach the topmost peak of Mount Everest!

Friends, what is this message that Mahatma Gandhi, has brought to a suffering, waiting world? No more

than the paraphrase, no more than the practical realisation of the great motto which presides over your own city, that "Charity is our household divinity." (Applause) For, what is charity? St. Paul, around whose historic name is seen the rich controversy in your city, said that there were three great things, Faith, Hope and Charity, of which 'Charity' is the greatest.

THE AUTHENTIC STANDARD

I have come to tell you of the fulfilment of that charity, that passion, that love which is uppermost, the fulfilling of the law of life and therefore very near your own household divinity. Mahatma Gandhi, after his victorious martyrdom in South Africa, came back to his country, hoping that here, he who had been able in that far-off country, to make heroes out of common clay, in a land of the living he had men to work side by side, and shoulder to shoulder. But alas! when he returned with those feet weary of the pilgrimage of suffering, he found in a land that once had made heroes out of common clay, nothing but common clay waiting for him to remodel into heroes. He wandered throughout the length and breadth of this land, he studied and measured our academic work, our academic politics, our rhetoric, our proclamations, our resolutions, our protestations, and measured them by the only authentic standard, and that was the standard of those who starved and died in the famine-stricken villages of India; and measured by that pining and measured by hunger and agony, he knew how futile, it is—how we do not want the generation of the world who dwelt in prosperous cities and in the leisures of prosperous lives, talked eloquently, but talked foolishly, but divorced from reality, of imaginary conditions, not having once crossed the

threshold of agony, and he said that this is not what India is wanting, not this rhetoric of half-time, quarter-time, that which the holiday politician demands, but it demands whole-time education of men and women to a solution of the problem of poverty; because without the solution of that economic degradation and slavery of India, it is hopeless to talk of freedom at all, and because, he, living to the very heart of the hungry people of the country, to the very throbbing of the shivering body of the naked, realized that only true economic regeneration will give political liberty to India. He sent forth the mandate—*Let there be Khadi throughout India.*—not the Khadi as coarse as this table cloth nor handspun Khadi exactly like this (the cloth which she was wearing), but only the symbol of that Swadeshi spirit which is the only symbol that a free Indian nation can possess. What is this Swadeshi spirit? What is it? Not merely the spinning-wheel in every house, not merely the donning of the livery of those who call themselves the followers of Mahatma Gandhi, not merely the arrogance of those who by their being clothed in homespun cloth think that they are greater than those who have not donned that cloth—for the simplicity that dwells in palaces is greater than the arrogance that walks in the highways.

MAHATMA'S MESSAGE

Friends, Mahatma Gandhi's message has penetrated into every corner, not only of India, not only of Ceylon, not only of Europe, but to the remotest recess of every portion of the world's continent, where one single hungry, one single naked woman, one single starved child is alive to hear the message of deliverance. You living in the native states do not have the same need, the same justification for emphasising the political aspects of the move-

ment. For well or for ill, for good or for evil, you and I subjects of Native States, have Swaraj ; and it is not against our own governments that we are fighting, but it is against the spirit of alien administration which has no right in any land. You and I, therefore, as subjects of great Native States, have to devote our energies, our attention, our talents, our experiments, our achievements to these four social aspects of the great Satyagraha Movement, always realising that the social aspects are the essential aspects of any movement in this world. What are the fourfold aspects with which this movement deals ?

SWEDESHI SPIRIT

The Swadeshi spirit covers literally all the many manifestations of the movement, and yet, though the word Swadeshi covers three-fourths of the entire spirit of India, I will none the less divide it by analysing it into four paramount portions that you must in this Province, this kingdom of Travancore try to realise it with all practical effect. Swadeshi in India, I mean in those parts of India which are no Native States, deals primarily with the hand at the spinning-wheel in the homes of those brothers who are troubled by poverty and disease. The spinning for the women in the house of the peasants is really more than the jewels that your sisters and many others of the richer classes may invest against rainy days ; for the spinning is a sign and symbol that the crushing poverty of the people is no more, and the money-lender does not suck the life-blood of the poor agriculturist. I know and you know too, if you read history aright, that from immemorial times, the spinning-wheel has been the supplementary source of income for all the Indian villages, and I might say for the whole of India, because we of the

towns count for less than nothing when the overwhelming portion of the people of India are among those that dwell in the *mofussil*. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind sometimes; but none the less suffer physical, mental and moral degradation. We have sown and reaped our industries, our arts, and all the pride of our own past generation, so inextricably bound up with the great art of spinning which you know was crushed because of the need of those East India Company people, to promote the economic interests of Lancashire. You know that terrible story of the fine silk of Murshidabad, the beautiful mull and the Dacca muslin, whose fine texture and variety of colour and design were exterminated. The looms and even the fingers of the manufacturers were cut off, and crushed and in their crushing was involved the prosperity of the agricultural classes. You know too the degradation that has come by their wearing the livery of a subject nation. Princess Mary of England was a truer Swadeshi than any of you who say "Mahatmaji-ki-Jai." Her wedding garments were not made out of foreign looms but made by the hands of the poor peasant women in Ireland and Scotland, Wales and England. She wore the Khadi made in England as Mahatmaji wants everyone and every beggar to wear the Khadi of India. This movement of the spinning-wheel is a movement for our regeneration because it brings to the women of the family, the protection to all those starving children who now endure scarcity of diet, the only remains of the matter that appear, besides the growing for the sustenance by these mothers who are not more than living skeletons. Therefore the very centre of the Swadeshi movement is the spinning-wheel. In spinning, you will ask me, "why not mills?" Surely they provide-

livelihood for a few thousands of men living in horrid, unhealthy insanitary places, and the profits go to the pockets of the mill-owners; but the hand spinning—I am sure, women in your own home, good wives, true mothers are earning thereby, all the price for all their clothes. She need not go into the marketplace of great cities to pawn honour and chastity, to buy bread for her starving children. This is the meaning of the spinning-wheel. Mahatmaji says that it is the custodian of woman's honour. This is what he means when he compares a woman (who, having nothing to purchase her wherewithal owing to our indifference and criminal neglect,) to Sita to save whose honour Rama struggled against Ravana when he was called forth to prove and vindicate the honour of a woman.

UNTOUCHABILITY

My friends, but the Swadeshi movement does not end merely with the wearing of Khadi and the spinning of Khadi to a large extent for a single item of our life. Let us remember that the Khadi we are wearing is no more than the simple repatriation of the traditions and ideals of our own country. Let us make it a centre round which the great artistic revival of India can be born. Let us make it the focus towards which the national forces may be drained and consecrated. Our literature, our music, our philosophy, our art, all the great contributions we have got to make to the world, let them be focussed, let them be symbolised, made holy by this symbol. The coarse cloth we have originally made becomes the very insignia of loyalty, because the kings themselves can do no better than to be patriots, as my own King in Hyderabad has done (cheers). Swadeshi does not end with that I told you

that the cloth weaving and spinning is only one aspect of the Swadeshi movement. The other aspect of the matter, the diviner aspect of the movement as it seems to Mahatma Gandhi is the weaving and spinning of that 'rakhsa-bandhan' out of love and passion that binds to us in indissoluble brotherhood, those who are to-day the outcastes of Hindu society. (Hear, hear). While your women spin the thread and your weavers weave the cloth in the looms, if in your own hearts you spin the thread of destiny and weave the fabric of liberty, then the Indian nation might be clothed with the name of the unified people. This question of untouchability is a very sore one. I am very much unpopular by always defending the down-trodden as against those of my own caste, who are the tyrants of the world; but I do not care for popularity. I care rather for the truth and I will proclaim it in any assembly of kings. I will speak for those who are born with the same travails of their mothers' wombs, brought up in the same sacrifice of their mothers, enduring the same human emotions, feelings and temptations, capable of the same heroism, knowing the same divine forgiveness. To suit your kind, you have hay, you have straw, you have fodder at least for fulfilling the letter of law in your religion. You set apart at your meal time a portion for the crow and portion for the dog, but you are so careful that you do not give to your own brother even the right that belongs with crow and the dog to share with you. My friends, until and unless this problem of the untouchables is solved, now and now and now, there is no to-morrow for this doomed race, unless it is tempted by the ideals of the younger races, struggling for the brotherhood of the world (Hear, hear).

TEMPERANCE

The third great portion of Mahatmaji's message deals with the question of temperance. I am not going to deal with the question of temperance to-day; for it will be an insult to my audience; but I want you to understand that the poor man at whom you point your finger of scorn, to shelter himself from the reach of hunger, gets drunk and we find him rolling in the gutter. I remember what these poor people have said to me. They said that it was cheaper to get drunk for a few pies and to forget the hunger than to remember it like you who have no temptation to forget it. Please remember that the remedy for intemperance is not in picketing but it is providing sufficient food for those rolling in gutters, forgetting their hunger, drunk, drunk, drunk. That is what I have to say about temperance.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

Now there is one more point. That is National Education. Those of us who separate ourselves from the patriots who believe that National Education is the narrow patriotism that excludes great love for the cultures of the world, remember that that National Education and its ideals better form the traditions of the Hindu genius that assimilated from other sources, from friend and foe alike, transmitting, transfiguring by descent that foreign knowledge into national culture. Therefore we do not say, we will not have the modern sciences of the West, the modern philosophy of the West, all the things that the younger world has to give for the land of the older world. It is an intellectual heritage which the unborn generations are entitled to for the intellectual progress of the world and for our National Education to be

the finest expression of our national genius. By what are the divine laws, capacities and heroisms of our national genius, by what are the moral and the legal parts tenable, measurable by minimum standards? Let us remember that the present generation through these cultures of the West is only receiving back now what in the past, the earlier ages we gave in tenfold measure to the ancestors of this generation. Friends, I am a specialist in this matter of National Education. But to be merely national, is to dig your own grave; but to be national, a united people might make great united contributions to the national wealth of the world. That is the justification of the nationalist to-day. It is only one stage in the great journey of India to the age of indivisible humanity and brotherhood of the world.

I have no more time, because I, who have been trying to tell you how Mahatmaji, my Master, bids me proclaim your motto "Charity, your household divinity." I have great desire to pay my respects to your prince, your father who has proclaimed this great motto of charity as his household divinity. I am going to give him a paraphrase, an interpretation of the message which it has been my special privilege to deliver to the people of this company. I will make this one appeal to him who is the father of his people, who indeed metes out prosperity to his people in every department—allows them full and actual liberty, not merely the liberty to claim liberty, in every department as led by himself. When we began, we had to sit in darkness, but now light is come into this little room and I want all of you who have heard from me, in my poor faltering words, the message of my master to carry with you the kindling torch into the world, to relieve the poor

down-trodden people who dare not come near you. Even as many centuries ago, under the Bo-tree came the revelation to Him they call Buddha, for the deliverance of human suffering, so has come the revelation to the person of my great master who says "Here my body is in prison let the souls of all my people be free." (Cheers).

TRICHINOPOLY SPEECH

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, presiding over the first Anniversary of the Trichinopoly Library Club at the Town Hall on Oct. 20th, 1922, delivered an eloquent speech from which the following are extracts :

I am told, that the idea in starting this library in this great educational centre of Trichinopoly was to make a kind of intellectual centre round which might grow the future life of the young generations, hoping to have its own prestige of the University towns. I am glad that you look forward to a University, but whether looking to some problematic University or not, do not forget that every stone and every stick in your city, in your province, is a University in itself. Never before have I realised the significance, the grandeur, the response of the heritage of the great culture as I have during this visit to the South. As I went towards Rameswaram on my way to Ceylon, as I came there from Rameswaram on my way to Cape Comorin, as I came back from Cape Comorin to the little villages, to the big towns of Tuticorin, Trichinopoly, everywhere I found, not the museums of a past civilisation, but the living sermons in every stone, in every running brook ; and to me every leaf of the palmyra tree waving in the forest was a living descendant of these palm leaves on which are written faithfully the legend of your great Dravidian culture. So you should start little centres to-day in all your great Dravidian centres of culture. Then only you would be fulfilling your duty to the past and bringing forth the ideal, not new, but adjusted to new needs,

new fashions, new attempts, as a legacy for the future that it is to be.

The whole function of a library is not to let merely every man be reading but to make the rich man who gives with both hands that which had made his own part of his life, part of his very life-blood, because all thought, all knowledge, all wisdom is but dead that does not become part and parcel of your very being and does not manifest itself in every action and every gesture of your life. The true function of a library is not the accumulation of books, but the assimilation of what is committed in the books, so that the national life might grow.

We are the children of a great spiritual tradition that binds together what the geographical conditions, historical conditions, political conditions have separated in our land in this great spiritual ideal, which is the very core of our culture and combines the man who sees the sun-rise at the Himalayas with the man who faces the sun-set at Cape Comorin. So, the central ideal of your living, as your life must be, is this, that it is but an university for the graduation of the Indian soul towards this higher achievement. I, travelling in your Dravidian country, I who am so impregnated by that heritage and by the types of culture and with the ideals of the northern countries of India and with the western countries of the world, when I have come into living contact with your traditions, I begin to understand why, in spite of centuries upon centuries of foreign domination beginning with Greeks and Scythians and ending with the Mussalmans in India, why the Hindu genius has been kept alive, why the Hindu civilisation could not die because of the happy genius which gave the finest architectural beauties to the

great temple towns of India. They were symbols of that imperishable stone in which were wrapped the very embodiment and the Hindu aspiration after God. It is when one sees the architecture of the South that one realises the triumph of the Hindu genius, the triumph of the spirit over matter, the triumph of truth over all things else.

Whether we be Brahmanas, supposed to be the custodians, the guardians of the Hindu genius, or whether we be people of the out-caste, no power can wholly disinherit us from our heritage. Are the people going to catch hold of the new inspiration, the gift that is the peculiar contribution of India to the world, *i.e.*, the land of Ahimsa producing as the supremest gift, the peace of the world, if all the actions are not a sacrament towards the fulfilling of the 'Santi' prayer which arises from all our homes at morning and at sun-set? We have indeed betrayed the heritage of our fathers, the gospel that they left us to proclaim, to prove and to love. I am glad that this Library Club has tried to reach that culture.

Until we have realised that suffering is part of our culture, part of our destiny, and failure part of our victory, we shall not have understood even the beginnings of that great culture which is the supremest glory in this land. The aim of all culture is to teach the understanding of the human mind, and even more, of the human heart. Lord Buddha renounced his kingdom to deliver humanity from their suffering. That is the symbol and that and that alone is the vindication of the Hindu life. That and that alone is the victory of the Hindu genius.

SPEECH IN MADRAS

Mrs. Naidu on her return from Colombo addressed a crowded audience on the beach opposite the Presidency College, Madras on October 22, 1922, under the joint auspices of the Khilafat, Tamil and Andhra Congress Committees. The late Mr. S. Kasturiranga Iyengar, Editor of the 'Hindu' was in the chair. She said :

FRIENDS.—Though we have all read lately that the Report of the Civil Disobedience Committee is postponed for a little while, I began my civil disobedience a little while ago without waiting for the mandate of my leaders. (Laughter). As the President told you I was supposed to take three months more of complete rest ; for, I was on the verge of a tragic collapse which will mean long eulogies in the columns of the "Hindu" and the "Swarajya" on the things I have done. I went to Colombo meaning it to be good, meaning to have quiet and, hoping to be entirely unknown and obscure : and when I got there, I said to myself 'surely for a little while I can detach myself from the tumult of all that struggle which in my own country I cannot escape from. How mistaken has been my plan ! When I reached there in the last stages of exhaustion I was bombarded on every side : 'Tell us what is Mahatma Gandhi's message ; what have you come here to tell us ?' And I realise that, after all he is a great Avatar alike in body and spirit, and for interpreting his modern message of Satyagraha even my broken body responded to the call of further work and sacrifice. (Hear, hear.) And so when I went to Ceylon where my

friend Srinivasa Iyengar went before me and gave such a brilliant address that people still talked of it with bated breath, I was asked 'why do they say that Non-Co operation has failed?'. I said 'Who has challenged Non-Co operation? Only the day before I landed on your shores, twelve of your chosen representatives, proved Mahatma Gandhi's spirit in action. The seed indeed was sown in my own land but the winds of destiny carried some of it to your place and the harvest is being reaped.' And seeing how so far off with the dividing sea between us and the people of Ceylon, that the lesson of Satyagraha is so well completely put into practice, I said to myself 'Am I not ashamed that even for one moment my faith slackened, my spirit grew weak, my feet grew wearied, my heart grew cold that I doubted the imperishable power of his great and imperishable message.'

MESSAGE ENDURES, PERSON PENALISED

I have come back with a message from the people of Ceylon to their kindred in India. The message is : 'As you sow, so you shall reap. Your victories will be our victories. Your failures will be our failures. Remember we are people of a little island though divided from you by language and tradition, none the less we are kin with you, comrades with you; follow us, our common gospel and common master.' So returning from Ceylon making my pilgrimage at Rameswaram, prayed even as Rama when he came back from his victory at Lanka, prayed for more success so that victory might not make him insolent but humble, not make him arrogant but wise, I prayed that I who had been the lowliest ambassador of the greatest gospel of the world, should, coming back to my own people, be given greater wisdom, greater humility, clearer vision and greater power

to endure all hardships, so that going northward, I might in every city of India once more interpret in my own faltering words that message of Satyagraha whose greatest triumph is the fact that he who preached it for the deliverance of the world sits to-day behind the prison bars. That I call the apotheosis of the Satyagraha. The person is penalised and sacrificed, so that his message might endure. What is his message? How shall we interpret it according to our own peculiar needs? How shall it be interpreted in the different provinces of India according to the central need of the people of those provinces?

PROBLEM OF UNTOUCHABILITY

When having finished my pilgrimage to all the great cities of the South, I come to the capital of the province, it is my duty to lay before my elders the impressions I had gleaned from those pilgrimages. Not alone was my spirit uplifted by the revelation of the great Dravidian genius that found its immortality in those temples, that no nation in art has rivalled, but my spirit on one side receiving exaltation on the other has been wounded by many swords when I realised what a mockery the life to-day is of those temples that are enduring witnesses of the genius of the Dravidian race. There where rises the prayer towards heaven, where peal the bells in symbol of the longing of the worshippers, where great chariots draw the processions of gods of protection, the God which preserves humanity and the deities that destroy evils of humanity, I found no deity to-day to protect those you have made out-castes and to destroy those that destroy their brothers. It seemed to me most poignant of all paradoxes that man should with his hands legislate injustice disinheriting from his brother human rights and privileges that have been

fashioned from the same source, fed with the same waters, nourished with the same harvest, enduring the same agony, and dreaming the same dreams. Wherever I went in the South of India, my one cry was the cry of those sunk in darkness believing in what the curse of centuries told unto them that they are unclean, that they are fallen, that they are lost and that in your estimation they are not even as the crow for whom you set apart a morsel, and even as a dog with whom you share your meal.

MESSAGE TO THE SOUTH

Mahatma Gandhi's central message for the people of the South is essentially different from his message to the people of the North. Here it is a mockery to talk of new political permutations and combinations. It is vain and futile to discuss about the new Conference where the self-styled leaders are the nation that propose to draw a charter of liberty which can be done only with the sanction of the people and the sanction of those great martyrs who are imprisoned to-day. I hear men and women, women and men, talk glibly, talk academically and talk foolishly of their powers to evolve for the people of India some new form of political franchise because, forsooth they believe that my Mahatma's programme has failed. They believe that because here and there some detail is relaxed, some coward has betrayed and some weakling has fallen, the enduring tree is dead. They believe that by a little jugglery of brilliant phrases and by sleight of hand they will alter the heart of the bureaucracy, will change the conditions that make an alien Government alien. But we are not to be deluded by the shibboleths of these academicians who have no following save in respect of the morrow because to-day they have betrayed the ideal for which the

country stands. But why, while we pluck the mote from our brother's eyes do we forget the beam within our own? How are we who say it to ourselves that we are the people, that we are the leaders and we are the workers, attempting to solve the central problems that bring tragedies in our midst? Whereon will you build your political freedom and erect the great edifice of your liberty where your foundations are more shifting than the sands which the wind blows hither and thither at its will? Divided as you are, separated by bitterness, conflict, doubt, suspicion and hatred, how will you, Oh! divided people, build your palaces of liberty on the gulfs of your division?

THE COMMUNAL PROBLEM

Last time when I spoke on that historic occasion that disturbed the slumbers of the rulers of this Province, I had occasion to talk of the vexed problem—which many resented I know. That problem I am going again to touch to-day—not merely touch but reiterate with all the power and strength of my conviction. I spoke of the long-standing Brahmin and Non-Brahmin problem. It sounds like platitude to go on talking about it: and yet this is the crucial test when before us loom the responsibilities of those that are free and those that must demand their own freedom. And less remote than that there is always the question of office and power and of elections in the near foreground that search and test the reality of those that say there is no Brahmin—Non-Brahmin problem. I am neither a Brahmin nor a Non-Brahmin (laughter and applause). I come of a race that has given *Siddhas* to the world. I have come of a family that has helped to shape the philosophy and the gospel of the Hindu race. I also come of a family whose cardinal ideal was that none is

greater than the community and that the caste and the person matter not at all save as symbols of the great Brahminical tradition of service. Have we who pride ourselves on three thousand years and more of unbroken historic continuity of culture, fulfilled that trust reposed in us as guardians and custodians of those whose opportunities have been less than ours? The Brahmin was the symbol of the supremest discipline and renunciation. Let us ask ourselves how far have we been true to our trust? Have we not chosen to exercise our intellect for the monopoly of power? Have we not made our culture a sword with which to destroy the intelligence and liberty of those who were disinherited from our caste.

A WORD TO NON-BRAHMINS

And you Non-Brahmins, who when you get a little measure of power pay back the grudge of centuries, the indignation and bitterness of your entire race against the Brahmins. How have you escaped from the blame; how are you free of censure that must belong to those who sell their human birth-right for a little soothing and comfortable lack of thinking and folly of those who believe that discipline is not necessary for humanity? Shall you who for centuries let slide your human rights, to-day with beginnings of your conscience and consciousness to free yourselves, turn your finger of scorn and hate to the Brahmin and penalise him in this generation for the sins of his forefathers? Have you to make atonement that you have betrayed the posterity? Hinder not in your own generation; throw in your minds and spirit into that great ideal of culture, freedom and equality that originally should have been your inalienable birthright. And you fighting together in bitterness but

joining hands in tyranny against the outcaste (Laughter and applause)—Oh! friends, Oh! Brahmins, Oh! people not of Brahmin blood, how does the martyrdom of the outcaste cry out against you and how the heart of the free nations of the world despises you and measures your readiness and fitness for freedom by your own actions. You are bettered, you are cursed, you are judged by the measure you mete out to your brother. And though in this enlightened city I hear the charge against me, the same as it was brought in Tanjore and Madura, that I assail the citadel of your orthodoxy, I do assail it. I do challenge it and say that even as you have expelled from the community your kith and kin, call me an untouchable. As you call me an untouchable, so you have made your Bharatha Matha an outcaste of the world. Your central problem therefore is to solve that question of untouchability before you can presume to be fit to talk of freedom for India. What after all is freedom? Will you go into the Councils of Delhi and Simla, you who have no right to speak as representatives of your people? What will you do in the Councils? Whom will you represent? Will you, if you are honest, have the right to say we have the interests of the people at heart? Not you! The very stones in the streets will bear witness against you; the very trees in the forest will cry out 'Shame against you' for the forests and the hillocks have known the tragic tears of those on whose approach you have felt defiled.

HINDU-MUSLIM UNITY

Friends, when I go to the North, my message will be different. I shall talk there of the central need—the Hindu-Muslim unity, because there always is the storm centre; there always break out those poignant conflicts

that break one's heart and yet we who are workers for the great cause of unity must have hearts and cannot break. But this question does not apply merely to the North of India. In the South itself I hear murmurs, sometimes more than murmurs. I am told by a very great exponent of international culture that it is a paradox to talk of Hindu-Moslem unity and that it is a menace to work for it, that it is treachery to the Hindu race to speak of it. These have been told by one who claims to be greater than Mahatma Gandhi in as much as he believes in what is international. Why? He thinks that Mahatma Gandhi believes only in what is national? I know how the Moplah outbreak in Malabar and the Multan outbreak in the Punjab have embittered the heart of the Hindu people. And yet if the Hindus with their greater numbers, their great culture, their ideal of Satyagraha and their Gospel of Ahimsa cannot endure to the uttermost and forgive seventy times seven the sins of any small community against it, what is the use of all our boast of that which the three thousand years of culture have taught us. If we cannot transcend far, far above mere personal sufferings, personal wrongs and personal treacheries, how shall we in our generation vindicate our Hindu culture if in our hearts there is bitterness because here and there some handful of men went mad and broke our temples. I am also told—and this brings sadness beyond words—that because Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha by his courage and by the valour of the sword has won a victory for Turkey, we believe, some of us were foolish to believe, that the Moslems will desert us, that they will say 'all that we needed of you is over, and we will mind our own purpose.' Do you think, if you have known aright

the spirit of Islamic culture, the most democratic people in the world can be so guilty of meanness, of treachery and selfishness, that they only used you in their crisis and desert you in your hour of need? If you believe that the Hindu and Moslem unity is no more than the shibboleths of Lloyd George, (laughter) it were better to say openly to-day, we will not have anything to do with Moslems rather than saying with our lips as some of us are doing—‘yes, we will be united’ but murmuring in our hearts—‘let us beware they will desert us’. So, the problem of the Hindu-Moslem unity must be solved here as well as in the North. Not only this problem but also that of the depressed classes.

THE GREAT PROBLEM

The great problem of the economic independence of India must also be solved. I have heard learned men who lecture on political economy in colleges, say ‘Of course you know Gandhi is such a dreamer; it is absolutely an uneconomic proposition, his fad about Khadi. It is all very well for you to talk of spinning; but it can never answer our purpose. Rather than go to the spinning-wheel you might as well give up all your enlightenment and go to the period when men lived on trees comfortably like monkeys.’ It is easy to sit comfortably in your arm-chair, draw your fat salaries and never know of poverty and misery. They have not seen little children die of hunger, as I have seen. They talk of political institutions; they talk of elections to the Councils, of ministries, of voting the Budget, of army, navy and aeroplanes. Let them go in the villages, where women after nightfall drown themselves in the compassionate rivers because daylight scares their nakedness and the eye

of men insults their poverty. Talk to me of political institutions when you have solved the problem of covering the naked ribs with flesh and naked flesh with clothes and of feeding that covered flesh with that which sustains the life-blood in man. Then talk to me of your Councils, of armies and of cultures and of all things that mean civilization. But, for whom is that civilization? For whom is the culture and for whom are the international Universities? Where will you build those Universities? On the grave yard of your brothers, on the skeletons, will you lay the foundations of your international Universities?

KHADDAR AND ITS MEANING

Therefore, your problem in one word is the problem of Khaddar. Khaddar does not mean only coarse cloth. To me the world khadi has a mystical meaning. It is like that parchment on which the legend of liberty is written. I know that men say—many men to whom honour is due for their good work in India, 'Your constructive programme is alright, but how can you set a time limit and say only when this is solved, shall you have freedom?' I have never heard Mahatma Gandhi say that there can be any time limit for human programme of evolution. Had he said that, he would have been less Mahatma than I think he is. You cannot do without economic independence. Discipline, organisation, a sense of co-operation and a sense of reality to the ideal of sacrifice in the endeavour,—these are the things that weld a nation together, and once the discipline is there, the nation has laid the foundation of its freedom.

COUNCIL ENTRY

You will all say we have all heard this old story; tell us something of what is going to be done when the All-

India Congress Committee is to meet shortly and tell us if the Committee is going to sanction entry into Council or not. I will tell you what I think about Councils. The intolerance that many of my co-workers and many of the followers of the Satyagraha movement have shown to that little band of men who dare to think for themselves and say openly we agree on all points but we differ on this, has been the very symbol of the unfitness of our people for Swaraj; for, has not the minority the right to lead the majority and win it over, to leaven it even as the salt leavens the bread? Whether I believe or do not believe that it is wise and good to go into the Councils, I will first speak on behalf of those who say 'we believe that the true solution of our problems lies in capturing the Councils!'

My friends, Mr Kelkar, Dr Moonji and Mr. Satyamurti honestly believe and are entitled to a most patient and careful hearing, because it takes courage to be on the side of a minority, whether that minority is right or wrong. Therefore I hope and believe that at the All-India Congress Committee meeting there will be an open discussion on this point and if the minority succeeds in convincing the majority, then the majority must have the courage of its conviction even if it goes against Mahatmaj's opinion. If on the other hand, the majority to whom I belong (loud applause) is able to convince that little band of brave and honest free thinkers, the heterodox among the Non-Co-operators (laughter) that it is useless at this juncture to speak of entry into Councils, I know, and in advance I can say that the little band of the minority will have the discipline and loyalty not to betray the mandate of the Congress. I want you to realise that any man who questions either their

honesty or devotion or courage rates himself down as lacking in these three cardinal qualities of a patriot. I think those who believe it possible to capture the Councils for the purpose of obstruction are carried away by their enthusiasm and a sense that their power will be greater than the power of the bureaucracy. To enter Councils merely for the sake of obstruction is to pre-destine yourselves to failure. To enter Councils for the sake of co-operation removes from you every vestige of your right to call yourselves Non-Co-operators. (Hear, hear.) If you wish to give up Non-Co-operation, do it frankly and fearlessly ; say you have followed or tried to follow according to our own human capacity a difficult programme that Mahatma alone can achieve. Let there be in us that sense of courage. If our conviction is towards co-operation, let us become co-operators. But do not let us run with the hare and hunt with the hound. That is not the way of brave men and women. If we are Non-Co-operators let us stand outside the citadel and say 'Here we stand ; you are imprisoned within your own bars ; but we are soldiers of liberty ; we have laid siege outside ; we shall starve you out ; we are tireless in our patience ; we will conquer without bloodshed, without injury to you, without anything that might hurt you ; we will die ourselves like the brave Akalis ; but to the end we shall stand impregnable in our faith and by our Satyagraha we shall win our liberty.'

THE TEMPLES OF MAYA

Friends, I know how the trained intellect of many who are born to be in the Councils rebels against the mandate of inaction. But just as sacrifices have been made in manifold forms, sacrifice in the direction must be made

by those who in normal circumstances are born to be legislators. I believe the Councils are the temples of Maya (laughter). I believe they are labyrinths wherein the honest soul gets lost and cannot find its way again. I believe that those who are deluded by the symbolisms of responsibility and power in the Councils are really delaying the freedom of their country. What power has any Councillor got? The answer is 'You Non-Co-operators do not enter; you have sent third-rate-men in'. And yet strangely enough two years ago the very men that have suddenly become third-rate were fit enough to be the office-bearers of your own Congress. Their brain power has not suddenly altered, because they have not adopted the Non-Co-operation creed. They are just as brilliant; they are just as great as they ever were; even though unlike you have not accepted Mahatma Gandhi as their leader. But what have they with their combined force, power, culture, knowledge and great gifts of debate and discussion been able to do? Could they keep the Akalis in the Punjab from being beaten and trampled upon? Could they preserve the dignity and freedom of the Press? Have they been able to bring out of prison even one of the many thousands of young men that are rotting there kicked and cursed and humiliated, made naked in the presence of others and filled with filth and insult? What have they done? Will you ask that your people or leaders should go into the Councils? I trust you have self-respect and self-reliance too great for them. Mahatma Gandhi sitting in prison has left you as the custodians of his honour and as the guardians of his truth. Oh! my fellow pilgrims, Oh! my comrades; Oh! my fellow soldiers on the way to liberty, let us close our ranks. Let us arm

ourselves with our faith and courage. Let us hold the sword of sacrifice in our hands and march onward without any hesitation whatsoever, succumbing to no temptations, yielding to no promises or pledges of gain or comfort, or ease or honour, or wealth or title. Let us die if necessary. But in doing that let us say we are the people who once more have raised our mother to the heights of her own hoary womanhood—she whom our ignorance, our cowardice and treachery had made a helot of the world, by our love and devotion purify her, by our tears, cleanse her and by our life blood sustain her. Let us Hindu, Muslim, Brahmin, Non-Brahmin, and outcastes in a spirit of sacrifice and courage take the proud banner to the goal of victory. And, will not posterity looking on the scenes of battle and on the signs of martyrdom say: 'Oh! our soldier fathers by their death or sacrifice have made us free; we will be true; we will be worthy of the heritage they have given us.' (Loud and prolonged applause).

GAYA STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

Mrs. Naidu addressed the All-India College Students' Conference at Gaya on 28th Dec. 1922 as follows :—

MR president and young friends,—I wish I could have been with you from the very beginning of your Conference because you know I have always been with you, believe me, with the students of every country in preference to their parents. I am sorry, I have not been able to attend your Conference which somebody reminded me is my Conference. I know all of you have gathered together in your little Parliament with new hopes and aspirations before you. You will have to set an example of unity to the parent generation. I think you have already set an example by this gathering. If I can carry your spirit as your mandate to the older generation, I think, I shall have fulfilled my duty for which I was born. I ask you to remember that no matter whether some of you go to Government institutions, others amongst you having felt the call of Non-Co-operation, a call that has no limitation of age, caste and creed, have responded to it, whether you continue in your institution like the Hindu University of Benares, or National University of Aligarh. What matters to me is that all of you should remember that you are the torch-bearers of the nation. By your torch there will be light in the country. I am not here to discuss your resolution, the details of your Conference. I leave them to you, but I certainly think I have a right, as you remember I have always been your champion, and as one who has lived for students and must remain for students, to beseech

you, nay, I have a right to enjoin upon you, to order you, to command you (hear, hear) that you shall mould yourselves together into the image of the unity of India

Remember that while we in the Congress may be discussing, nay even quarrelling over the details of programme, your duty is to serve and sustain the ideal of true *Swaraj*. What is the ideal of true *Swaraj*? In the ideal of true *Swaraj* there can be no exclusion, no isolation, no mandate of the majority against the right of the minority, and freedom of thought, freedom of action. Diversity of thought and diversity of actions make the life of a nation. Do not arrogate to yourselves any superiority. All young men are equal. They should be judged by their acts and not by the institutions they belong to. I know National Colleges and National Universities are embodiments of sacrifice. I know what it has cost Non-Co-operator students to give up all hopes of prospect. I know what amount of heart-burning and bitterness it has caused in the family circles. I know many of them had to give up certainty of wealth, certainty of secured career. But that is the guarantee of *Swaraj*. To them I hold my hand of fellowship, hand of paternal benediction. They are the centre of hope for India. They are the pioneers, the standard-bearers of the nation, of *Swaraj*.

Do not for a moment arrogate to yourselves superiority. Remember others have limitations of temperament, limitations of circumstances, different points of view, different aspects of the same problem in their own minds. Let there be no barrier, no mental reservation, no social restrictions between you and them. Gather hand in hand. The young generation must take upon their shoulders the burdens of the nation. Your duty is little different

from ours at this moment. Your duty is apprenticeship, of preparation, of national dreams. Yours is intellectual and moral discipline which alone will enable the country to sustain the burdens of freedom. Remember that liberty is not spiritual license to every individual to act as he wills regardless of other things. Freedom of individual means perfect discipline of the individual to express himself perfectly at all points to the utmost of his energy and capacity ; but always remembering that the individual is nothing more than the collection of the people. My young friends, my young patriots, my young citizens, I beg you to remember that India must always stand for spiritual achievement as apart from religious creed. Spiritual creed can only be the heritage, possession, priceless treasure of culture and not of ignorance. Do not let us pride ourselves as some of us do that we can be content with our patriotic ignorance. No, I want every patriot to be a man of culture. Whether you are in the National College or University or in Government institutions, you will carry your souls not merely as standard-bearers of India but as the flag itself. You are the flag of India, whether you are in a Government College, in the Hindu University or in the National University. You can worship your mother everywhere. It is not the place that matters, it is not the circumstances that matter ; it is not the limitation that matters. Therefore your duty is to proclaim the common ideal and common goal. Realise yourselves that you are dedicated to the problems of freedom. If the path by which you go to the temple of freedom is different, none the less let us go through divergent ways because at the ultimate point we must meet.

ADDRESS TO KERALA CONFERENCE

The following is the text of the speech of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as President of the Kerala Conference, in May 1923 :

MY Mussalman and Hindu friends of Kerala,—I am sorry that my meagre accomplishments do not include a knowledge of your ancient language, but among the privileges of my education certainly a little of the history of Malabar was included. And I am proud that Kerala of the ancient civilisation, Kerala so patriotic with its modern ideas should have vindicated itself my choosing a woman to help in the deliberations of so critical an occasion in the first national assembly of the people of Malabar after the tragedy that clove the hearts of Kerala in twain. I can only thank you for the great honour you have done in summoning me from the shadow of the Himalayas to bring to you a message of peace, of hope and of liberty. My friends, I have come from the Punjab, that unhappy Punjab, that tragic Punjab which is echoing to-day the mournful wail that was started in Malabar and whose echoes are so far-reaching. People are fond of saying that India is not one country and it is not one nation, and yet the first ripple of tragedy in Malabar has spread out and out in surging waves around the foot of the Himalayas themselves. What greater proof of the unity of India and united destiny of India than this one fact that the tragedy of the south becomes the living agony of the North (hear, hear), what better proof of this that the destiny of India indivisible than that Malabar in the South—this great Kerala washed by the surging seas

of the East and the West should send back to India the message of reconciliation and peace, because from Malabar went the sword that tore the heart of India. I have come therefore to this beautiful country, in this green and rich country in its spring-time glory to ask you, not to bring you, but to ask you to give into my hands that great message of peace for the world even as the ancient Malabar gave its torch of civilisation to be the jewel on the forefront of India's pride—most ancient land of India, most ancient race of India, need I remind of your own great tradition? Need I recall to you how long ago while you were yet a small, strong, brave and conquering nation, it was Malabar that gave its lead to ideals to India, ideals that the Indian National Congress preaches to-day of religious toleration and Asiatic federation, fit themselves not merely in the precepts but also in the practices of Malabar. The first Christian Church in India was in Malabar. A few short years after the inspired camel-driver in the desert preached his doctrine of the one God, the indivisible brotherhood of man, and laid the foundations of democracy in the world, the first mosque had its foundation in Malabar. In the modern theory of democracy, in the theory of equal status of womanhood which was long ago realised in this little corner of India (loud applause) though the womanhood was nothing more than incarnated symbols of possession, subjection, slavery, goods and chattel to be bought and sold, to be slain at pleasure, patted at pleasure, but always to be insulted by the brand of inferiority, no matter how guilty were the symbols of slavery. Therefore to me Malabar remains the symbol of liberty, made manifest in diverse fashions and I cannot think that the national assembly known as the All-India Congress can do

better than to renew its inspirations for to-morrow's work than to dip itself in the clear wells of the ancient histories of Kerala. For that unity too which to us is the essential need of India, let the people of India come back to Malabar for religious toleration, for the right of every race and every creed to flourish and gaze round protected by the chivalry of the country. Let India with its factions to-day, its controversies to-day, its disloyalty to the liberal traditions to-day, come back to ancient Malabar and learn how to be loyal to the tenets of the Hindu religion recognising the right of every religion to live by its side and be a comrade and kindred to itself.

A PROMISING BEGINNING.

No better time could have been chosen for the first Conference of hope after the long and dark tragedy and disunion than the springtime when all around me I see Nature flowering from the trees. Everywhere in the centre of living blossoms brings the message of renaissance of the earth reborn from the fallen autumn time. It is the period of hope, the period of promise, the guarantee of right into the time. Therefore to me, poet as I am, I am looking for a symbol everywhere in the new green of the tamarind, in the new songs of the mating bird, in the new laughter, in the fine voices of birds in the springtime, I find a symbol of a greater nation's hope with a heart to which neither India nor the world can leave. The first coming together of the Hindu and the Muslim since the Hindu and the Mussalman were raised against each other in revolt, nay even more prophetic to a larger unity of India is that almost for the first time the Nambudiri and the Nayadis sat in under the same roof as in one family. What better welcome could you

have to me, a lover and servant of unity, what better tribute to me, the incarnated symbol of the high and the low than that my Nambudiri brother should be on the one hand and my hunted tragic, down-trodden but beloved brothers should have, in a moment when I am called upon to guide the deliberations of the destinies of Kerala, that they should be recognised probates from the exile and before the eyes of the world be admitted into the fellowship of those who seek the liberty of India by their own sacrifice and devotion? Friends, permit me for a few moments to dwell on the tragedy you speak of. It even brings out blood from my heart. Last year when the last echoes of revolt were dying down, when that brave little race of Moplahs was being exterminated from the face of the earth by means that no brave race could adopt towards another brave race I came to Malabar to see what the reality was that was being mocked at by the world outside. I find in Kerala the anguish of the Hindu community wrecked in every nerve and fibre of its constitution. Some mad Muslims had so far forgotten the traditions of Islam as to have committed excesses that the entire Muslim population of India has condemned. On the other hand, I find that a people whose only fault was that they have not been disciplined better, who, as even the chairman remarked with a greater knowledge of local conditions of those particular parts of Malabar, have been suffering from centuries of oppression at the hands of the landholders. When under the influence of their own wrongs to the Khilafat abroad they lost their reason for a moment, forgot their manhood for a moment and how shall I say and find words to remark?—when these who bluntly and madly attacked, friends may be, enemies

may be, but none the less their own kith and kin, though not their own relations. Was there not some excuse for them, some palliating circumstances that a mandate from the Hindu community, some gestures of magnanimous pardon, not of reprisals, not of betrayal, not of revenge, but of pity and of pardon, because they do not know better and they were as men for a moment bereft of reason? Are there not many golden examples of chivalry and courage that illumine these blood-stained pages of Malabar revolt in history? Have not the brave deeds of individual Moplahs redeemed for ever in the eyes of posterity the wrong-doings of others who, in a moment of blind passion and anger and enthusiasm, broke the law of Islam and became even as brute beasts? None whether Hindu or Mussalman, will ever condone for a single moment any force that might have been used for conversion. No one will tolerate, whether Hindu or Mussalman, the outrage against women and children. I do not stand here to condone, either on the part of the Hindu or the Mussalman any acts of oppression or pillage whether in Malabar or in the Punjab, whether in Bengal or in Sind. But I do ask you, my Hindu brothers, to remember that your own kith and kin, the Moplahs, the tillers of your soil, they who grow your corn for you and prepare the bread for you at the sweat of their brow, they have been shot down, exterminated, their women sent to Andamans, or it is intended they should be sent to Andamans. What will you, descendants of those who gave not merely shelter, but welcome to the Mussalmans over the seas, what were you to do in the hour of the Moplah agony to show how true, how generous and loyal has been the Hindu community, how loyal to its ancient traditions, how magnanimous beyond all races in India or in the

world? Because of our sufferings to-day the Punjab is torn in two. Because the tales of your sufferings have gone abroad, the Hindu-Muslim Unity is cloven to the heart. Will you not, people of Malabar, rise up and say to the rest of India, "We have forgotten that bloodstained piece of our suffering, we have turned a new leaf in our history and the legend inscribed on that leaf is, peace and harmony reign in the hearts of the Mussalman and the Hindu in Malabar that once maintained its ancient culture and its ancient traditions and its ideal of unity and greatness of love? I make this appeal to you because till Malabar rises up and says "no more of this name of Malabar" there will be no peace in the shadow of the Himalayas. Because of the long-drawn waves that have carried across the breezes of the North to the home of the rishis, the snowy sanctuaries, the Himalayas are stained with conflict. Its peace is destroyed with a noise of wrangling factions and in the name of Malabar and the Hindus of Malabar, the Hindus of the Punjab make war against the Mussalmans and in the name of the Moplahs of Malabar the Muslims wage a war against the Hindus. To-day if there has been the tragedy of Multan, it is no more than the repetition of the tragedy of Malabar. Therefore, though I have been saying that till Punjab questions be settled, there can be no peace to India, I have not forgotten that it is wiser always to go to the root of the problems and dissensions and find a cure at the roots and not merely in the branches that are stormed by the winds of rumour, the winds of clamour, the winds of hate.

Friends of Malabar, India to-day is weighing in the balance of her destinies whether freedom is for her or

continued slavery. There is not a little village in India where there is harmony and peace. There is not one little village in India where the spinning—wheel, beloved of Mahatma Gandhi, carries on the delicate music of construction. There is not one woman in India who can sit in her doorway at sunset and spin the thread of her freedom without danger of its being smashed. Why? Why is India that hoped to hoist her flag of freedom on her own temples and mosques, why is she to-day so far off from achieving the destinies of liberty? Because there is no unity in the country. I will not speak of your local problems. I do not know what your local problems are, excepting one or two and the solution of one or two you have begun to-day.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNTOUCHABLE.

I speak of the great problem, the horrible problem, the terrible problem that is peculiarly the problem of Southern India. You have with courage and great generosity, begun to solve by admitting into your midst, to sit by your side, to share your deliberations, these lamentable human beings, so long disinherited from the rights of humanity. Oh, my friends, if Mahatma Gandhi could be here to-day to see with his own eyes the beginning of the fulfilment of his supreme desire, he will say, "Malabar will give me Swaraj, and no other province of India." (Cheers) When last year just about this time when Kasturibhai Gandhi went to interview Mahatma Gandhi behind the prison walls the first question he asked of his wife was not, "Are you well, are you unhappy, are my sons alive, are my houses burnt down, how is the Congress, has Khilafat been restored. No, he asked only one question that meant to him everything, it was a symbol of Swaraj attained," "How is little Laxmi?" And Laxmi was the symbol of those exiles

whom the greatest man of India had exalted to his place and in his bosom and thereby uplifted the down-trodden and exiled whom you and I have robbed and oppressed through centuries and in revolt and retribution for which oppression to-day you and I have nothing but a legacy of slavery to leave to unborn posterity. Till that problem is solved no political problems are solved for India. One country alone in the world stands aloof from the conventional troubles of political life and destinies. That is India, the miraculous India, the terrible India, the helpless India, the undying India, who even in her last dying gasp, wakes to-day.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT

India, down-trodden India, is choked so that she cannot breathe, India disabled, so that she cannot see the world, India deafened so that she cannot hear the beckoning music of liberty. Even to-day India is immortal because here are the seeds of spiritual life. And though as in the autumn the leaves fall and it seems to be the death of Nature, still even as the spring-time comes, the cuckoo sings, and the tamarind leaf, the mango leaf, the *shirisha* flower and the *champak* blossom forth again, come to the fulfilment of their day, because it is the law of Nature that to death comes new life and the new liveliness fulfilling itself and doing in turn the prophecy and that guarantee of yet a new life to come in other seasons. So too with India. She from her dying gasp, she from her strong body, she from her blinded eyes, she from her fretted limbs gives forth new hopes and new prophecies and all around I see to-day symbol of that hope made manifest in Malabar itself. Here where the problem of untouchability sets its seal of shame upon the brow of India I see that stain being washed away by the tears of Malabar itself.

Here where Hindu-Muslim unity suffered its most poignant loss and cleavage, here do I want to see the Hindu-Muslim unity made real, made indivisible, made prophetic, made in the end the sword for India for the sake of liberty. Here do I want to see the fulfilment of Mahatma Gandhi's programme known in dull language as the constructive programme, but to me the programme of the God Siva himself, the programme of destruction, the dynamic programme of breaking down, wrenching and crushing the chains of those things that hold us in economic, intellectual and social subjection. To me it is not the genteel form of Vishnu that appeals in the form of that man behind his prison bars. To me he becomes all Shakti herself; to me he comes with the terrible power of the destroyer, holding the cup and his adventures awakening the dead to the life set to their own destruction creating the conditions of new life and liberty.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE PROGRAMME

Let us therefore, before I go to other problems consider this programme known as the constructive programme. What can be more dull, more uninspiring if one does not understand it aright? What can be more full of inspiration and movement when once we have grasped the four fundamental principles? After all what is the analysis of liberty? What is the synthesis of liberty? Is liberty a mere abstraction? Is liberty a fling in the air? Is liberty a fling that will materialise because you say Mahatma Gandhi-ki jai. Never. Liberty must be based on the firm redemption from the death. First comes the economic regeneration from the death pool in which we are immersed. My freinds, go with me from end to end in India. O! you prosperous people with your never failing rains, you people

with a climate that helps the poor to be comfortable, go with me where you can count the ribs of those unburied corpses that have not one thread of filthy garment wherewith to clothe the modesty of their women. Go with me, to places where children are nothing more than the incarnations of hunger, more than the hungry incarnations of hunger. Every point of them, every nail of them, every eyelash of them is crying out for food, crying out for more blood and more blood in veins depleted by the life blood of little children. Then ask me, "Is Mahatma Gandhi right when he says that in Khaddar lies India's salvation," Not Khaddar meaning five yards or three yards of ugly coarse clothes, the less washed the more patriotic the wearer thereof; that is not the programme that Mahatma Gandhi meant. He meant by it the economic regeneration of India, so that all industries of India might be co-ordinated for her uplift and her redemption from poverty. When I hear those assembled here say that we shall wear Khaddar and get Swaraj, I say to myself, what have you got in your heart beneath the cloth under which you condemn your country to further slavery? In this narrowness of the interpretation of Mahatma Gandhi's programme lies the answer, in the apathy and indifference to-day. Why many young men and old men give up all things for the same, for that one goal of liberty cheerfully and are looked upon with suspicion are ridiculed and are asking for themselves "Is it for this condition that we sacrificed our wealth or fame and name, our prosperity and happiness of bright outlook?" This narrowness of interpretation has been the tragedy of Mahatma Gandhi himself. Did he not say with agony 'I am afraid of this majority?' Did he not say 'Give me a minority

only and I will give you Swaraj? And I said to Mahatma Gandhi long ago, "Your majority will drive you to the grave." I say it again to-day, it is this uneducated and narrow majority that sent Mahatma Gandhi to jail; that has brought India to this condition to-day; that the hope of the youth is killed; the enthusiasm stifled and the programme that should have been a gleaming shadow of liberty in our hands comes to us like a copy-book full of platitudes whose meaning has been lost to us because our teachers have not known how to interpret the living dream, the living message that is the reality of Indian politics to-day.

KHADDAR

What are the four things? First Khaddar—Khaddar not meaning as I said five yards of cloth that everywhere whether the dyer, the printer, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the jeweller should use to avoid our money going to swell foreign pockets, but meaning that India should refit herself into an Indian mentality which finds expression outwards and inwards, in what briefly might be called the Khaddar movement, which beginning with five yards of coarse khaddar ends only in the body of Taj Mahal itself. Khaddar means the expression of India mentally and the revival of Indian trade, of Indian Art, of Indian Literature, of Indian Music, of Indian Spirituality, of all that means beauty, all that means glory, all that means the life that makes the Indian genius find infinite tongues of expression (hear, hear) That is the meaning of the Spinning Wheel. And that rainbow-coloured thread the symbol of India's glory that the world might see the seven-fold glory, in the Indian genius of to-day as it was the Indian genius when Malabar set the lesson of Asiatic Federation to rest of India.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

Take the next problem with which we have to deal, not a local problem only, but the problem of national education; I smile not cynically but mournfully. National education, what is it in India? Our National Schools are a little bit more dirty than the usual Government schools, teaching a little less efficiently than in the Government schools, discipline far less complete than in Government schools and a spirit of insubordination among the staff and the students because they say "we are going to get Swaraj and why should we obey them." To me that has been the sum total of the achievement of national education more or less. Believe me, I do not sit in a quiet place and dream of those things from my poetic sense. I have the wandering spirit in my feet. It is my destiny to go about seeing the sun-rise in the Cape Comorin and sun-set in the Himalayas. And to me this problem of National Education has been one of the most painful as it shows we are incompetent to deal with our problems. Let us ask ourselves what is the purpose of National Education? The purpose of National Education is to create Nationalists or Indian National workers for India, guiding the community not in ignorance, but in National culture. To get a knowledge of our own history, of our own traditions by which everything that is Indian is cherished but not in a spirit rejecting all things based on contemporary achievements in the rest of the world. To me National Education means the better opportunity of making Indian people international at all points and able to receive foreign ideas transmuted according to the uses and the necessities of the Indian mentality, even those affecting the social, economic problems, advanced science, war tactics, strategy

whatever goes labelled and defined as knowledge. I want the National Colleges and Schools to make the curricula of wide and all-comprehensive nature that we are in the Swaraj doors ever ready for our service of the free Indian Nation able to send and keep their Ambassadors in every free country of the world. That is the purpose of National Education. (Loud applause). Then India could be self-governing so that we learn all things that make India self-sufficient, able to defend her frontiers, administer her own laws, look after her own sanitation, build her own bridges, erect her own monuments and things by which the outer tokens of civilisation and progress are made manifest in the world. But most of all do I want our National Education to produce brilliant men and women able to look at the sun and sing a kindred song to us and to his face. I want the spirit of India to be revived in National Schools and Colleges in teaching the boys and girls. I want them to learn that India can only justify herself and her existence as a modern nation if once again disciplined and free by the love of their sons to her, giving her a life that India once more stands as a peace-giver of the world, to the pilgrim nations who will come seeking it. I do not want Indians to rise in competition with France or Germany. I do not want India to enter into the vulgar conflict of greed and gain. But I want a proud and strong Mother India simple and beautiful in her purity and devotion and more or less in that immemorial power of sacrifice, aye to transcend the weakness of younger nations with her gestures of pity and pardon, to bring peace and plenty to the world. That was the ultimate ideal with which Mahatma Gandhi spoke of National Education.

UNTOUCHABILITY

I come to another problem which forms so important a plank of his programme, the most misunderstood one, one that is the touchstone of all hypocrisy.

Oh, my friends, how unconsciously sitting in hypocrisy that we accepted the problem of the removal of untouchability and in our homes worked with hundreds of thousands of safeguards for ourselves lest we be excommunicated from our own community. I have heard great reformers speaking on this question of untouchability. "Of course they may have their own wells. Why not give them their own temples?" But I say my freinds, are they not like you, human, made of the same clay and brought to the same destinies of tears, of laughter and do they not feel like us, eat like us, breathe like us, are they not enslaved like us, and more enslaved because of us? Is it not for you to-day in the 20th century daring to ask for equal status with the free nations of the world that have broken down those barriers of oppression and division—Is it not for you in tears and repentance to fall at the feet of those whose ancestors were hunted by your ancestors? Then is it not for us to practice untouchability because we must break our own shackles? Is it not for us to remove this curse from the brow of our Mother because we have brought that shame upon the brow? Let Malabar which is a cradle of this curse become also the tomb of this curse buried among the green groves of Malabar and plant upon that grave seeds of justice and of love and see that by a harvest you reap you will be among those that had given the pride of liberty to India because you have sown the seeds of liberty on injustice for ever.

The crow and the dog and the neighbour whose face you have not seen are members in your meal time charities, and the dead who did not care, and the Gods who would not hear, and yet you are deaf to the cry, that pitiful cry of humility which is really the ornament of your pride. You have not had the charity to recognise the kinship of their common humanity. That is the first plank of Mahatma Gandhi's Constructive Programme.

HINDU-MUSLIM UNITY

The fourth then is the Hindu-Muslim Unity. What is Hindu-Muslim Unity? Is it a thing to be achieved by passionate resolutions no matter in how sacred a cause whether at Gaya or at Benares? Is it to stand together on the platform and say that Hindus and Muslims must be united? Is it enough for the Hindus to say that 'Ali Brothers Ki Jai' and that all are their brothers? Is it enough for the Muslims to say 'Mahatma Gandhiki Jai?' Who are the Ali Brothers? Who is Mahatma Gandhi? Nothing but the symbol or the need of India to be united. Who is Moulana Mohamed Ali? Who is the Shaukat Ali? Do you think that would make the very living instrument of their discussion and give Hindu-Muslim Unity to India. It is a reality, not a matter of expediency. It is not a plan for political uplift. It is not a plank to be accepted as a form of untouchability and its removal with the hundreds and thousands of mental reservations. It is a thing that must be in one's heart even as the twin seas who meet at Cape Comorin where Kanyakumari greets the union of the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. So must the Hindus and Muslims meet within our own hearts and our love of India stand as Kanyakumari greeting the meeting of these twin cultures and traditions.

Friends, Gokhale used to say to me, 'Oh, how happy you are, your up-bringing is such that you accept Hindu-Muslim Unity with your heart while I can only accept it with my head.' We do not want merely intellectual acceptance of this great ideal but want the reality of it. That and that alone is the solution of the problem of Hindu-Muslim Unity. In Punjab the other day stupidly and most foolishly Hindus and Muslims leaving their own problems were thinking about what happened in Malabar. Punjabis always fight but they make it an occasion for fighting. When they came face to face what were their grievances? The Hindus said, 'Why should the Muslims have sympathy outside India?' The Muslims said 'Why should the Hindus treat us as if we were outcastes?' Long lists of grievances were brought written in chosen Urdu and Hindi by the Muslims and Hindus and when it came to analysing the reality of these divisions it became no more than an illusion which beset so many of us every day to seek to grasp them and conquer them. Till we Hindus and Muslims know each other closely, study each other's religions, till our women go to each others' homes, till our children play the same games and learn the same lessons, till our young men share the same martyrdom and sacrifice, till our own old men mingle their tears with the mingled blood of Hindu and Muslim, not till then shall we make the real thing a real union for India.

AN APPEAL FOR UNITY.

How can we follow leaders, workers, scholars and servants of national assembly? How can you press me to save the nation? You say 'has Civil Disobedience been a success.' You say 'go to Councils.' Oh, you say this that when the nation has a right to turn round

and say 'You shall first rebuild your shattered foundations.' The atmosphere now is one of mistrust, of disunion, of hatred and conflict. Is it with this undivided sense against itself, brothers fighting against brothers that we are going to fulfill the Gaya Programme full to its logical conclusion? There are my friends, Motilal Nehru, Deshabandu Das, Hakim Ajmal Khan and their followers for breaking the Councils from within. Whether we want to go within or stand without to wreck the Councils, your hand is impotent. You will have grasped the hands of the Muslim brothers. It is only with the two hands that we will together with the sword of war against fears that you can press that you can win victory. Not when you stand divided with divided counsels, divided programmes, divided policy, shall you win Swaraj nor give defeat to any Government alien or indigenious that chose to oppress you.

Friends, many of you are hoping that I shall say something about what is called 'the split in the Congress.' The English language is a very foolish language. (Cheers.) It has no adequate words to express subtle differences and divisions. It is a commercial language and an up and down language without synonym, without lights and shades and therefore all of you who know what is called English Journalism in India, hear of a "Congress split." There is no division in the Congress (Hear, hear.) There is no difference in the ultimate goal or in the qualities of life as between patriot and patriot and worker and worker. (Loud Cheers.) Don't be misled into believing that a single Congressman is untrue to the Congress. Do not make mistakes of confounding issues and confusing principles with procedures. Ideals are different things from methods

and should not be confounded with methods. What is happening in the Congress to-day is this. Leaders and followers alike have interpreted Mahatma Gandhi's world-wide programme in such a narrow and inefficient way that the country is indifferent. It is tired of that programme. Mahatmaji was yet free with that so-called freedom of our bodies that we enjoy outside the prison that he is accustomed, I think, that we measured too correctly the strength of the people. He accustomed the nation to a fire-work programme changing month after month with the speed and dexterity of a magician and after him there was no magician to turn the rainbow-coloured pictures before the mind of the nation, the nation not being sufficiently disciplined, the nation not understanding the underlying purposes and significance of Mahatma Gandhi's programme and resolution. That is all the tragedy. I said to Gandhi's wife the other day, 'I think the most unjust man that ever was born was the Mahatma.' She said why, and I said, why should he leave everybody else so small in comparison and take up all greatness to himself? Therefore, not having the prophetic vision of Mahatma Gandhi's unconquerable faith in his own programme whether representing the so-called majority party or the so-called minority party both are earnestly seeking on both sides to find some way out of this impasse. Whether it be Deshabandu Das on one side whose desire it is to go and wreck the Council because of his hunger for Swaraj or whether the more academic and constitutional Mr. Rajagopalachariar wishes to follow the very letter as in the spirit of the so-called Constructive Programme. Leaders or workers, as you may call them alike, both parties are equally sincere and desirous of serving the nation and I believe it is the duty of the

nation to see that the prestige of the Congress does not suffer by their misconceptions about the so-called splits and differences in the Congress. Let the leaders be foolish, if you like, but my people, you be wise. It is for you that Mahatma Gandhi has gone to prison. He has said, Swaraj is for the people of India not for its coteries, not for its hair-splitting little groups.' It is for those who live and suffer and are enslaved. We must be free and by their own choice, they shall be free. Therefore I ask you for a mandate for the leaders, I ask you for a message of hope to the nation, a mandate of unity for the leaders. Say to them, 'You are the servants of the people.' Say to them, 'You are the stewards of our ideal, the custodians of our rights.' Say to them 'you are elected because we trusted in you. Do not fail in this trust.' Say to them, 'We will not have divisions in your own ranks.' Say to them, 'We will not have the bitterness of controversies over small issues clouding and blotting out the vital issue which means the life of the nation at large.'

CONCLUSION

Oh, people of Malabar, give to me, wandering singer of India, a song to take to India. Let me say that among the palm groves a bird of hope singing a song of unity, singing the song of Khaddar, singing the song of repatriated brothers, hiding in the forests and fields from the wrath of those that persecuted them, let me say that Malabar refuses to wear its bonds of slavery any longer and if leaders quarrel then the leaders will be deposed, but Mahatma Gandhi's flag of freedom will be carried by dauntless hands and those who are the incarnated will of the people will sing the song of the people and the hands that can be trusted to unite the

Hindu and the Muslims, the Nambudiri and the Nayadi will be the chosen hands in which Malabar will entrust its flag of liberty and freedom (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

SPEECH AT TRICHUR

The following is the text of the speech delivered at Trichur, on May 11, 1928:—

FRIENDS.—I have not come to deliver an address, but to lodge a great complaint against three very tyrannical young men, who have kidnapped me! I know when a Brahmin and a Nair and a Christian combine, not even the strongest purpose is inflexible before their joint determination. And you see me here neglecting my duty—I ought to have been at Calicut in another two hours' time—, but I have been brought here forcibly. And you see that you have to stand in the sun, because they thought you might like to hear me speak. But, I feel at this moment like a school-girl who has taken French-leave, and has run away from a proper duty! I am just going to have a pleasant time with you, and not going to deliver that kind of serious address which you have heard only two days ago from my friend and colleague, Mr. Rajagopalachariar. It is just over one year, since I last addressed you in the shade of the same temple and under the shelter of the same banyan tree. How many things have happened in India since last I heard the whisper of the pupal leaves! From Trichur I went straight to Madras and there because I championed the cause of your own tragic kindred, the suffering Moplahs, the Madras Government threatened me, and I threatened it in return; and I think it was not I who was defeated! (Laughter and loud cheers).

MAHATMAJI'S ARREST.

From there I ran to Mahatma Gandhi at Bardoli, because Mahatma Gandhi, that moment, was under the

shadow of his impending arrest. And I took to him at Birdoli the message of that tragedy in Malabar. But only a few days after, the whole of India—not merely Malabar,—was over-shadowed by the incomparable sorrow of its Leader imprisoned behind iron bars. You would like to hear a little about just that period of Mahatma Gandhi's arrest. I was in Chitor; the Chitor of Rani Padmini, when the rumour reached me, that in a day or two Mahatma Gandhi was going to be arrested. I went back to Ajmere and made arrangements to leave the next morning for Ahmedabad. But love is a persistent thing, and though I was to have left for Ahmedabad the next morning after my return from Chitor, on the verge of mid-night, I felt I must go that same night to Ahmedabad because something threatened my beloved leader. I went straight from the train to the court where Mahatma Gandhi was having his trial. After that I was with him nearly the whole week until finally he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. The Sabarmathi Prison became a place of pilgrimage almost as sacred as Rameshwaram and Kashi and hundreds of men and women of all communities came every day for darshan, and women brought their babies to lay at the feet of the great man who was none the less a convict, a felon arraigned by the British Law! (Applause). We talked a great deal about Malabar and how to restore the unity of Malabar. Mahatma Gandhi, who was soon to be shut away from the sight and sound of the love of his people, had time, and had the love of Malabar so great in his heart that we spoke not only how to restore the Hindu-Muslim Unity, but how to restore peace among the Christians themselves. You remember that about the time I came to Trichur last year, Mr. Andrews had been a little before

me, trying to bring peace among the warring factions, and that the relations between the Christians of Cochin and other communities were, at that time, a little strained.

MAHATMA'S MESSAGE

On the 18th March, the Judge in a trembling voice, full of pain, felt compelled to do his duty by his own Government, and sentenced Mahatmaji to six years' imprisonment. Thousands of people who were waiting in the court and out-side were allowed to take their last look of the Master. Leaders had come on behalf of their own provinces from every corner of India. And your own representative from Malabar was not absent from that pilgrim throng. And as men and women passed before him in a mournful procession, to each he gave one word of cheer. To the leaders of Maharashtra he gave a message suitable to the needs and duties of Maharashtra. To the leaders of the Punjab, he gave a message just needed for unhappy Punjab. To the leaders of Gujarat he gave a message for Gujarat, and for Malabar, he gave the special message for Malabar, the message of reconciliation and reconstruction. But the message to me was not given in the crowd. I was among the two or three privileged to go with him back to the prison to take my leave. I wish that all of you, who love your wives and mothers and sisters, so tenderly, could have seen that tenderness of this great Rishi, and watched his wife as he put his arm around her and took her through the passage into his cell. Just like any ordinary man, just like any of you, this great man who had made the Empire of Britain tremble, put his arm round his wife to comfort her and said "Do not be sad, I shall return to a Free-India"!

UNITY AND PEACE

When we went you would like to hear things that nobody else can tell you excepting myself. Because, nobody else had the privilege, besides his own family, of seeing the last of Mahatma Gandhi. As soon as we entered his own block, the jailor came, kind old man, and said, "Oh Mahatmaji, I was so afraid you might get rigorous imprisonment and therefore with my own hands I washed two sets of prison clothes ready for you." His black prisoner's blanket was spread in the verandah and his Charka was near the blanket. And we all sat there trying not to shed tears. But Mahatma Gandhi was so happy, he was laughing like one who has received moksha from God! He said, "I am proud of Devadoss, who has not come to see me! He stuck to his post in Allahabad and knew that it would give me more pleasure that he was doing his duty there than that he should leave his post and come to see me." Then he put his feet out, you know, he always had weakness of the leg that did not enable him to stand when he was speaking. He had some cream in a little tin and said, "I must rub my feet; they are very tired". Then Madan Mohan Malaviya said, "Oh you have been so cruel to your feet carrying your message through the country, give your feet a little peace now." Then Mahatma Gandhi said, "for so many years I have not had time to think or read. Now for six years I shall read, I shall write stories for little children, and I will write my autobiography." Think of this great man who like the Buddha had given a Gospel of Compassion to the world. Think of this great man who like Christ on the Mount of Olives had given his Sermon of Satyagraha to the world. And think of him writing little

stories for little children, stories that have in them all the essence of that love of his, of which he was an incarnate symbol. At 5 o'clock, according to prison regulations, every visitor had to go out of the prison. And as I took leave of my Master he gave a trust into my hands. He said "I entrust the Unity of India into your hands"? (Applause) Not National Education, not Khaddar, not the Removal of Untouchability—none of these things he gave to me; but he gave to me that which is the soul of Swaraj, the unity of the Indian Nation. And so, since the prison was closed upon Mahatma Gandhi I have been a wanderer throughout the country carrying from corner to corner the message of unity of India. Literally from the shadows of the Himalayas to the very corner where Kanyakumari stands crowned where meet the seas, I have carried this message of unity and peace. (Applause). From the sands of the sandy desert into the very corner of the temple of Bodh Gaya, I have carried the message across the continent of India. You all know that for weeks and weeks I was in the Punjab trying to bring reconciliation between the Hindus and the Mussalmans, the seed of whose conflict was sown in Malabar itself. Mahatma Gandhi made a mistake when he said, "Segregate Malabar from India." The roots of India are in Malabar; and the fruits for good or evil are reaped in the northernmost parts of the Punjab. Therefore the people of Malabar have a special responsibility and a special trust to all India. Hindu-Muslim Unity is not enough but there must be unity, harmony, fellowship between Hindus and Mussalmans, Jews and Christians, in this great land of Kerala; and to-day especially among Christians and Christians, so sub-divided, have begun intercommunal factions and conflicts.

SYMBOLISM OF KHADDAR.

My friends, I am told that here in Trichur, as in Trivandrum, there is actually a division among Christians themselves. But believe me, you cannot divide the Church of God any more than you can divide the body of St. Paul, whose day you celebrate to-day, any more than the hundreds of sects and sub sects of Hinduism can divide the Upanishads and the Shastras, any more than the Shiahs and the Sunnis can split up Islam, no, any more than the Parsees' sects can divide the Zoroastrian faith; my friends, it is impossible that the Church of Christ can be divided and split up. But it is the common heritage of every Christian man and woman, no matter of what ever sect or creed. My friends, no matter what your religion may be in this great audience, all of you are like the little seeds within the fig caught together in that one purple skin, each with a minute and different entity indeed, but unable to live apart from that rich sweet, purple skin that enfolds you in a common life. (Applause). I can think, as I said in Cochin yesterday, I can think of no better place where the fourfold programme of Mahatma Gandhi can be fulfilled so perfectly as in Travancore and Cochin. Nature has been kind to you; history has been kind to you; tradition has been kind to you. Mahatma Gandhi's programme of economic regeneration which, in one word we call the Khadi programme, can be fulfilled because your mountains and your forests, are offering you with a generous hand all the things you need for the economic life. Khaddar is not merely spinning and weaving cotton. Khaddar is a movement of the mind as well as the spinning-wheel. The basis of it is, indeed, economic. But its highest achievement is

in repatriating the neutrality of the people. Look at your mountains and your forests. They provide all the materials to feed every hungry woman and child in your Province. Yesterday at Ernakulam I saw in the museum of a friend a wonderful thing, the basis of a hundred and fifty industries made out of the luxuriant forests, fields and mountain sides. From your plantain tree and your cocconut palm, and from the herbs of your fields, from the creepers of your forests, I saw foodstuffs and clothing materials made. Because one Malabar man had the imagination to see whether Malabar could be self-contained and self-supporting, you will hardly believe me when I tell you that out of the ordinary plantain fibre, I saw sewing material like Chinese silk. And made out of that waste product that you throw out when you eat that ordinary thing called "Vendaikai" I saw cloth almost as fine as linen suitable for shirts and coats. Use your imagination : use your mind : use your observation in fulfilling the Khaddar programme : and, believe me, that it is not confined merely to the spinning-wheel but includes the revival of all your arts and crafts, your literatures and music, your philosophies and every type of national self-expression. You will find out ways and means for this economic regeneration ; you will lay the foundation of that unity between all communities which I hold so dear and so necessary.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

My friend, Mr. Rajagopalachariar, must have spoken to you of education ; because one cannot come to Malabar, especially to the Native States of Malabar, without thinking of education which is of so high a standard as compared with elsewhere. Culture, both spiritual and secular, is the heritage of Malabar. It was only a simple boy of Malabar

who carried that gospel to eleven great centres of India unifying this great Continent by the gospel called the Gospel of Sankaracharya. (Applause). Even among the snows of Badrinath and the forests of Nepal it is a priest of Malabar who must perform all the rights of the myriads of pilgrims that go to worship. Therefore the people of Malabar are the guardians of the culture that found its highest expressions in Sankaracharya and you must all be the embodiment of that teaching. But what is the use of all philosophy in all religions unless it shapes the national character and gives to our children the true ideals of Indian life and the Indian spirit? Therefore your duty is to use your energies in the shaping of a true ideal of national education that shall unify India even as Sankara unified it by his philosophy. And it is for you like brave and honest men to pay your debts and the debts contracted by generations of your forefathers who robbed and disinherited all human rights of their own kith and kin and called them outcastes and Pariahs.

NOT SECTIONAL SWARAJ

The other day at Palghat I was driving near the river and I heard some sounds from the field. I thought it was some people in trouble crying out. Yes, it was a group of people in trouble; but it was an inherited trouble. They were Nayadis, the hunted, not those who hunt with the dog, but those who are hunted worse than wild dogs and wild beasts and kept out of towns and villages. (Applause). But I am a very determined woman, as even the Government has found out (Laughter). And one hundred of these Nayadis, not allowed to walk in your high streets, came to the Conference over which I presided (Hear, hear), standing by the side of the high-born Brahmin and,

the Nair (Applause). When I talk of liberty and Swaraj, I do not talk of sectional Swaraj or liberty, which is the monopoly of privileged classes. I talk of a Swaraj that is just as the sun that gives his rays alike to the Nambudiri and the Nayadi. I talk of a Swaraj that is as compassionate as rain, that feasts the fields of the king and the peasant alike. And until the people of Malabar remove from the brow of India the curse that they themselves have put upon it, believe me, there cannot be a crown of freedom for those shame-stained brows.

UNITY

And now I come to the fourth item which to me is the first item of what is called the Constructive Programme. I began with a message of unity; I shall end with a message of unity. There is nothing else that interests me in this life save the unity of India and all that conduce to that unity. Where better than in Cochin can you solve the problem of unity? Yesterday I was looking at the charter granted by the King of Cochin to the Jews who found shelter here after the destruction of Jerusalem. There was no Congress in those days to preach unity. But the King of Cochin gave to those emigrants equal rights and privileges along with his own proper subjects. (Applause.) All the symbols of honour, all the rights of citizenship were conferred upon these Jews whose synagogue I visited yesterday. To the Arab traders, to the Christians who came, equal rights and privileges were granted in Travancore and Cochin. And it was from the shores of Malabar that the cry of the Christian went up to his God and the (Iyan) or (God) sounded at the sunset and the voice of the Muezzin sent out Allah-O-Akbar. Surely, the descendants of those

liberal and tolerant men who were the hosts and the friends and the comrades of the men of different faiths from Jerusalem and Arabia who came for shelter and help and friendship to this shore, surely, their duty is to extend equal fellowship, equal love and equal harmony to the descendants of the Arabs and the Syrians who came to Cochin and Travancore. Oh! my friends of Cochin, you in Trichur represent the heart of Kerala. So let the heart of Kerala send forth to the rest of India a message of harmony, of harmony but not of diversity, of unity but not of difference, of fellowship but not of division of creeds and communities and focussed together by a common purpose, a common understanding a common sacrifice, and a common love. (Loud and continued applause).

THE CONGRESS PROGRAMME

Speaking at a gathering of the citizens of Madras at the Triplicane Beach on May 21, 1923, Mrs. Naidu said :—

FRIENDS,—When I look round at this little meeting, I believe, one of three things is the explanation of its size or lack of size. One is that Madras is so fashionable that in the hot months it goes for a change. Another is that Madras is so tired of speeches that I have begun to look upon it as a most hopeful sign. And the third thing is that Madras is so indifferent to the political destiny of India that I begin to wonder that I should begin to write an epitaph for the Tamil country. (Laughter and cheers.) However, for me personally it is a very great refreshment not to have to raise my voice, my tired voice, unduly because within the last 15 days I have been speaking in 17 different places and this makes the 18th. And I would rather keep my voice for the really grave and vital issue in Bombay.

THE COUNCIL QUESTION

You have heard me often enough and you know that my message has not changed. The mere adjectives and grammar may change but my message in its essence remains unchanged as truth itself. Friends, most of you have one question in your mind. What are we going to do in Bombay? If you have any other question in your mind, I am sorry for you, if after three years of political propaganda and three years of shouting "Mahatma Gandhi-Ki-Jai" you should have had

any other question in your mind at this moment. Last October when, as to-day, I was intercepted in my journey from Malabar to Bombay, I spoke to you on the situation as it was then, also of the Congress as it was then, on the eve of its All-India Congress Committee meeting. Since then conditions have changed in the country, conditions, alas, are different within the Congress itself. Once more I am on my way to the All-India Congress Committee meeting. This meeting also, like that last one in October, is to deal with the question of Councils—whether to enter the Councils or not to enter them, to boycott the Councils or to allow all those few who sincerely believe it is their duty to serve the country by entering the Councils, unobstructed to go in. You have heard, I believe, in the course of the last few weeks several speeches from the “majority” and the “minority” leaders—I use that phrase in inverted commas,—I have no reverence for majority or minority and all that I desire is their sincere desire, not individuals, not small groups or large groups of men. It is their sincerity that matters to me; not their numbers small or large. Therefore I am left absolutely unmoved by the term majority and minority.

THE TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

And I might tell you at the very outset that with my own iconoclastic tradition and temperament, I have no reverence for and make no fetish of resolutions whether they were passed by the majority or the minority, whether at Bombay or Gaya, Benares or Madras. What I do care for is the immediate and urgent need of the country and if need be we should ruthlessly destroy every single resolution that might have been passed by the most overwhelming majority. I, for one, even had I been

the leader and mover of those resolutions would be compelled, by my devotion to my country's immediate need, first to trample them underfoot. (Hear, hear). Believe me, that is the only test of patriotism. Not the one which clings to the resolution and the words of the resolution passed to-day or yesterday, but that which like a running river which moves onwards and onwards and changes its course if necessary, shifting its banks if necessary, but with an implacable progress, changes in accordance with the need of the country and the need of the hour. (Hear, hear.) That is the mood in which I have come to you to day.

More than once in your very city you have heard me say that I am against entering into Councils. Like the river itself I don't change the quality of my ripples and waves. I am still personally against entering into Councils. That is my personal conviction. But though from every city and from every platform, I have proclaimed fearlessly my antagonism to Councils—because it is my personal belief that the only true focus of Non-Co-operation does lie in the boycott of Councils, I am not so bound to the words of my resolution or to the letter of my conviction. I keep true to the spirit realising that the freedom I claim to myself to boycott the Councils, is of necessity equally the right of those who think that not from outside but from inside they should boycott the Councils. (Hear, hear.)

CONGRESS AND ITS PRESTIGE

Friends, we have come to a moment in our country's history when the test of our progress, the test of our sincerity, the test of our political consciousness and culture lies not merely in clinging blindly with both hands to the things that were to us supreme, six months ago or a year ago; but to retest our convictions and policies and

programmes in the light of to-day's need and to-day's destiny. I believe the hour has come when the Congress must take stock of itself again. It has gone too long academically. It has gone on crying out shibboleths till the shibboleths have become merely the turning mechanism of the free wheel. We have to retest all our theories and see if in the light of to-day's needs that programme is the right programme, that policy is the right policy, that form of work is the right form of work. My experience of the country since the Gaya Congress is this—that owing to that most unfortunate and most unnecessary split within our own ranks, the prestige of the Congress has suffered incalculable loss and to-day the Congress cannot speak with the same authority and prestige on any critical occasion as it was able to do only a year ago. The whole country from North to South and from East to West, is in a state of conflict and who can say how far the responsibility of the general upheaval of the country, the general conflict between communities is the indirect, if not actually direct, outcome of the conflict within our own ranks. We set up the Congress to be the unanimous voice of the national will. But when that voice speaks with two different accents, the country will not follow that dual voice. The country's instinct is one-pointed. It can be true to a united Assembly; it cannot be loyal to the Assembly if there is doubt and division in the Assembly itself.

OUR FIRST DUTY

Our first duty, therefore is to reunite the Congress not on a basis of compromise, on a basis of patch-work, superficial and seeming harmony but with a real, profound, genuine re-adjustment and generosity, allowing to its fullest capacity the practical interpretation of that word

liberty, that we are too often fond in season and out of season of bringing to our lips. (Cheers) The Punjab to-day is a hot-bed of hatred, mutual distrust and conflict. Your Southern India is fruitful in its possibilities of riot, hatred and quarrel as it is in the certainties of its cocoanut harvest. (Laughter.) In Sindh and Bengal alike and in that beautiful 'Madhyadesa', the United Provinces, —believe me I speak with knowledge and therefore with authority,—there is less unity in that country to-day than there was ten years ago when no politician spoke of the Hindu-Muslim Unity. Believe me there is less unity to-day. Five years ago, three years ago, I, dreaming dreams of Swaraj, had the very cockles of my heart warmed at the forces of this commingling unity of hearts, hopes, endeavours, aspirations, sacrifices, sufferings and achievements. To-day, believe me, that because our leaders have not understood their responsibility, and have not known how to put the country above the Congress and the Congress above the conflict of parties within the Congress, there is division in the country that can only redeem itself from slavery by the unity of its people. What are we going to do to restore the prestige of the Congress.

ARTIFICIAL CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

I was one of those who at Gaya rather forced the hands of many of the most ardent votaries to-day of the principle of Civil Disobedience. Yes; I was one of those who believed that the only possible common meeting ground between the so called majority and minority parties would be on a basis of authentic Civil Disobedience. Mark the words—authentic Civil Disobedience not Civil Disobedience sought out, created, invented but one which is the response of a disciplined army of Swarajya.

against the issue arising at the moment, born of the injustice of a foreign bureaucracy. That kind of Civil Disobedience is a Civil Disobedience which would lead any army, because every man that has manhood in his veins must of necessity join in that army of Civil Disobedience. To-day you have seen from my speeches and my interviews that I who was so insistent on Civil Disobedience six months ago, who still believe that it is by a great programme of Civil Disobedience that India will win her freedom, set my face against any form of Civil Disobedience because it will not be authentic, it will be artificial, created, sought out and therefore not in any way representative of the country's response of anger or indignation on an issue of injustice or tyranny. The country is not ready for Civil Disobedience. Why is the country not ready for Civil Disobedience? Because the Congress is not ready for Civil Disobedience (Hear, hear); because there is no unanimity in the Congress. The leaders have no faith in themselves. The leaders do not understand the mass psychology of India. Therefore our first need is to educate the Congress, to educate the country. (Laughter and Cheers). It is not a matter for laughter. Do I not condemn myself in the general condemnation? Is it a matter for laughter that I should proclaim a shame in which I share? No; the responsibility is yours as well.

LEADING AND FOLLOWING

Oh, people! Your standard has not been lofty enough, your mandate not stern enough. You have been too lax in your ideals and therefore you are unable to produce leaders worthy to lead. If the Congress is the National Assembly, then I believe the country stands condemned for sending such representatives, for choosing such instru-

ments of their will. Where is your mandate? You want Swaraj. How are you going to get Swaraj with a divided Congress? You want freedom. You compel your representatives to truly represent your need, your demand, your desire and your will for the unity of the Congress. Civil Disobedience can only be spoken of, I mean in its true sense, when the Congress stands shoulder to shoulder again. Every Province has had all these months liberty to follow any single act of disobedience in the course of its normal working. The carrying of the Flag at Nagpur and the Satyagraha offered when that Flag was insulted, I don't call that Civil Disobedience. It is the mere carrying out of your normal Congress duty and demands neither praise nor blame. A man must do his duty. It is his normal duty to protect his right and protect his flag. Picketting, I call, is one of the most artificial forms of offering Satyagraha. If moral indignation against drunkenness is so great, picketting should never have been stopped till the last bottle of liquor was destroyed. It was merely to penalise your own people because you are calling some form of so-called Civil Disobedience not being loyal to the great ideal of Satyagraha.

REALITIES OF THE SITUATION

Friends, we have come face to face with realities. How shall we re-unite the Congress? You say if there is a large body of opinion against entering into Councils there is a small but influential body of opinion that does wish to enter Councils? Let us not confuse issues. There are many ways and there are many minds in the world. Can any of you doubt for one single moment the sincerity of Deshabandu Das or Pandit Motilal Nehru, when they say "we are going in for results, we wish to hasten Swaraj

and some of us want to break from within, while you 'break from without' I may not agree with it; I don't agree with it. But have I the right to stop some one else as sincere as myself, nay, may be infinitely more sincere than myself, to obstruct them, to doubt them, to put difficulties in their way, when we know that the Congress has not got the leaders and workers more reverent throughout the length and breadth of the land? You will ask me—'But Gaya did pass that resolution.' I would like nothing better than that the polls should be emptied of voters. But if the three years of propaganda in season and out of season and the decision of the All-India Congress Committee at Gaya have not been able to educate the mentality of your own voters sufficiently to make them realise that the Congress believes in the boycott of Councils, what real value can your artificial picketting of voters have for three days at the end of the year? Moral opinion is what I value. Your test of your hold in the country must be the natural test of natural results; not the intensive picketting and aggressive propaganda of three days in the year; but the sum-total of three years' propaganda should have been enough to teach your people to respond to your propaganda and programme. And the only test I can accept of real boycott of Council will be the test of the Congressmen seated within their doors and yet hundreds and thousands of voters abstaining from the polls. That is the only test that people like me who believe in the spirit and not in the letter, who believe in simultaneous things from within and not mechanical safeguards and props from without. That is the only test I can accept as the true boycott of Government Councils.

THE COUNTRY'S NEED

It is quite within our rights according to the Gaya resolution to carry on intensive propaganda to create bitterness, add to the bitterness already in the country. We can go out and say to the people ' This my brother is a traitor '. Why? Forsooth because he does not think exactly as myself? (Laughter.) But he is my brother. He is equally your citizen of the republic of the Congress. What right have you, and holding to our own beliefs, to penalise the beliefs of our brother. Is it worthwhile for the sake of three months or four months to create in the country conditions that will make it as impossible for that small minority and this overwhelming disorganised majority to come together again for years and years, worse than the Congress after the Surat Convention, worse than many family quarrels, national quarrels? Where will be the tragic spectacle of the bitterness of this internecine warfare among men and women who should give the Magna Charta to India with a united voice. My friends, there has been enough exploitation of the name of Mahatma Gandhi, and therefore, I cannot desecrate that name by even pretending to guess in your midst and so influencing your decisions, what he in his far seeing wisdom would have done to-day. You and I have the birth right of humanity to reason, to think, to come to our own decision, to give to our representatives our considered mandate in the light of the country's need and not in the light of the prestige of one party or another.

" CONSIDER YOUR MANDATE."

What is the considered unanimous mandate of the Tamil country to its representatives at the coming All-India Congress Committee meeting? Do you want division which

is the signing of your own slavery warrant for years untold? Which is it that you want? Do you want Hindu-Moslem Unity made a reality in this land? Do you want the problem of Brahmin against Non-Brahmin, of Non-Brahmin against Brahmin solved? Do you want the shame of your injustice towards those whom you call untouchables removed? Do you want the four-fold programme that Mahatma Gandhi has left to you for your heritage? Do you want them nobly fulfilled on large lines, progressive lines, creative lines, and dynamic lines? If you want all these things, if you want above all things, that your representatives should indeed be the voice of the country, not divided against itself, who speaking with one voice from the depths of their hearts, determined upon one goal, through one sacrifice and one achievement, then I ask you 'remember your responsibility as a democratic nation and give me the mandate of your representatives who are but the servants of your democratic will. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

ADDRESS TO EAST AFRICAN CONGRESS

The following is the full text of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's extempore Presidential address delivered on the 19th January, 1924, to the East African Indian Congress at Mombassa.

FRIENDS,—Being a very unconventional speaker, you will observe that contrary to all the accepted rules of Congresses and Conferences I hold no printed paper in my hands—not even a single note to guide my mind or my intelligence to deal adequately and effectively with those grievances and problems that are peculiar to the East African Indian Colony. I do not know whether I should apologize for not following the conventional procedure of having the printed page, so that you may rustle page after page to the convenience of the reporters, who, alas! in every country, in England and all over India, have a grievance against me, because they say I speak too fast, and my words are not words of journalism.

I have to thank you with all the strength and fervour of my heart for the honour you have done me in inviting me to preside over this most critical and epoch-making session of the East African Indian National Congress. I am aware that there are many distinguished compatriots of mine who could have done you greater service and who have a vaster experience of political life, with riper wisdom and who could have directed your welfare and aspirations to a successful issue.

I am aware that there are many very irresponsible men in your country who regard a mere woman from India as an irresponsible firebrand. To each his own interpretation

of what is his responsibility and what is a stake. A stake in the country is not to be measured by a foot-rule, is not to be measured with staves, it is not the possession of wide acres, it is not the mastership of great trade concerns. The real stake in this country is the honour and self-respect of the Indian nation, which is challenged to-day. There is not in the length and breadth of the inhabited globe a single Indian of whom it can be said he has no stake in that country. Every man, rich or poor, illiterate or otherwise, goes out to that country as an ambassador and a custodian of his country's interests.

I am standing to-day for the first time in my life on the soil of Africa, but none the less, I dare any man, of any nation, to challenge my statement that I stand on the traditional Colony of the Indian people. What makes tradition? what makes policy, what gives rights? what brings duty, what imposes responsibility? It is the historic connection of one race with another, of one country with another, and the longer the connection the deeper the interest, the more the responsibility and the more indisputable the claim. It does not take a very learned student to realize that naturally and inevitably East Africa is one of the earliest legitimate colonial territories of the Indian Nation, going so far back, as I learn from the Chairman's speech, to the first century of the Christian era, going back so far as even hundreds of years before that. East Africa is, therefore, the legitimate Colony of the surplus of the great Indian nation. Whether they went forth to colonize these unknown lands from an economical point of view or to satisfy their desires for venture, to give vent to the great energy which lies dormant to-day in the Indian nation, but which is now rising up in a living stream to

surge forward and flood the world. I stand, therefore, to-day before you as an Indian speaker on Indian soil, the soil that your forefathers have dug. Cities that your forefathers have built, in a land which your ancestors gave to the citizens of the country—citizens by the right of heredity, citizens by the right of tradition, citizens by the right of the patriotic love which has been nurtured, fostered, and developed by the sweat of the brow and the blood of the heart, of the pioneers exiled from India, so that Indian interests may grow greater. You are the descendants of those pioneers, you are the children of those great exiles, you are the custodians of great traditions left by those adventurers who have made in the past the histories of the World.

Do you realize that not only are you the Ambassadors of India across the seas, but you are the rightful inheritors of this great legacy your forefathers left, and yet in the land built by your blood, where the graves of your forefathers lie, where men and women of every caste, Parsees and Christians, have raised their temples and mosques, and with one voice, though different in religion are willing to worship the same God, here come a later generation of settlers and for whose convenience and welfare your fathers have worked and they dare to challenge your right to possess the soil of this land, the soil over which the ashes and bones of your fathers are strewn. We must know the interpretation of that most omnipotent, that most iniquitous challenge to your civilization known as the Immigration Bill whose clauses are not merely an insult to India but are a betrayal of English ideals, of the justice of the English who claim to be the inheritors of justice and freedom.

It is not for me, coming across the seas so many thousands of miles, so far away from the actual spot of your grievances, to lay down a hard and fast programme. To come to those sufferings, the grievances which are so old and yet so vital, suffering in every fibre and burning with the insults and with indignation, and not knowing the difficulties and disadvantages of the situation, it would, as I say, be presumption on my part to lay down for your guidance any programme without knowing first hand the local conditions, the meagreness of your conditions, your strength, your capacity, your preparedness for certain courses of action. Those details, those programmes, those particular policies that must be embodied in your actions are for you to consider, and if with my wide experience of Indian doings, my wide experience of Imperial doings and my knowledge of the Englishmen who are betraying England, and my knowledge of the Indian who is true to India, I can help you to arrive at some decision, and you will with one united voice and ever unyielding throw back challenge after challenge, insult after insult and ultimately by your moral courage receive your just demands, I shall be rewarded for the little sacrifice I have made by leaving my little child who is dying because the needs of the children of our nation are greater than the needs of one child.

In the Chairman's speech to-day we have in bold, plain, biting language the severest indictment of the administration of the Colony, which no rhetoric, no oratory, no epithets and adjectives could have better and more boldly enunciated against the Government of the White Nation in its attitude towards those who are older children of the soil. It has been a most heart-breaking chapter in that volume of iniquity by which England prides itself on.

its Imperial Administration. Point after point is quoted—Law Courts, Hospitals, Licenses, Educational facilities and Segregation—the separation of the white man from the brown man, the brown man who had the complexion of their Christ, whom they crucified,—and lastly the Immigration Ordinance. When I read this I asked myself when those 24 Barons at the time of King John made him sign the Magna Charta—that great Charter of Liberty of the English Nation—did they dream of the days to come when the descendants of those Englishmen would go abroad and stamp on every right of liberty that King John had to pass at the instance of his Barons. When I think of the great poets, politicians and philosophers of England, when I think of the sacrifices of the youth of England in France and Flanders, and when I think of the blood of man which has been shed for the causes of liberty and justice, I ask myself: Does death alone give equality between races; is there no justice, no equality, in life? As to Indians, you are outcasts, you carry the brand of inferiority on your brows: you are the unclean political outcasts of the Empire. Friends, in India, where you know, for the last few years there have been internal dissensions merely on details of political policy, this question of Kenya, this insult to Kenya, this challenge to India, this betrayal of the inviolable right of man, white, brown or black, has brought political force on to one common platform throughout the length and breadth of India,—rich man, poor man, Hindu and Mussalman, Christian and Parsee, etc., have all come together on one common platform to denounce the cowardly statesmen of England. I know the tactics of Whitehall. I have a very wide personal acquaintance not only with Whitehall, but with the men and Ministers of

Whitehall. I have friends among them, I have enemies among them. I have dined with them and denounced them on platforms. They have denounced me. Their rule of India is complete. When I hear of that wonderful camouflage of a document known as "The White Paper" I think, what an irony of language that so black a document should be called a "White Paper!" Whilst it seeks to consider, without any apparent injustice to Indians, its guardianship as beneficiaries of the natives of Africa, it strikes the death blow not to India, for it will not die, but to the Empire, that is built on iniquity. Believe me, I have read that White Paper very carefully, but I find that in every clause it seeks to whittle away the rights of Indians. But for every inch of the Indian rights that is betrayed a whole acre of Imperial policy is betrayed. Do not be afraid of that White Paper. Do not be afraid of the rhetoric of the white people in their House of Commons, neither when they speak of the inequality of Indians, nor when they speak of the old civilization of India. They want us to strangle the new ideals of India. I do not believe in their promises. Men and women of Kenya, how are you going to solve your own problem? You are the pioneers, you are the ambassadors, you are the soldiers of the new ideals. How are you with your new vision, your new outlook on life, your new experience, your new existence, in a country that you have helped to develop, how are you going to defend your rights? Do not say to me "We look to India to help us." India cannot help you, India must help herself first. She has herself been broken up for centuries by her own internal differences. She is weak. She has to consolidate her own affairs with her numerous castes and races and fight the enemy within her

own gates. She can send you a living message, not ambassadors, soldiers, exiles and pioneers. You must work out your own destiny by dint of your own wisdom, the force of your own determination and unity of the Indian races which will make the Indian Nation indomitable. That is your own affair.

Take the White Paper, your communal franchise—do you want this? No. In this Colony you are not Hindus and Mussalmans wanting the protection of minorities. Our interests are different. You are an Indian Nation—an indivisible unit—you cannot be separated into water-tight compartments. You must all be on terms of equality and that is the only course that a self-respecting nation can follow in one country. You do not want preferential treatment; you do not want protection, you do not care if in a common electoral role you do not get a single representative, but you do not want to be shut out from that test of equality; you do not want to shirk the battle for equal terms. Better not have a representative at all; better stand out, but do not accept a thing that will brand you once and for ever as inferiors of a race with whom you must live on terms of equality. Segregation! there is no power in this land that can dare to offer us this insult of segregation if you one and all say, we will not have segregation. Reservation of the Highlands! I have never heard of anything more inept in statesmanship than this arrogant, cowardly and selfish attitude of the white man, who will not fight on equal terms with Indians and Africans against the elements. He cannot stand the climate at the lower altitudes. Look at those glad and bright eyed children of ours here, they can stand the climate, why should not the European who is so glib at

asserting his morale, his officialdom, his intellect over us? Why is he not able to stand with you, dying generation after generation with malaria and disease in your own country; why can he not battle the climate with you? Why should he have preference? He has come, he says, to be the trustee of the black races—to be their custodian. We have heard of that trusteeship, we have heard about these custodians and their guardianship which they tell you about in this dark African continent. We are here for the trusteeship of India—India with the civilization, its tradition, with its millions and millions of men and women, who have given their martyrs to the cause of modern civilization. They speak of the African native as if he were not even a human being, and they speak of the inferiority of the Indian for whom they must hold the guardianship, so profitable and lucrative, the land which they take away from India—an exile and outcast. But I say, let India fight her own battle. You in this new country fight your own battles and win.

Now in regard to the Immigration Ordinance, I do not know in what fashion, in what actual detail you will choose to combat this immigration question, but believe me, if you must shed the last drop of your blood in the vindication of your rights to free citizenship and to free ingress into this country, you must be prepared to shed that last drop of blood. I do not believe in physical force—many of you may not agree with me—but I do believe in that invincible quality of moral courage and determination and the sacrifice of patience. I hate this so-called patience of the Indian. You will be startled, but I repeat it, that dreadful, resigned, fatalistic patience that acquiesces in every wrong, is the ruin of the Asiatic

races. You must be proud, you must have that pride that will not brook even one sentence or expression of the shadow of an insult to your manhood and your race. You must not brook for one single instant the ghost of a suggestion of inferiority, coming no matter from what source, whether it be in your trade, in any rank or profession of life. Friends, stand up like men; do not bend your heads but look with pride and defy the scowl that meets you wherever you go. I was heart-broken on the ship on which I travelled. In my comfortable quarters on the upper deck, where I sat with Englishmen and women, so civil, so polite to me, because they dare not be otherwise to people like me, but when I went into the bowels of the ship, when I went into those subterranean dungeons—the revelation came upon me of that desperate patience of the Asiatic that makes him an exile. Do you think that any single white man—no matter how poor—would have consented to travel in those dungeons, under the feet of the 1st and 2nd class passengers and those white women delicately born, but too poor to pay the big money required for their passages. There were men and women with little children, Chinese, and Indians, herded like rats in the bowels of that ship—men and women who are pioneers of a new country, whose blood and sweat make it possible for the white settler to live in comfort in this land.

You must not let that Immigration Bill be passed for a single moment. It is a measure introduced purely for the benefit of the white settlers and its motive is to oust the Indians. If the Cabinet consents to the Immigration Bill being passed, it will be the duty of the Indian leaders to charter ship upon ship and send immigrants week after week to flood the country, no matter at what cost; but

on sea and on land we shall defy that Immigration Bill. We must not permit the freedom of the present generation to be sold to the white man's interests. When I came into Mombassa Bay my thoughts went back to our mother country from whence boat after boat of brave adventurous merchants came to your shores bringing precious gifts—gifts that bear the hall mark of civilization, bringing with them wheat and rice and those things that feed the body. They brought—those brave Hindu Merchants—in their cargoes the gifts of civilization to this Continent, called the Dark Continent; but in high wisdom the splendour of your future lies secure. Who brought civilization to Africa? It was your forefathers, your Gujarati-speaking people, from the shores of the Bombay Presidency, from Goa, and all the little ports along the coast, came your fathers, not as immigrants to fill up forms, to be questioned and insulted; to be refused admission, but to be welcomed as benefactors and messengers of the people from whom they came. You are the people who have started the history and have made it possible for us to come here to-day.

As I have told you I have not come here to place before you, at least to-day, any programme for you to follow, but I beg you in the name of the dual inheritance that is yours from the old country and this new country, to be true to your trust. You are the true guardians of the African's interests. You are those who have helped, solaced and succoured that black man who to-morrow will be the citizen of the world. The future lies with Africans, but your part is not to betray them by betraying your rights. If your rights are betrayed to-day, what guarantee is there in spite of all the pledges of Parliament, that the natives' interest is secure from exploitation at their hands.

You must with one united voice give an answer to the Government and say, though in natural history rivers don't flow backward, we shall make the rivers of your decision flow backwards. Though we are weak and poor, though you seek to put upon us a brand of inferiority and deprive us of those rights and privileges, those responsibilities and duties that are our heritage of inalienable right, do not believe for a single moment that whilst a single Indian is alive in India you will go unpunished and unchecked. Whatever programme you decide to follow, that programme must be carefully considered in all its details during the next two days, and at the end of the Session, with your assistance, it might be possible for me to guide you in forming some policy, not of my own, but merely as a voice of your determination it might be possible for me to be a messenger of your hearts. I come to-day from India. I come to hear the new problems that are hitting into your heart and making your blood run with fever at the injustices of the white man. I can only say fight the good fight with that spiritual assistance that the Mahatma has given us, not with the weapons of old civilization, those things have been scrapped, with Western civilization and on the battle-fields that are the graves of soldiers in Europe. * * * *

Kill injustice by your indomitable truth and kill forever the hatred that is being bred between man and man in this beautiful country by your magnanimous pardon of those, who, instead of being your brothers, would make slaves of you.

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN OF DURBAN

The following report of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's speech at the Albert Park, Durban, on March 9, 1924 at the Reception meeting organised by the Indians of Durban is taken from the "Indian Opinion":—

BEFORE I speak to the small children I am going to ask the older people—rudely called the elderly people—to stand back, for I think what I have to say to them will be better said to-morrow night.

To-day I am going to speak to the people I love best in the world, the little children of the whole world, not only little Indian children, but little white children, little black children and little yellow children. Childhood is a wonderful thing, it is a thing that cannot be divided by the quarrels of the older people; it is a thing without race, without hate—a thing of love, and the children of the world are going to be the golden bond between all the races that inhabit this great Colony of South Africa. To you little children, dear little children, I am going to speak. Yesterday I was speaking to little boys and girls in Maritzburg, and I told them exactly what I am going to tell you to-day.

You are all school children, and I believe you are going to have a photograph of me to keep. When you look at this photograph you must say to yourselves "this is the friend of all the children of the world. This old lady is really the friend and playmate of all children in South Africa, England, Norway, Italy, everywhere

wherever there is a child it is the friend of this little old lady sitting in the chair.

Why am I the friend of all little children? Because 2000 years ago nearly there was a Man who lived in Palestine who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Out of all the world there was a Man called Jesus Christ who said let the little children come to me," not rich people, or clever people, or soldiers, but just little children.

What is the Kingdom of Heaven? It is not beyond the skies: it is in the hearts of little children, because little children have not learned what I am sad to think older people have learned—to be uncharitable, and full of quarrels. Directly you become selfish, become sordid, you lose your right to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. God has made this country of South Africa very beautiful. There are birds with red heads, and birds with long black tails, and butterflies coloured like flowers with red wings, purple wings, green wings; trees that have lovely flowers; waterfalls that fall like lace on the mountains. God must want little children living in such a beautiful country to speak beautiful words and say beautiful things always, otherwise they would not be worthy of living in such a country.

If I could choose—I cannot because I am old,—I would choose to be a little Indian boy or girl living in this beautiful Colony of Natal; and if I were one I would say to myself, "my grand-fathers and grand-mothers came here to help the settlers, the white men of this country to build up this beautiful country. They said let us work in this land let us make gardens of it, let us help our white brothers to make sugar farms." And I would say after

two or three generations, "we are citizens of South Africa, it is our land, our country. It is our land as much as it is the land of our friend the Native also of the Englishman and the Dutchman."

Our Indian blood tells us, we must not be selfish, but try to live in friendship with everybody else. How do you do it? By making your hearts so full of love and kindness that every unkind person, every uncharitable person, seeing your kindness must in turn become kind himself.

That is what a very great man who once lived in Durban many years ago said. If you knew that wonderful great little man in India, who long ago lived here in Durban and later at Johannesburg, and now in India, you would know that wherever he lives he has only one message to the world. Mahatma Gandhi, that is he. He is so small and so weak, yet his soul is so big and his heart is so strong that all the seas round Durban are not so big as his soul nor all the mountains round Durban so strong as his heart. He says "I will conquer you by love; you may rob me, beat me, kill me, I will pardon the wrongs you do me."

He gives this message to the children because he says the older people will not listen to him. Because they are greedy and selfish, they make wars, and then brave young men die. And the little children of the world have to stop this. So the first thing you have to do is to learn what Mahatma Gandhi sent me here to teach you and all the people of South Africa. When you are school children you are really much cleverer than your parents because you have now a better chance than your parents had and a better chance than my parents could give me. You must make the best of the opportunity of becoming good little

souls. There are lessons you cannot learn at school except from one another ; you can learn to be kind to one another, and to help one another. Always say "if I am stronger I have to help the weaker boy or girl both in play and in work." In school you must create amongst yourselves such a beautiful atmosphere of truth, of kindness, of courage, of helping one another, that directly any boy or girl says what is not true and does what is not kind, or tells a lie, you will all stand up and say to that boy or girl "we will not have you in our midst ; you are a disgrace to us." This is called honour, and honour is a beautiful thing. Sometimes people do us honour, but that is not enough, we must earn the honour given to us. The people have done me honour in coming here in such large numbers, but doing honour to me is a very different thing from my being worthy of honour. If I have unkind thoughts in my heart to any one then I am not worthy of honour. If I have no unkind thoughts then I am worthy of honour, and that knowledge would make me so that it would not matter whether anyone came to hear me or not. Then I should really have that sense of honour that makes human beings glad to worship God in this beautiful country and this wonderful world. The flowers praise Him in their glory, but God loves nothing so much as His little children, who are the flowers of his kingdom, the sunbeams of His Heaven, so that it does not matter if you are Indian or African, Dutch or English, rich or poor, you are the people of the world. You are going to say "We will not live in a country where there is division between race and race, where there is hatred and unselfishness." When you love the whole world the whole world will be full of peace and of joy.

ADDRESS TO DURBAN INDIAN WOMEN

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following address to the Indian Women's Association in Durban, on the 9th March 1924 :—

FRRIENDS,—I do not think it is at all necessary that I should speak to you in English to-day, because almost all of you have understood what I have said in Hindustani. If there are any Indian women here who did not understand what I said in Hindustani it is their own fault. You should attempt to learn and try to understand the tongue that is now the known tongue of India.

I want to give you a message from the women of India. Many, if not most, of you have never seen India and do not know what it is like, but the women of India do send a message to their sisters across the seas, and it is this, "We are awake at last from our long sleep. We are awake, and we are strong and brave." They have made sacrifices to obtain freedom, and now they ask what are the women of Africa, of East Africa, of South Africa, prepared to do to get freedom, equal political status, and the respect of all other communities for the Indian community. That is a question that only you can answer. I cannot answer it for you.

You have been here for a long time now in South Africa, many of you are descendants of men and women who were brought here to this country under promises that have not been fulfilled. Your parents came because they were told that if they came and did their share of the work

of building this beautiful province of Natal—the land they have made a garden—that if they wanted they could go back to their own country or if they cared to stay here after a time they would get lands and the full freedom of citizenship. Your grandparents believed those promises and came here. Some of them have got lands, and some of them have got rights, but most of you have not, and now the third generation of Indians are threatened with segregation and injustice which it would be better to die than to accept. The decision lies in your hands. When Mahatma Gandhi was carrying on his great struggle to establish the rights of the Indian people more than ten years ago it was the women of Natal and the Transvaal who were the first soldiers under his flag. They were fighting for their men; they were fighting to establish and vindicate their own honour. You all know how only a few years ago this foolish South Africa refused to acknowledge even your marriages as real marriages, and the women of that time said that they would not stand it, that they would make sacrifices and that they would go to Great Britain, but they would see this unjust Law put right. You know how successful they were, how they went to the mining camps and areas and the miners dropped their tools. You know how the people struggled, how they did not care if they died. They said, “the women are leading us, and we will struggle on.” You know how Mr. Gandhi fought and won, and how General Smuts came to an agreement with him that the policy of the Government would be to protect the rights of the Indians.

Not only your rights but your very existence is threatened by this Class Areas Bill. You are going to be put away as something unclean, something unfit to asso-

ciate with even the coloured people of South Africa. Are you going to accept this, or are you going to say, "we do not care if we spend every penny; we do not care if we die; if our children die; but once and for all time we are going to establish our rights in this country that belongs neither to the white man nor to the brown man but to the black man, who has never been treated rightly?"

You ask justice from the white man, but do you ever ask yourselves if you have been right and just to the African and coloured population? To get your rights you must have a clean heart and clean hands, if you have not been giving justice you cannot expect to receive justice—God will not give you justice through the African Government. Where have you failed? If you have failed, there is no peace in this land, and will not be until every community has mended its own faults. You must mend your faults. If you have not done your duty as citizens you must begin to do your duty at once. If you have been amongst yourselves—I do not know if you have been divided—your first duty is to stand together as one Indian community. We are the Indian nation of South Africa. You must say, "we are women, we are the Indian Women's Association, and we stand before the world as representatives of Indian womanhood. Let us show to the white women, to the African women, what a wonderful thing Indian womanhood is."

Indian womanhood has always been the wonder of India. Let us see how the Indian women of Africa can build up South Africa.

But womanhood has many responsibilities, and one thing we should look after is the education of our children. We are not going to leave our men ' but we are going to

start the schools ourselves, especially for our girls. We are not going to allow them to be ignorant. If our men will not provide schools we will do so. We will sell our jewellery if necessary, but we will see that our girls receive education, so that when they are married they will go as young brides full of ideals.

Then we must not forget the suffering people. What can we do for these, whether they are Indian, African or coloured? We must see that hospitals are built. Women must be kind, they must think of the sick and the suffering. You must see that there are proper arrangements for nursing, for medical relief. You must not wait for the Government, you are people making your living out of this land, so you owe a duty to this land. I owe a duty to India, but you owe a duty to South Africa. Your husbands earn their livelihood here, and your fathers are buried here. You cannot remain debtors and prosper. You must pay your debts to this land, and the best way is to have your children so educated that they will be noble citizens. You can pay your debts by lifting the status of the Native and the coloured people.

You have another duty. You must say to your men, "if you fight you are foolish." We are going to live in peace. Men might be different race from race, but women cannot be different; a common motherhood makes them alike. I never hope to hear an Indian woman say, "I am different from the white women, the coloured women, the Native women" I do not care what your religion is, you are woman, and women were meant to lead the earth, and when women do that the world will become good. Do not think only of yourselves, but fight for your rights because you are women. No one can wrong you without wrong-

ing himself. Also do not judge the mote in your brother's eye while the beam is in your own.

You have first of all to believe in yourselves and your Association; ask yourselves what you can do to make South Africa better. Think of your duties rather than of your privileges. You will certainly stand by your men, die if necessary that no injustice is done to you, but you must look after your children, for it would be better that you should die than that you should be unheedful of the least little child of any community.

Women were born to be strong and to unite the whole world in a common love and peace. India has always stood for peace in this world, and I want the day to come when in the history of a peaceful South Africa the historian will show that the Indian women of South Africa by their unselfishness and wisdom were able to bring unity between the white man, the brown man, the black man and the coloured man.

SPEECH AT DURBAN TOWN HALL

On Monday 10th March, 1924 Mrs. Naidu was given a public reception at the Town Hall, Durban, the Deputy Mayor presiding. On receiving the various addresses Mrs. Naidu replied :—

DR. Francois, Mrs. Gilbert, my European friends, my countrymen,—I am so deeply moved to-night by your kindness and by the manifestations of your kindness in the shape of such beautiful flowers and presents that I am hardly able to find words to express my gratitude or to express my deep appreciation of your cordial welcome to me to-night. More than once lately I have been thinking about what to me is a very trying, but to others I believe, apparently a triumphant tour through Africa. I have been thinking of all the valuable and beautiful things that have been showered upon me, the gold and the silver, the ivory, the feathers and the skins of monkeys. blue, white and brown, and many things of other kinds representing birds, beasts and fishes—everything has come to me, and I feel like Alexander Selkirk who said, ' I am monarch of all I survey.' I might almost be deluded in this beautiful sub-continent of South Africa into believing that I am really that monarch and that I am monarch of all I survey, and of the hearts of the women and men of South Africa as well. I said ' women ' first. (Laughter.) And if to-night I were to make that the standard whereby to judge the response made to my appeal, the answer made to my query. I should say I have succeeded in my mission, but

alas, I have lived too long in this world already. I am not going to tell you how old I was a few weeks ago, because you will find it in *Who's Who*, but I have dealt with too many types of men and women—(I put 'men' first in this instance)—(laughter) to be so easily deluded into the belief that all I desire has been fulfilled. Had I come on a mission to South Africa, had I come only like those happy mortals to whom life is a prolonged series of *dolce far niente* I should have paused and said to myself that here at least I have found that Garden of Eden for which the whole world has been looking,—here among these green hills and flowering valleys, with the music of the great Indian Ocean reminding me of those epic memories of our far-off land. I should have said here is the paradise for which we have been looking, but without the serpent. But when looking upon the green hills, the blue waters and the smiling land with its fragrant flowers I also see the sons of my comrades down-trodden and oppressed. I begin to feel something gnawing at my heart and I say to myself what is this in this wonderful paradise. What is it that gnaws at my heart night and day and day and night till there is no hope for me, no rest for me, no peace for me in this Eden by the Indian Ocean? And then I remember that I myself am the heart of my people, and therefore my Garden of Eden as well. I remember also that I came as a stranger into your midst, but you took me at once into the secrets of your heart. When I knocked upon the door of my enemy the door was opened to me and I found behind it the faces of friends. I have nothing in this land to complain of, no grievance for myself in this beautiful land, but when I come here and when I am garlanded and given presents during my mission I realise that my people

are indivisible whether born in India and seeking freedom in their own country, or whether they be the children or the grandchildren of the indentured labourers who, coming to this country and choosing this soil to be their mother-soil, lived like helots and outcasts, lived like pariahs and lepers of humanity in your midst. Therefore I must be full of sorrow and of shame because I, too, being of my people, soul of their soul, blood of their blood, bone of their bone, am a helot and slave standing before you, though you garland me and heap upon me what kings and queens of the world have not been able to buy.

When I contemplate this wonderful land where every tree, every bird and every blossom is a parable, a symbol and a sermon and a prophecy as the fulfilment of the miracle of God,—the recurring beauty of love in the world, I wonder how amidst so much beauty and splendour, in the very midst of the living magic of such parables, the heart of man can be so hard, so bitter, so full of hate and conflict. What is it that you are quarrelling about? What is it that makes this conflict in a country where there should be peace? Why is the hand of the white man up against the coloured races in this country? What have my people done to you, my people who did not come as rivals and competitors, but who were brought here poor and uneducated as they were, and brought with promises, with pledges and with hopes held out to them to come and serve the white man in this country, to cut his sugar cane and to serve him, and after a little period he should be free—either to go back to his own country or, after a certain period, (mark my words) to live as a free man in this land with a gift of land and freedom to live like the citizens in this country. And in those days when shiploads of the

indentured labourers came to this country who could not read nor write, but could only make thumb-impressions on the documents that made them slaves to the white community; they came, as I said, uneducated, but not uncultured. They did not know the comparative theology of the world, they did not know history. They did not know the rudiments of such statesmanship as obtained in this Union, but they became children of that Indian soil where every part is impregnated with the call and inspiration of the old Indian lyrics and ballads and philosophies, and though they only came to work, and though they stayed and made their children servants to your need and convenience, none the less they were the Indian people with the culture of India in their very blood, and they stood for loyalty, character and faithfulness to the bond they made, and with that neither friend nor foe might interfere. That is the culture that makes character and that is what has been passed on from the great epics of my country. And because of this, India to-day, after centuries of class subjection has sent a new message to a waiting world, and I am the messenger for that message. You all know, whatever may be your ancestry, that the civilisation such as we knew it, such as we accepted it and died to preserve through our children on the battlefields of France and Flanders, the old civilisation is now a thing of ruin and hope has departed from the world, faith has departed from the world. The young men of India who were in the trenches because they believed in the idea of brotherhood and peace and justice, have come back saying "where is God, where shall we find that dream for which we were willing to die, for which thousands upon thousands of our comrades have died on these battlefields? They are saying

'we have fought because we believed that when the war was over a new world would be made ready for the younger generation. We have come back wounded not only in our limbs but in our souls only to find the Empire still as it was, where colour is still the test of humanity and where might is still the standard of right.' They say 'such is the world for which we fought. What is this Imperial greed that statesmen practise that still leads to hatreds and conflicts? Shall we live in this world which after all the trial and sacrifice we have endured for well nigh seven years, we find still full of the old hypocrisy, the old juggling, and where there are still the old border quarrels? That is not the world for which the young men and women of Europe and India sent their beloved to shed their blood, and who are to-day mourning for those who will never come back. And you in Africa were not free from that, you could not escape the throes and anguish of that conflict. You, too, gave your sacrifice, your young men who died.

But you in Africa, what are you doing to create the new heaven and a new earth which is the heritage of the young who have come back alive in the body, but wounded in their souls—a world divided into what a very distinguished friend of mine in Johannesburg called 'a world of expediency?' Statesmen say 'yes, we recognise the justice of your case; but expediency must come before justice.' Are you in this country building up a heritage of your children on that wicked word 'expediency,' or are you going to build up an undying legacy for your children on the immortal idea of an honest policy with justice for all alike? My friend in the chair has very pertinently asked 'what is equality'? Equality is only another word for justice. And then following up the train

of philosophic thought he said equality was only opportunity to do good, opportunity for all to do good alike. Has he lived so long in the world and not realised that even to do good, even to offer a cup of water to a dying person your hands must be free (applause) to lift up that cup and offer it to the dying man? You cannot talk of doing good and doing right while you bind with shackles the man to whom you say it. You cannot tell a man of his own degradation and disabilities and yet say why don't you fulfil your destiny to humanity as we do.' Oh! had I the tongue of men and angels I would say to you, 'brothers, sisters, white men and women, do not impose upon any section of your fellow-men that disadvantage, that insult, that tyranny, which you ought to recognise as such, because you are full of the passion of self-preservation that you do not stop to analyse the purpose and the implications of your action' (applause).

Let us pause and consider for a moment the question of Natal. I know, and no one knows better, how thorny a problem it is. Africa is like a great red rose set about with thorns, and beset with the problem of privileges and the conflicts of communities. There is this beautiful rose that you have woven with thorn. Let us pull out thorn by thorn and see if we cannot free it to cast its fragrance and beauty upon the world. It is not the ignorant people of Natal, but men and women for whom I have the greatest esteem and affection and who are of just and upright character, following their own creeds faithfully, who have said: "Yes you are right, justice in the abstract is the ideal thing, but we live in the world, and how would you advise us statesmen to act when the burden of all these problems is upon us? How shall we satisfactorily solve

these problems and yet solve them in accordance with the wishes and the symptoms and threats of the predominant feeling in the country as embodied by the white community?" This in one sentence is the only argument that the most brilliant men in South Africa have been able to advance to me. They say, "you are right, but we have created this problem and must go on with it." When, I said, they came to Delagoa Bay and to you in your hour of need after your representations to the Indian Government that you would be a bankrupt people in South Africa unless India came to your assistance and sent labour to get you out of your difficulty, they came poor and meek and cheap. Their highest virtue in the eyes of their employers was not their simplicity or loyalty, but their cheapness, and so, being cheap, it was thought very desirable that these wretched miserable people who could live on the smell of an oil-rag, should be induced to stay in this country, and so they were told they should have land if they stayed over a certain period. I believe some tattered passes are still in existence and I am going to see if I can secure them and have them photographed. What did their employers say? They said, 'you shall go where you like, and when you have the necessary qualifications for a vote you shall become part of the enfranchised community of South Africa.' I want you to remember that these coolies, as you call them, not knowing what "coolie" means (applause), these coolie nations, you know—and by the way may I digress a little to define what a coolie is? It will surprise many no doubt, I know, that it is a coolie Government that to-day is ruling the Empire. (Hear, hear and applause). My friends, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Ramsamy MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, Colonel Wedg-

wood and all the other members of the British Government are all coolies, and you are taking your orders, General Smuts and the rest of the Government of South Africa—from a 'coolie' called Thomas who is your Colonial Secretary. (Applause and cheers). And so I am not ashamed if my people are miscalled by a name that applies literally to the rulers of England to-day.

Well, these 'coolies', after a period of slavery, were free men. Like the man in Uncle Tom's Cabin they were set free, and how did they use their freedom? They voted for the white man to get him into Parliament, but you cannot ask rivers to flow backwards and the population grow quickly like a passion flower and then the white population said 'look at the quick growth of this brown population from India.' They said 'this is a menace' and therefore although we were very glad of the votes they gave us when we wanted them, they will surely swamp us.' And so the gentleman called Escombe, I think it was, said 'Ob, this danger must be stopped, let us take away this vote. One stroke of the pen and the few Parliamentary votes of these wretched 'coolies' will no longer be a political menace to us.'

And so stage by stage these people, who were the free citizens of South Africa, had privilege after privilege, right after right, slowly whittled away, and it came to this. They said 'this brown coolie who lives so cheaply, he is a menace to us and to our trade. We cannot do without tables and chairs and spoons, but this man uses his fingers. He does not want plates at every meal; he lives on banana peel and therefore he is a menace to us. These people do not wear shoes and stockings in their homes and they have no chairs and furniture; they are a menace to us.' Of

course we have not got your standard of civilisation, but as I was saying elsewhere to-day, you cannot judge us by your civilisation, nor we you by yours. For instance in the wilds of Africa I found a tribe wearing a girdle of green leaves only, fresh from the trees, and when I go to Paris I find little more than a girdle of leaves round the waists of the Persian beauties. Each country has its own taste, and the extremes of civilisation and savagery meet in the African forest, but it is not for the Indian, indeed, to judge either. I can only judge my people by my standard, your people by your standard, and you have come into this country—to a country that is not yours—to a heritage not yours by right or blood tradition or by the fair division of ethnological division. It is neither yours nor my people's. You came from those little islands that are so small that they could cradle you but could not give you room to expand. It was the England of Shakespeare for which your young men died on the field of Flanders, but you, who are the descendants of those traditions, custodians of the ideals and standards of equality instilled through the ages, what are you doing in South Africa to betray the trust that is in your very blood? Shall you say, standing on the very soil of England that the British shall never be slaves, and saying it for yourselves, shall you give to my people only the legacy of the helots' doom for their children? Is that the British tradition, is that the justice of the British people for which the youth of England died? I know, as you say, there is a menace to you. There is always a menace to you in India. Is that my reason why you are going to turn the Indians out of their own country? Are you going to dare turn the black man out of his heritage, and the coloured man whom you have

created? Are you going to deprive this coloured population of their heritage in this land? No, you cannot, and yet their colour is a menace to you. They are in their millions, you in your million and a half. Why do not you speak of the black menace or the coloured menace? Why only of the menace of the 150,000 or 160,000, at the outset 200,000, innocent people, colonists like you and without a home outside Africa? The rich merchants come and go. They have homes and lands in India, but what home have these children of the indentured labourers who have built up your Garden Colony for you, who have lived here away from kith and kin, excepting here. Their only hope is here, their only breathing space lies here and not across the seas. How can you bring in legislation to hedge them around with hypocritical camouflage which deceives nobody in this world? But your statesmen say, 'we are put into Parliament by the votes of people who have prejudice against colour, therefore we must save ourselves by doing wrong.' Are you freedom-loving people, descendants of Englishmen, descendants of the Scots who with Wallace bled, descendants of those Welshmen who are true to their mountain freedom, and descendants of those Irishmen whose very blood is freedom, are you going to put these people down in the annals of history as murderers and suicides, murderers because you would slay the self-respect and the soul of my people, and suicides because you would wreck the Empire by the loss of India? Why not, without passion or bitterness, call a round table conference of Indian leaders in Natal, Colonial leaders and the great leaders of India whose word is law to these people, and put your statements and ours as fair-minded men, whether white or black or yellow does not matter, men who have no

stake in the country, no trade policy, nothing but a passion for justice and humanity, put them kindly and with consideration sitting together in a round table conference to discuss these problems in a friendly way, and say to my people, we fear you because you live cheaply, we fear you—from whatever reasons—and tell them they have failed here and therefore you have not done this or that—and let them say to you on the other hand this 'where are the promises that brought our people to this land? We fought and went to prison and struggled and followed our great leader Mahatma Gandhi (cheers). Not only have we endured suffering and insult and every disgrace you would not give a dog, but General Smuts has betrayed that settlement which he arrived at when Mr. Gandhi came to South Africa. How many of you have taken the trouble to read what the settlement was, and the correspondence before and after? You must, if you are true, study human documents and not merely official records. Take the correspondence before and after and see where General Smuts said 'it is always the desire of the Government of South Africa to treat the Indians fairly and with justice, and any vested right shall not be challenged or threatened.' And yet in less than ten years that settlement was taken away by the pressure of his constituency. Then began a prolonged whittling away of the liberties and privileges of the Indian people and the curtailment of the settlement by legislation after legislation in Natal under the pressure of the Natal voters against the Indian community, and now the Indians are threatened with the Class Areas Bill. I wonder how many voters know what the Class Areas Bill really means. Oh, says the statesman, 'we deal fairly and justly towards all.' But then the Jewish

community runs to him and says, 'are we going to be included in this Bill?' 'Oh, no, you are not Asiatics, Palestine is not in Asia,' says the statesman (Laughter). Then the Syrian runs and says my skin is as white as yours, am I to be included,' and the reply is that the Syrian is not a Scandinavian. The native is told that he is protected, and the coloured people also are protected, and who is left to go into segregation? My people, who broke away from home and tradition, kith and kin for your sakes. Are they to be the only people to pay the penalty because forsooth you come into this tropical climate and have lost some of the moral fibre and firmness and the spirit of fair play,—that ability to play cricket which is the characteristic of the English race.

Therefore, friends, my one appeal to you as white men, as brown men, as men of any colour in the community is to see that you build up the traditions of South Africa on those immutable ideals of justice, liberty, and equality, which form the only abiding place for any republic, any human colony or community. I have come from India to say to you that India will not stand for any injustice to her children any longer. (Hear, hear and applause). She says to my people "you are the children of the soil, be true to Africa. You are citizens of South Africa, use your rights like men, making a splendid contribution to the culture and the character-building and the glory of that country that has given you bread, but, says India, if one hair of your head is touched I, your mother will remember that citizens of South Africa though you be, you are still my children, and I will come to your rescue (applause). My dear friends, as I always say, remember that you have a dual duty in this world. You have a dual duty in this

land of Africa. You represent to my people, to the coloured people and to the black people the traditions of British liberty, of British justice which have made the glory of Britain, but you represent even more another also—the Christian tradition. Some one some years ago, I think it was Stead wrote a book entitled “If Christ came to Chicago,” but what would He say if he came to Natal and to Durban, to the country which the Portuguese sailors discovered on His Natal day, Christmas day? Would He say you were carrying out His will by crucifying Him, not once but cross after cross, a million times? This is your responsibility and I appeal to you not as one who has come with a message of conflict, but with an appeal for peace, the gospel of peace from my country, whose message is peace to the world. Christ’s message was peace and good will to the world and I appeal to you not to let the law of expediency—the law of self-preservation—blind you to your duty as disinterested exponents of the law of Christ who died on the Cross to save your sins. If those thieves who were with him could enter into his paradise men who stole and murdered—are not my people, who are neither thieves nor murderers, but meek and loyal and lowly men of a country that gave civilisation to the world—are not they good enough to enter into the paradise of South Africa with the whiter races of South Africa whom they have served for so many years in the past, building up a great heritage from which the forsaken children of Europe will seek a sign, and which will transmute a world of despair into a world of hope and brotherhood. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

NATAL INDIANS' FAREWELL

A farewell meeting in honour of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was held in the Durban Town Hall on Thursday the 22nd May, 1924 when the Hall was crowded with Indians and there was a large attendance of Europeans also. After the Chairman and others had addressed the meeting an illuminated address was read and presented to Mrs. Naidu amidst cheers. Mrs. Naidu, who was greeted with loud applause on rising, addressed the meeting as follows:—

“**A**RE you not tired of listening of me speaking? I am so tired of making speeches. But you have been so long suffering and your ordeal of polite listening is almost over. I am really going away in three days from now, and by next week you will be suffering from the pleasant reaction of not having to listen to my speeches my platitudes, my good advice about unity and all those humdrum things which I have been carrying through the length and breadth of this country, and I think it is time for me to go home now, not because you are tired of me; you know more about my (public life; probably than my private life, but I have some children who have brought me up very strictly, and yesterday among my letters I found a letter from a stern young daughter saying, “don't you think it rather vulgar to be spread over a column and a half everyday in the newspapers.” She went on to say, “I hope you will be deported soon.” (Laughter.) Then she says in another letter, “of course you did not teach us geography properly, but we understand that Africa is a huge series of veldts with straggling

villagers of Native Africans. Is there not enough room for you and Smuts and the Editor of the "Cape Times" in the veldt."? So you see they begin to feel that their mother might be outstaying not her welcome but the allotted space in South Africa. But to make up for this stern young daughter I have a very kind son. He is not in India, he is in Germany, and he writes, "it is unavoidable that you should be such a success. Courage and hope always come from the mouth of mother." (Applause.) So I have a kind of analysis as well as a synthesis of my mission and work my comparative failures or success in South Africa.

But I see that from the mouths of your representative you express a hope and a wish that I may return. I even see that in view of the many friends that I shall have to make and the many thousands I have made, the Natal Indian Congress have handed me a card case full of cards. Their kindness to me has been unspeakable and in their hands I am well content to leave the destiny of my people.

I feel that after all it is not a matter that South Africa was a new country to me; that my own compatriots were as much strangers to me as the native African races, or the conquering European races. I began to realise how true was my proud boast that I do not know the barriers of race or creed or colour or caste or language, because the moment I came to South Africa I felt I had come home. There are those that may not know it, those who may think they are strangers, those who may think I am an alien, but there was something in Africa that bade me remember I had come home to Africa. Why is Africa home! Why is this country, this sweet rich South Africa a home for one's spirit. Because, as I have said so often.

before, this Continent reminds me of the early history of India. Because it is so vast, so rich, so full of possibilities, so impregnated with prophecies, so teeming with the manifold destinies of manifold people, is waiting as my own country awaited centuries ago for the fulfilment of a great destiny, not built up by the achievements of one power, one race or one tradition but by the complexity of a million achievements, customs, and traditions of many races that have come to live in this country, and because in modern Africa I see history about to repeat itself, that my heart is drawn to this country, and I look back upon the ancient history of my land when race after race coming to that country, coming to that rich soil, drinking of its sweet rivers, standing in the shadow of its great mountains, thought this was a strange land, yet by some sorcery of the East found it was not a strange land but the very home of the spirit, where there was space for freedom to grow, to build, to express, and to realise itself.

And so in Africa, that is made up not merely of the African races but of every type of race from the Asiatic and the European continents. As I see them seething to-day in an ocean of conflict, I say to myself "this is only the preliminary stage, this seething, this conflict necessary for the moment before that final awakening comes which is the assimilation of many things diverse in their source but united in their final and ultimate attainment. Therefore I am not disturbed in my inmost mind. There is a superficial mind in most of us that can be disturbed by mere surface troubles. I confess that I have that weakness also, that superficial mind of mine does get disturbed, by mere temporary storms. My mind is a little disturbed, but then I see all volition in life itself before it is harmo-

nised ; all nations before they come into a comradeship ; all great waters, streams and currents before they unite to go into a common sea, have their moment of conflict. The seething foam of their meeting is more apparent to the eye than the reality of the union that is going on underneath that seething foam and momentary conflict. But the deeper mind tells me not to be disturbed because for a moment there seems to be something in Africa almost like a race conflict, almost like a colour war. It says these things are temporary they have no abiding place in the evolution of Africa. Therefore let that knowledge or that deeper mind be stronger than the trouble of that superficial mind that is disturbed for a moment in its serenity by the apparent conflict, the apparent disunion, the apparent disharmony between race and race in this land. So was it in ancient India, so was it in the old countries where it took many races and many creeds to build up the evolution and culture of these lands. So was it in my country before the ancient Hindu people could assimilate the younger Mussalman, the younger Christian, and the other people who came to India at the intervals of few centuries ; but India has assimilated all these races, creeds, cultures, traditions and therefore to-day my great country does stand as an ideal for younger nations with their problems similar in spirit though different in detail ; for the problems of South Africa have been solved by Mother India. That wise mother has solved problems more complicated, more perilous than the problems that await young South Africa for solution. Therefore I am not afraid for the destiny of my people. I say to you I am not afraid on your behalf.

There might be years of trouble ahead, but years are a

mere nothing, a mere illusion, in that long period of time that marks the time of nations in any country. What is trouble but an opportunity for you to prove your strength? What are difficulties and disadvantages excepting the glory of a strong united people saying, "out of the very limitations that would break us do we create the conditions of our victory." I am glad there is trouble for my people in South Africa for this reason: I am glad because I want my people to vindicate the proud boast I have made in their name that my people have the strength of India in them, the wisdom of India in them, the courage of India, that pride of India in them, which says to mountains, "become like grains of sands," and says to the seas, "become ye like little drops of water." I want you to say to the difficulties that seem to crush you, "you are nothing but little grains of sand under our feet." Say to the rivers and oceans of difficulties that seem to conflict you, thus far and no further." You can say to the seas and mountains "dry up oh, oceans" "break up, oh, mountains" because you have that thing behind you and within you which is called the faith of your nation. Though powers may fail that thing in you cannot die; though your material prosperity becomes poor that thing cannot die; though enemies attack you that thing in you cannot die, because it is the spiritual vision, that sense of realisation of communion with God, which is your guarantee of a life that cannot be destroyed in any country of the world. I want you to realise this. This is the boast that I have made in your name. That no nation upon this earth is strong enough to estrange or destroy the spirit of India. That spirit, whether it be in the homeland of the Indians or in other countries, has led

them to earn their livelihood to build up their families, and to become ambassadors of India. So much so that people have begun to say that I use a very responsible and dignified word rather too glibly, too frequently; but whenever I use that word "ambassador" it is with that very consciousness of dignity, the responsibility, the nobility and its significance. You are the ambassadors of India in this country. I was an ambassador; I was a missionary; but you are ambassadors. I came from East Africa because the voice of your crying was very poignant. It clove my heart and I said to myself "I cannot rest while my people are in trouble across the sea." But, friends, it was not necessary for me to come. It was a satisfaction to me that I was able to come and hold out the hand of fellowship to you and to assure you that 315 millions of your countrymen have their strength behind you, so that you may not be dismayed. But all my coming were in vain if it was not that you had in yourselves all those elements of victory, all those elements of heroic endeavour, all those elements of heroic martyrdom if the labour of martyrdom has come.

It is not a new thing, I bring no new message. It was from South Africa that India received its great Gospel of Soul Force of the men who walk in the path of truth. It was from South Africa that you sent the greatest gift that India has yet received through the ages, the gift of Mahatma Gandhi. He came to South Africa like any one of us—a man to seek his livelihood. He came as a barrister, a man pre-occupied like all of us with worldly things, family ties, his own business, his career, but he returned to India the Messiah of his people perfected in that crucible of suffering of his in South Africa, but he was not

the only soul that emerged literally as stainless gold ; but with him thousands upon thousands of his countrymen—poor men working in mines, in little shops, taking out a livelihood to feed their families and though they are not famous like Mahatma Gandhi say that they are made of stuff less divine, less heroic, because they are not famous like him ? I think that all the conditions of greatness are in the Indian community here and I am not afraid that the Indian community will fail in the hour of crisis or in the hour of danger. I know that even if to-day there are—like among all the nations and races—little differences of opinion, little groups of men who stand aloof from one another, it is because these are the perilous times of peace ; the devastating effects of ignoble people are terrible to my mind, but I hope that the hour of crisis will come for your own salvation and administration because I think it is necessary that after ten years you should once more have the occasion to prove your own worth to prove your own courage, to prove your own unity, to prove how thoroughly, how stainless, how faithfully you are in truth the ambassadors of the ideals and cultures of India.

My people, this is supposed to be a farewell address. I do not know why it should be farewell address. You and I do not think so much of the mere bodily presence ; have I not been saying through the length and breadth of this country that we Indians live in the life of the spirit and not by the life of the flesh. Why therefore should it be my farewell address to you ? My body goes back to India but that part of me that belongs to you remains with you your inalienable gift and possession, that power to me that was predestined to be yours remains with you though I go a hundred thousand miles away from my

countrymen in South Africa. Nay, more than that, I believe quite of your need of me, there is some message in Mother Africa that compels my love and I cannot be true to myself unless in this great multitude I paid my public homage to Africa, Mother Africa—that is going to fulfil in the modern age those great traditions which my own Mother-country fulfilled in the centuries gone by. When I go back to India, when I see the Himalayas with the snows, the great temples, the rich pasture lands, the hill fortresses, the green rice fields and lotus pools of Bengal, when I hear the teeming life of that great city of Bombay whose political destiny lies in the hollow of my hand, when I go back for a little while for a brief holiday to my own home with my children, where my childhood memories are and all the love of my womanhood is, I shall still look back with a passionate homesickness for the veldts of the Transvaal, the huge mountains of the Cape Colony, for the green fields of Natal, and though you may be very jealous of it, more than all perhaps my heart will go to that great country from which I have just come where the great spirit of Cecil Rhodes broods; that country where he broods fulfilling the old idea that was breathed 2500 years ago by the Lord Buddha, confirmed from the sands of Arabia 1,400 years ago by the Prophet Mahomed, sweetly whispered from the Mount of Olivers nearly 2,000 years ago by Christ, whom they crucified because he loved humanity. It is the same dream, the same ideal, the same tradition, the same vision, that broods over the Matoppoos saying "equal rights for all civilised men." What is civilisation? I ask it three times, of each heart here to-day; the heart of the white man, the heart of the brown man, and the heart of the black man. What is civilisation,

that which gives equal rights to humanity; what is this equal right of humanity, that was preached in the ages long ago? What is this ideal of equality? It is only this that whether it be in this age or in the ages gone by, whether in this land or in any other land where God sends this revelation to his great Prophets and seers, equal right for humanity only means the equal chance of humanity to evolve itself in accordance with its own great dream of its conception of God. It means nothing mechanical not like the fastening of sticks of equal lengths in a bundle with a piece of string; that is not equality, but equality means that every community, every creed, and every race shall have its even chance in this world to evolve itself, realise and fulfil itself, express itself, in accordance with its own vision of love, service sacrifice and self-fulfilment.

And so, if Africa will but realise that this equality of which one of her own sons, Cecil Rhodes, spoke is no more and no less than the ideal of justice—not blindfold but with wide open eyes—saying “to each community do I give the even chance that shall make of that community a wonderful asset in this wonderful country,” then and then only shall the sweet Mother Africa send to the world a new gospel for which it is thirsting to-day, and in which the European, the Indian, the Euro-African, and the African shall share; and the world shall be relieved from its sorrow and mankind from the burden of its shame.”
(Loud applause.)

ADDRESS TO SURMA VALLEY CONFERENCE.

In opening the Surma Valley Conference at Sonamgunj on the 22nd August 1924, Mrs. Naidu delivered a stirring speech. She said :—

SURELY, my friends, I am entitled to a little rest. I thought to myself on returning to India, that I shall use my holiday to be by the hearth with my daughter whom I have not seen for 4 years. When on landing in Bombay I saw a Khaddar clad volunteer I was roused from my dreams of rest. There is indeed no holiday for me when the call came from Sonamgunj in Surma Valley from men who had made true and silent sacrifices quite unknown and unsung, men whose things have been burnt down and men whose manhood has been challenged and who have remained unrecompensed and unrewarded by the rest of India. Being more modest I could not but respond to-day.

The country everywhere is crying with one voice. We are weary and our ways are not clear before us. Our leaders are wrangling in the market place. We do not know which way to go. We set upon a pilgrimage and our halting places have become the market place of quarrel. So infatuated we are with the gospel of the Mahatma that we had not measured our sacrificing power. Mahatma Gandhi had not realised fully how divided the people of India and how undisciplined their impulse, how incoherent their ways, how illogical their waves of emotion are. Mahatma's mistake was that he

miscalculated our nature. Our mistake was that we could not be honest in our profession, that our feet stumbled. The demand made by Mahatmaji on his followers was heavier than they could sustain. For a long period there is no money, no response. There are few workers left. Leaders quarrel among themselves, men no longer practice in their intensity the five boycotts. The beautiful and melodious music of the spinning wheel which is the protector of the destitute widow and the voice of the poor is no longer heard.

HINDU-MOSLEM UNITY

Hindu-Moslem Unity as two hands is to bear the great burden of the gospel of Non-Co-operation. I do believe that the relation between the communities in the Surma Valley has been so cordial that this is not to be regarded as of merely local character. It is an example to be followed by the rest of India. In some other provinces the Hindus and Mahomedans are now stretching their hands to catch one another's neck. What is the use of Khaddar, what is the use of philanthropy unless there is Hindu-Muslim Unity? It is not a question of Surma Valley to solve. If it dies in Malabar, the whole of India dies and if one man is saved in the Punjab, the whole of India is saved so that a district conference cannot confine ourselves to our own problem to our own local needs, but we must be guided by a broader view and width of outlook.

THE COMMON CAUSE

To-day, we are going to discuss in the Surma Valley Conference not merely our local conditions. You cannot discuss your destiny in mere water-tight compartments. You cannot have one ideal for Surma Valley, another for Brahmaputra Valley, a third for Bombay and another for

Baroda, India is composed of different creeds but is guided by the spirit of harmonious regeneration for the present. Mahatma Gandhi is concerned with three things—one, Khaddar : two, Hindu-Moslem Unity : three, the removal of Untouchability—the equilateral triangle to which Mahatma has dedicated his life. What are you going to say to him? How have you proposed to send the message to Mahatma through me? Why should you think about the Pro-change and No-change of the Congress? Our life is like a river that changeth from day to-day. Like the Ganges it must be flowing to the sea of self-realisation. You ought not to quarrel if Mr. C. R. Das goes to the Council and Shyam Sundar Chakravarty is against the Council. In the Mahabharata one hundred and five fought between them but 105 fought against the common enemy. Instead of composing the difference of four home you should not take them to the cinema show of exhibition of our alien rulers.

WHAT IS NEEDED?

What is needed at the present moment less haste and more speed for the sake of popularity. We should not deceive the truth from Mahatma Gandhi, but should say to him "we can go with you so far or we cannot go with you at all." If from the beginning the people were honest we should have come with smaller numbers to the fight but with better result. Christ was crucified in the Palestine with a very few followers but the greater part of Europe followed him afterwards. That camel driver of Arabia was once stopped and exiled from his country with a handful of followers but to-day his religion has spread all through the world. The followers must agree spontaneously but not by the coercion of his neighbourhood. Sree Krishna, whose birth anniversary is to-day, says "there are many paths through

which pilgrimage is to be made." If some wishes to go into the Council, let him go and if some remains out to work with the poor, give him benediction and support to approach the poor with the mind of the poor. If some people rightly believe that the basis of all political regeneration lies in the civic regeneration they should not keep themselves aloof from the political struggle. If some believe in stamping out the defect in the Government which is dangerous as 'Kala-azar' and 'Malaria' in the body of men, they may compensate their labours by performing their part of political work. What is politics? It is not agitation only. It is not abusing the bureaucracy only but politics implies the sum total of energy consolidated and contributed to the end of liberty. In Surma Valley you do not call the untouchables by that very epithet as in South India. But you divide them, nevertheless by a gulf of difference as wide as the stream before me.

When in South Africa General Smutts said to me "Why have you come here when social differences prevail so much in your country?" What answer could I give to General Smuts? What do you mean by Swaraj? The meaning of Swaraj lies in carrying on every department of administration, in carrying on foreign policy, in sending out embassy and in making peace and war.

SYLHET AND BENGAL

Sylhet longs for Bengal because they were originally united and because of her common language, because of homogeneity of two races have been arbitrarily disturbed by the Government because they form the component parts of the same house held by tradition, by history, by religion, by language and what not. I believe that you naturally desire to go into the sweet clasp of Bengal to set into

proper geographical place, the Frontier which now unhappily divides you from your mother province. You must not feel you go there because you do not like the Brahmaputra Valley and not that you like Assam less but Bengal more. The little Brahmaputra is your foster-sister. However lovely and sweet she may be, your filial call compels you to bid her good-bye. But let not Bengal say that out of pity she takes you back. Mysticism is the symbol of Bengal. Its pervading tune is to be found not only in the lyrical poetry of the best poet that now strives like the venus in the firmament of India. You of Surma Valley you foster in your heart the love of the setting sun shielding its mild but embracing lustre over you as it does just now in front of me with its gilded edge sinking gradually down the horizon kissing the water of the distance and the admiration for the yonder hills which are the meeting place of the world and beauty of the water and the message of the waves. So you Hindu and Musalman, Brahmins and Non-Brahmins, touchables and untouchables, literate and illiterate, rich and poor to you human recognition of what you do is not worth your while which is like short lived dews on the tread of the Cherrapunji. Ye children of Surma Valley, followers of Sree Chaitanya the highest form of manhood that ever trod the earth and of Mubammad, the Prophet of God, the man in you the truth in you may be the pride of India. That is not an airy name but the ideal name on the world and may be the contributor to the great culture to the cause of humanity.

SPEECH AT BELGAUM CONGRESS.

In moving the resolution on Indians overseas at the Belgaum Congress on December 27, 1924, Mrs. Naidu made out a strong case for the better treatment of Indians abroad. In the course of her speech she said : —

FRIENDS, I have had to borrow Mahatmaji's glasses to read the resolution. I wish I have stolen a little of his wisdom and moderation as well. I will say a few words differing slightly from the resolution and mainly supporting it. I have recently returned from Africa to which you deputed me to go on your behalf and that, fresh in the memory of their disabilities and disadvantages, their sufferings and tyrannies from which our brethren and kindred are suffering. I feel, and Mahatma Gandhi will excuse me for feeling so, that this resolution is too little coloured with the life blood and with the suffering to which my people abroad are doomed. I feel so strongly on this matter that I would rather have been excused from speaking to-day where speeches must be so brief and so of that quality that might not divert too poignantly your minds from the central activity to which Mahatma Gandhi has made us pledge ourselves for the coming year. I think I should be failing in my duty were I not to supplement my own remarks to this resolution which I have the honour of moving and while I agree that till Swaraj is obtained in India we in the Congress cannot effectively help or come to the relief of the Indians overseas, I nevertheless believe that the Congress is a sufficiently

powerful body to put such moral pressure upon the Imperial and Indian Governments that they should be compelled to do their duty by the people across the seas.

INDIA'S MESSAGE

When I went to South Africa, when I was in the threshold of South Africa, while I was still in Portuguese East Africa, the South African people had sent their representative to interview me. One man, a little man, frank in his opinion, said to me: "What will you do in South Africa, General Smuts is a strong man." I said in reply: I am a strong woman with the whole weight of Indian opinion." (Cheers.) It is the weight of Indian opinion behind me that took the message of hope to the suffering hearts from Mombassa to Cape Town. It was the same message I carried. The wonderful ovation I received was not for myself—nay, I was the embodied message of the nation of India (Cheers). Shall tyranny be over the people who are the blood, bone and the flesh of the people in India? It is carrying this message of hope, of kinship, of moral support, suffering with their suffering, rejoicing with their victories, that brought comfort, encouragement to the heart of Indians in Kenya and South Africa. While I condemn the Natal Government for passing an Ordinance so unconstitutional, doubly unconstitutional because I believe the taking away of the political franchise in 1896 from Indians was the first time almost in British history when a right that was given voluntarily was arbitrarily taken away and now this taking away of the municipal franchise is a betrayal of the Agreement arrived at with Mahatma Gandhi. It is more than that; it is a betrayal of the human inalienable rights of the Indian colonials.

who have as much right upon the African soil as General Smuts and other white colonials of South Africa, I believe it our duty to so create public opinion in the country that the Imperial and Indian Governments will be constrained not to be academic in their pity and compassion, but to protect effectively the interests of our brethren abroad.

ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

Ever since I returned I have been pressing for a Round Table Conference and when in South Africa I had the privilege of visiting the Ministers and Members of Parliament I put forth the suggestion of a Round Table Conference. General Smuts and his party, General Hertzog and his party, Colonel Krassmann and his party were willing and anxious to consider this Round Table Conference, but the people of India failed because they did not sufficiently prove themselves in earnest in backing up the opinion of their own ambassador to South Africa. We in India have a power that we do not realise. 160 thousand more or less exile children of India are also being basely disinherited from the land where they have inviolable rights. Are we merely going to pass an academic resolution expressing helpless lip sympathy? The white people deprive them of their natural rights. This Natal Ordinance deprives them of their inalienable rights. Are we to treat it as an academic question saying it is merely a question of race prejudice or are we going to solve it by going down to its roots and help our brethren? I know my countrymen will be angry with me for saying so. It is partly the economic pressure in Natal that gives acuteness to the race feeling. Merely saying it is race feeling will not help our brethren. They look to us for more practical help to stretch out the hand of fellowship which will enable them

to stabilise their moral position, to concentrate their moral strength and to preserve the integrity of their ideal which bids them keep alive and untaunted the ideal of Indian heritage which is theirs though they be colonial coloured or white.

THE KENYA PROBLEM

The Kenya question is a more recent question, a more difficult question. Wherever it is economic pressure, it is nothing but the Greed of the white settlers who want to grab the whole of that fertile and fruitful country and to create a black army against the peoples of Asia. I feel there too we have neglected our duty, there too we have been content with agitation on platforms. We were outraged in our feelings because forsooth the highlands were not given to the Indians. We were outraged in our feelings because they proposed segregation. We were outraged in our feelings, but after speeches were made and resolutions recorded not one of us has had the earnestness and honesty to pursue further with indignation and put it into practical effect. Kenya, South Africa and Mauritius or the Fiji and the Malaya States, the question remains the same, that colour prejudice is always there, that economic problem is always there, the disintegration of the people without a leader in the Colonies is always there. Since Mahatma Gandhi left Africa he left fatherless children and leaderless people. For the last 10 years these children have been groping and struggling in the dark. What have we done? So little have we concerned ourselves with the responsibility of our kinship. Almost like silent spectators we were not taking the trouble to shoulder some of their burdens and to give them that practical help which can go from India alone. No more than that we are helpless.

without Swaraj and we are helpless to a large extent without Swaraj. Can we not say no more emigration of labour, we shall feed our own people. Now that Mahatma has given us the *Mantra* whereby no famine shall be in their land, shall we not say that we must not send cooks and clerks bound by an agreement to South Africa every year? We shall send educated men and women that shall uplift the status of those people who are called cooks from Gandhi down to farm labourers who have built up Natal and who have built up the wealth of the white man. I said to General Smuts and General Hertzog: "When you take your people back, then speak to me of taking my people back, not till then. Not even then shall my people be moved by force or fraud from this land where the bones of their fathers are testimony to the wealth of the white man. They have contributed to the wealth of the country by the sweat of their brow to the progress of your plantations and they have heaped gold upon gold for you, victory upon victory, power upon power to tyrannise over the hand that feeds you."

Are you in this Congress going out as messengers and ambassadors for helping the people overseas? Are you or are you not going to stop emigration of labour abroad? Are you so unpatriotic that your brethren must go abroad in shame and in sorrow and eat the bread of slavery because you will not solve the economic problems of India? I ask you, in supporting this resolution, in expressing your indignation, in condemning all these things to put forth your energy in removing the handicap upon our brethren abroad which deprives them of citizenship, of equal chances and of equal contribution to the civilisation.

of the Colonies. I ask you also to make it possible so that having won Swaraj by the strength of our united action we shall dare to say down a law to the Government of the Colonies and say: "At your own peril shall you touch the hair of my brother and only at your own risk you dare to challenge the manhood of the Indian nation."

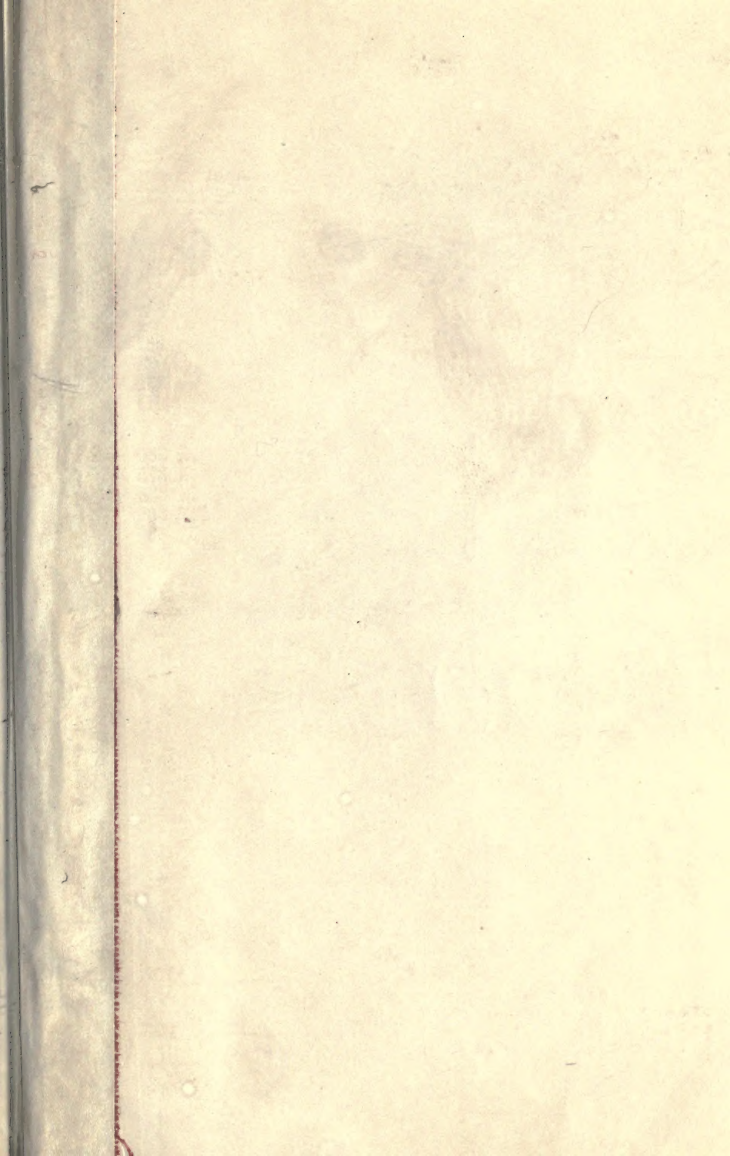
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